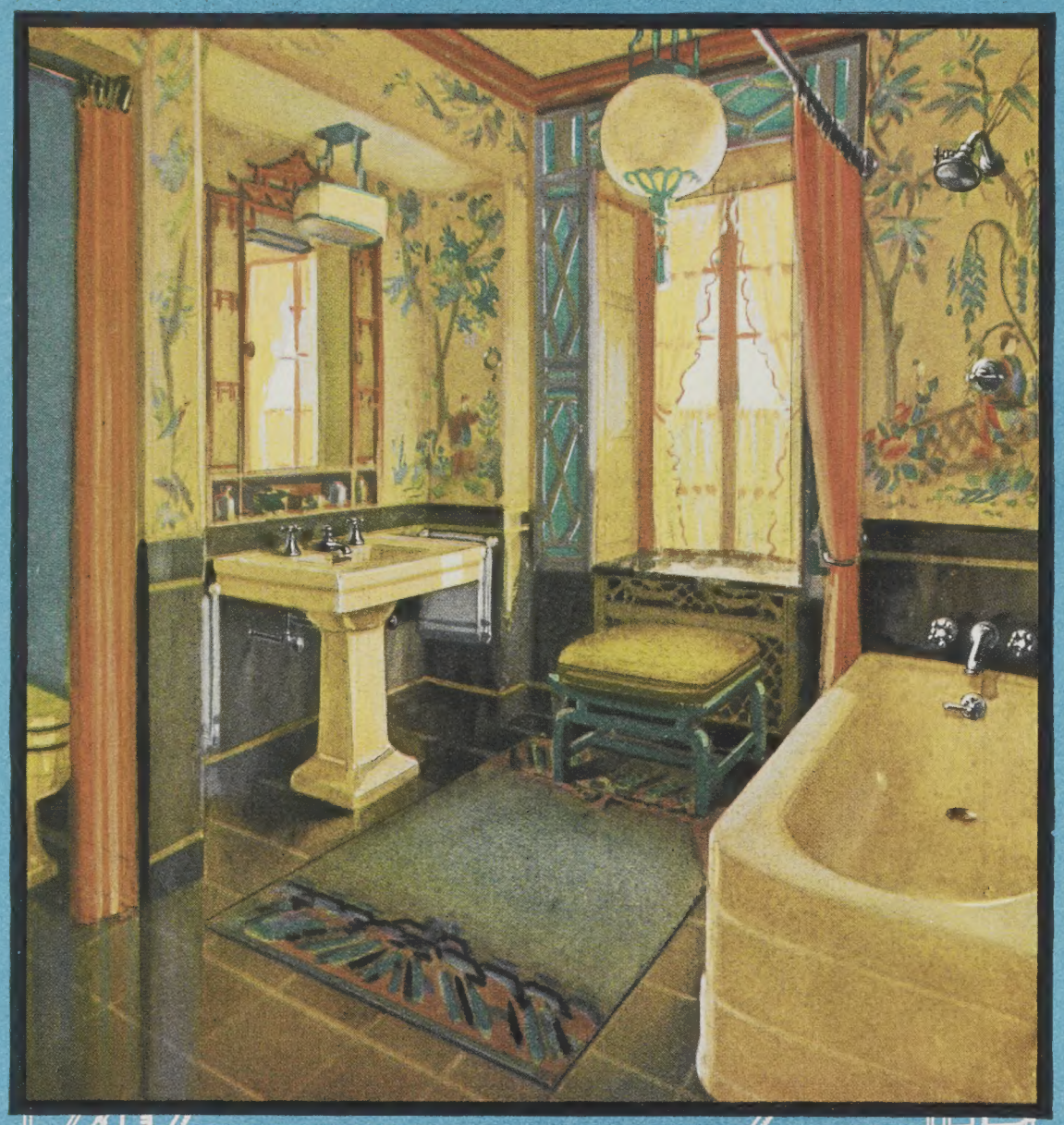
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

June, 1930

10¢

Princess Mary at Home



EVEN Sarah Bernhardt, who threatened to sue a hotel because an uninviting bathroom spoiled her day and her evening performance, would have been charmed by the beauty of this typical Crane room. Even the most frugal will be delighted by the economy with which this beauty is here offered to Canadian home-builders. The *Corwith* bath with overhead shower, the *Norwich* lavatory, the *Santon* closet, all new fixtures full of character, cost no more than old-fashioned clumsy ones. The delicate India Ivory hue in the fixtures adds only a fraction to the complete cost of a bathroom. The decorations . . . linoleum for the floor, canvased wainscot, papered walls . . . actually can be had for less than a stereotyped room. Do you know that you can wave a magic wand of taste and beauty over your own bathroom and build it into a joy forever such as this—ON EASY PAYMENTS —one initial payment down and monthly savings. Ask your plumbing contractor about the Budget plan.

Valves **CRANE** *Fittings*

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Limited, General Offices, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal • Branches and sales offices in twenty-two cities in Canada and British Isles

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

NOW BRINGS INTO THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD THE LARGEST, FINEST, MOST IMPRESSIVE CARS EVER OFFERED AT SUCH LOW PRICES—NEW SPEED, NEW POWER.... *SMARTER*

NEW

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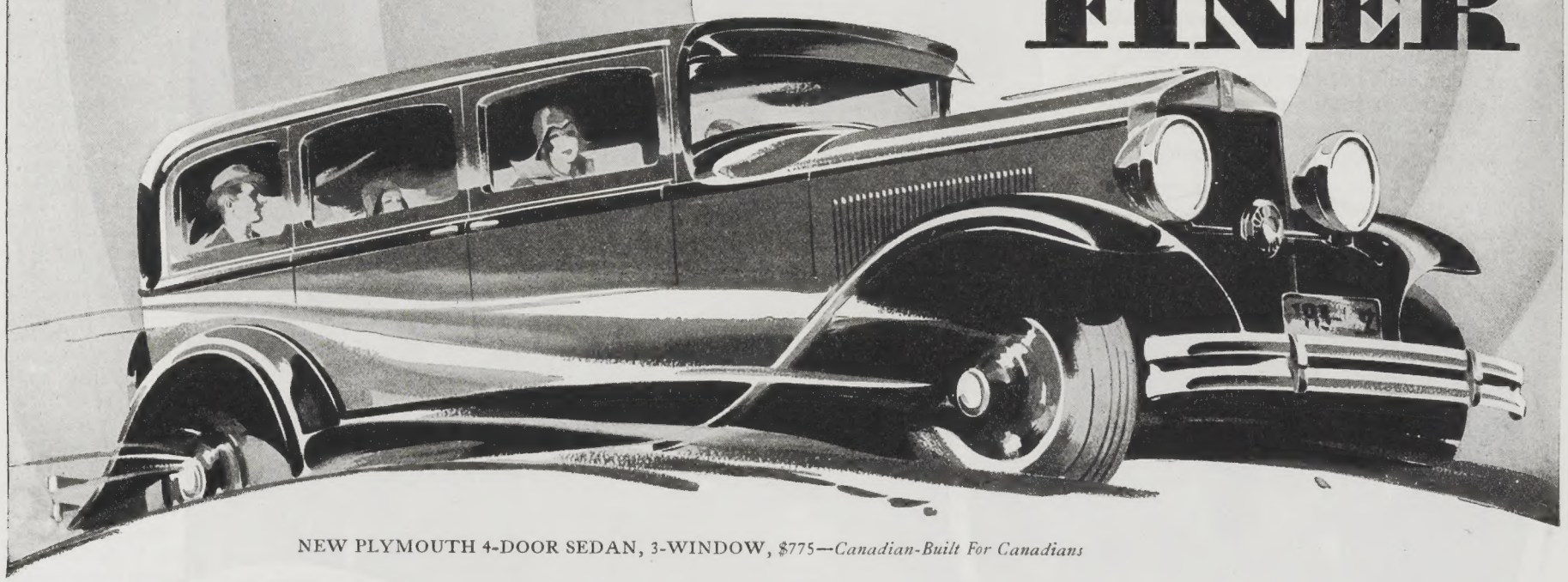
AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

FINER



NEW PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN, 3-WINDOW, $775—*Canadian-Built For Canadians*

See the *new, finer* Plymouth—on display today in all Canadian Chrysler, Dodge Brothers and De Soto dealers' showrooms.

Product of Chrysler Motors engineering and precision craftsmanship. Entirely new performance. New power. New, startlingly high speeds. New smoothness, flexibility and economy. All resulting from new, larger high-compression engines. Weather-proof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . literally beyond comparison.

A new and impressive kind of beauty . . . with new-type, low-swung lines sweeping back from the new, high radiator and long, high hood . . . and French-type roof to accentuate its Continental smartness.

New comfort and new luxury . . . new dimensions and new roominess. Riding and driving ease beyond anything you ever expected to experience in a lowest-priced car.

The *new, finer* Plymouth is now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. See it. Drive it. Buy it. Own it with new pride and pleasure!

FEATURES OF NEW PLYMOUTH

Beautiful new Safety-Steel bodies of new strength and silence — new radiator and hood design — full-size leg-room, head-room and seat width — larger high-compression engine — new-type rubber engine mountings — full-pressure engine lubrication — crankcase ventilator — Chrysler-designed weather-proof self-equalizing 4-wheel hydraulic brakes — safety gas tank in rear, with gauge on dash.

PRICES

4-door Sedan, 3-window, $775; Coupe, $735; Roadster (*rumble seat*), $760; De Luxe Coupe (*rumble seat*), $775. *F. O. B. Factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).*

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Stubborn skin troubles *yield to yeast*

SAYS SPAIN'S FOREMOST SKIN SPECIALIST

MORE than a hundred important medical articles and books have come from the pen of Dr. José Sánchez-Covisa, Honorary President of the Academy of Dermatology of Spain! He says:

"Skin diseases which before were treated locally are today treated from within, with quicker and more successful results.

"Pimples and boils are nearly always accompanied by constipation. Fresh yeast diminishes intestinal putrefaction and is of great aid in treating rebellious cases of these skin affections.

"When irradiated, yeast contains the "sunshine" vitamin D, which has an extraordinary action in hardening bones and teeth."

For health that brings true beauty eat 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake is rich in *two* precious vitamins—B and D. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Directions on label.

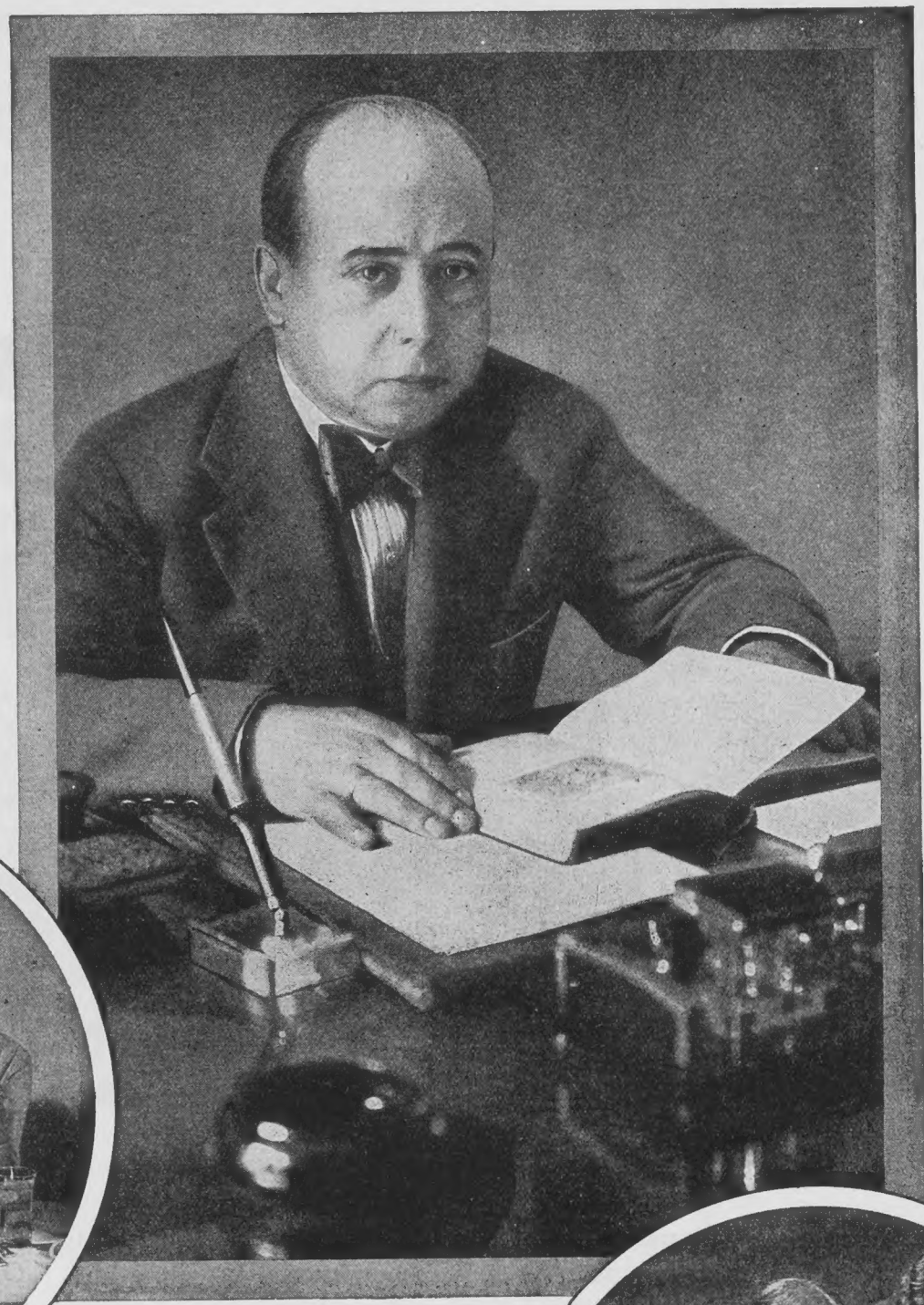


Photo by Manuel Urech, Madrid

"My physician advised me to eat fresh yeast"

(*At left, above*) "Busy days at school and nights at study wore me out completely," *writes* MISS ODETTE WILLARD *of Montreal.* "I was suffering from acne and nervousness. An eminent doctor here advised Fleischmann's Yeast and I ate it three or four times a day. The acne totally disappeared. Now I am perfectly well and happy."

(*Right*) "An automobile accident left me in a very nervous condition," *writes* MISS VIRGINIA MATHEWS *of Philadelphia.* "My skin was horribly broken out. . . Soon after starting to eat yeast a noticeable improvement took place. I slept better. My appetite came back and my skin cleared beautifully. I am delighted with how well I feel."

LEADING SKIN DOCTORS RECOMMEND YEAST

DR. E. BRUUSGAARD, most famous skin specialist in Norway, says, "I have used fresh yeast for many years."

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, dermatologist of Vienna's largest free hospital, says, "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal tract free of the poisons which upset digestion and cloud the skin."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, internationally known Copenhagen skin specialist, says, "I invariably rely on yeast in all cases of rebellious acne, and for boils, in which its effect is astonishing. It should be continued until all poisons are eliminated from the system."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

VOLUME XXXI WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 6

The Canadian Budget

THE event of last month in Canadian political life was the presentation of the Budget. On the whole it will be pleasing to Western Canada. It indicates that there will be an increase in trade within the Empire and a lessening of trade with the United States. The latter country knows that she herself must take the blame. Of course there is a way out of the difficulty, and it rests with the American Senate. "Barkis is willin'," for freer trade—and by Barkis we mean Canada.

Profit and Loss

IT IS well when men can recognize the impossible. It is impossible by juggling to convert one dollar into two. In England and in Canada that lesson is being learned by some, but it cannot be taught to others. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that the Motherland is ceasing to dominate the markets of the world. In other lands, where the cost of production is less, and where the daily wage is very much less, the factories are busy and the mines are open; but, in the Homeland, many are without work and the owners and operators are unable to help them until markets are secured for output. Socializing manufacture while it might be a democratic move, would not provide markets, and the total income could be no greater than it is now.

So, too, in Western Canada, while the cost of government remains as it is (and it cannot be reduced very greatly because most of the charges are fixed) the taxation must continue to increase until some new resources are found. It is illogical for people to urge greater provincial expenditures and at the same time grumble about increased taxation. The two go together. Some day new resources may be found. The Federal Treasury may find it necessary to render more aid to the provinces. They have very heavy expenditures with little income. It was easy enough at Confederation to entrust education to the provinces, but nobody at that time considered the cost of administration. In the meantime we must, as a nation or as provinces, make haste slowly if we are not prepared to pay the price of increased taxation.

Unemployment

THE outstanding problem in the world is unemployment. The causes are pretty generally understood. The remedies have not yet been discovered. There are, however, five or six ways in which relief may be attempted.

First of all, it is necessary to know the facts—the number out of work, their age, their capacity, their financial responsibilities. Then the nation, the provinces and municipalities must co-ordinate efforts to provide work. Private employment agencies, even though honest and capable, cannot find work if there is none to be had. As in this climate many men are laid off during part of the year, they must be prepared for more callings than one. A man who can do nothing but work as a farm hand often dreads the winter when there is no farm work available. In the winters or slack seasons public works should be pushed with all speed. Then there should be a scheme of unemployment insurance, national in its application. Such a scheme would not only bring relief to the unemployed, but would stimulate employers to plan their work so as to save paying premiums. There are many factories that could spread their production over the year rather than keep machines going night and day for a few months. Some years ago one of the greatest machine shops in Canada did all repair work in two months in the fall, then laid off the workers because there was nothing for them to do. The following year the workers loafed on the job, and the work lasted till spring. A final suggestion is made. The hours of work should be lessened. The machine is intended to save man by shortening hours of labor and increasing hours of leisure.

Not all this programme can become effective at once, but it is one towards which we might work. If we do not meet unemployment it will master us. There is no way out of it. This is evidently the opinion of Norman Thomas, who was socialist candidate for President of the United States in 1928, who writes an informing article in "The World of Tomorrow." Though speaking for his own land, his ideas will have some bearing on conditions in Canada.

The following words from the Christian Science Monitor are right to the point:

"Next to the new understanding that unemployment can be abolished, the most hopeful recent development is a growing recognition that lack of work is not exclusively the lack of the man who is out of employment. Society is coming to see that its own interests are also involved; that it not only has a moral obligation to help such individuals, but that it positively must, for its own economic welfare, help them. Business is learning that workless employees are moneyless customers. In some places realization of these facts is leading to the granting of "doles" by governments. In others, business is setting up systems of unemployment insurance. Again, society is undertaking to gather the necessary statistics as a first step toward remedying conditions, or is establishing employment exchanges to facilitate the adjustment of labor supply to demand.

It is well that society should do everything it can to alter a condition whereby those elements which are least able to bear economic reverses are hardest hit whenever there is a business recession. But it is probable that the greatest improvement will come through each industry setting its own house in order.

Losing God

OVER in Russia they are putting on a drive to outlaw God. It parallels the drive to restore economic prosperity. The Soviet Government appears to be as certain of succeeding in one case as the other. By means of seven planetariums, three anti-religious operas, four operettas, eleven revues, thirteen comedies, thirty anti-religious paintings and sculptures, they plan to win 18,000,000 adherents between 8 and 14 years of age to the new anti-God society. It may be easy enough to convert some of the hundred million whose piety has been that of the Middle Ages—a piety which, perhaps, God as a living personal Force making for righteousness in the individual and society did not always count for much; but it will not be so easy to convert those millions who are bred in the Roman Catholic discipline, those millions who are strongly evangelistic like the Baptists and the Mennonites, and the three million Jews, who are always tenacious of their faith. The attempt to crush religious belief by persecution has so hopelessly failed again and again that we are not at all fearful that ultimate success will crown the efforts in the Soviet Republic. Russia will not lose God—or it will lose itself in losing Him.

There is a greater danger than this threatening mankind. It is that the men and women in professedly Christian countries may lose God. The danger besets us as it besets the whole Empire and the United States and the non-English nations in both the Eastern and the Western worlds. Indeed, nothing is more certain than that people, even the most religious, are losing the consciousness of God. They may put in place of Him a Book written about Him, and this may be the supreme object of worship; or they may put ceremonial and dogma in place of heartfelt devotion; or they may put militant self-assertion in place of the humility that is becoming to a God-filled soul. There may be larger churches, more attractive displays, appeals to the eye and ear, invention of stories and hypnotic seances to trap the feeble-minded, more attractive music, yet lacking soul, more sensational discourses, yet lacking sincerity—all this and yet no worship of God. And this is only the beginning. Really it matters comparatively little what place people give to God in religious worship. The seriousness begins when they drop him out of their lives. For, as we understand it, He must enter the life or He does not count at all. Unless He controls home, and business, and dictates in national and international affairs, He is as much lost as if we were legislated against by a Soviet government. So we are not unduly worried over conditions in Russia. They will right themselves. The more important question for us is to keep ourselves right, at home.

Do not think for a minute that this is an argument for restoring the Blue Laws of Connecticut, or as a plea for Puritanism or anything of the kind. God means more to the world today than He did in the time of our fathers. The new age has truer and better conceptions—when it has conceptions at all. But when material prosperity is becoming the great aim of mankind; when science with its really marvellous discoveries is assuming that its half-truth is all truth; when filial respect is waning, and family coherence is lacking; when the laws of the jungle are becoming the accepted laws of business life, in short, when people are accepting substitutes for reverence, righteousness and heart-worship, then God is lost. Hollywood movies may be worse than Moscow comedies. Nor should we be too hard on Moscow. If we are only pretending to worship God; if our practice is inconsistent with our professions, should not we honor those who ask for consistency? The only way to combat irreligion is to establish religion so thoroughly in the practical life that there will be no denying of its power, even by the atheists in the Soviet Republic.

The Rate of Interest

ONE of the outstanding happenings in the financial world during the past few weeks has been the reduction of discount rates by leading banks of the world. The English bank rate has been cut to three per cent—the seventh cut since last September. The French rate is 2½ per cent, the lowest in the world. The New York Federal Reserve Bank now operates at 3 per cent, the lowest rate ever recorded. In Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, Sweden and Switzerland, all have made moves in the same direction. One purpose of it all is, of course, to stimulate trade, and thus combat prevailing depression. There is another reason which does not require to be mentioned just now.

Easy money saved the day in 1908, following the greatest panic this continent has known. It will assist in relieving the situation now, though the result will not be immediate. People are more concerned with getting their stocks where they can be controlled, than in borrowing for new ventures.

There is a suggestion in the action of the banks for loan corporations. Many of them are lending money at 7 and 7½ per cent on first mortgage, gilt-edged security, and when for any reason the borrowers fail, the price is advanced to 8 per cent. This Shylock procedure is quite common, but altogether unjustifiable. It is always the poor man who is the sufferer.

There is a suggestion, too, for municipalities and public utilities. It is with all of them a common practice to put at the bottom of the bills: "Ten per cent reduction if paid before ten days." Should a man fail by a single day he is penalized, and the cost may be 2700 per cent. That is, he may pay nine dollars today or ten dollars tomorrow. Let anyone work out the rate at one dollar a day in a payment of nine dollars. It is always the poor fellow who is the sufferer. He has to live from hand-to-mouth and cannot readily find the amount for the bill for heat, light and water. If a bank can get along with a 3 per cent rate, then a municipality can easily get along with a nine per cent rate. The ten-day bonus is made to encourage quick returns, but the principle involved is unfair. If workmen are really anxious to escape from a common form of extortion, let them agitate for reform just here.

Just now cheaper money means much to our industrial institutions—and already an expansion of activities is noticeable in many quarters. When money and industry go hand in hand with a mutual trust a confidence is created whereby everyone is benefited whatever his pursuit in life may be. Reduced interest is but one of the many helpful signs of the times and of the earnest endeavor put forth everywhere to restore business conditions to the high standard that the enormous resources of this country will always, with sane management, demand. Prudence, caution and courage should be the watchwords of the business world—not only at a time of more or less uncertainty, but at all times.

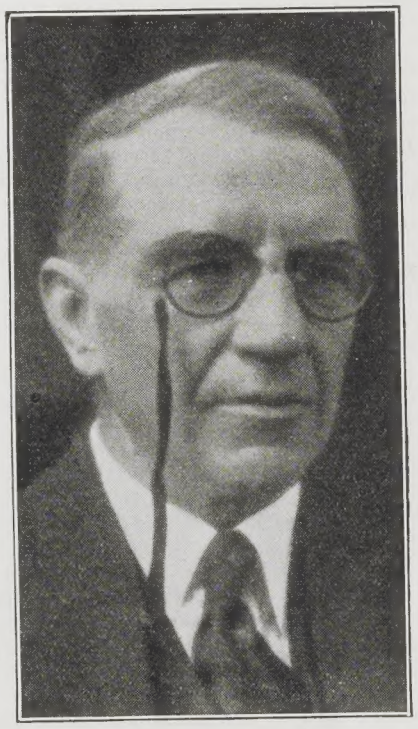
An Acadian Singer

Francis Sherman

By H. G. Wade

FRANCIS SHERMAN, "An Acadian Singer."

THE Celestial City of Traditions and Culture, known as the home of the United Empire Loyalists and the nursery ground for the training of Canadian poets, has produced several writers besides the Carman-Roberts group, as it was also the home of the Acadian Singer, Francis Sherman. Born in Fredericton, 1871, he was educated at the famous collegiate school, under George R. Parkin, later he studied in the classic halls of the University of New Brunswick.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS (The Dean of Canadian Poets) who was an admirer of the young Acadian Poet.

"In Canadian Houses of Romance" we learn that little Fredericton, with its elm - hung shady streets, which have no names and very few lamps, over which floats the sound of cathedral bells, is still a Celestial City, as quiet as the crystal air that surrounds it, and a house interesting to Canadians in general is the red brick rectory where lived Canon George Goodridge Roberts. Here Charles G. D., the eldest son; a daughter, Elizabeth; and Theodore Goodridge all grew up. They used to read aloud for each other's amusement the rhymes and stories which the day called forth. In summer weather the great old-fashioned garden, haunt of all fragrant and time-honored flowers, was the favorite spot. There, in and about the hammocks with their cousin, Bliss Carman, extending his great length on the grass below, these young people did indeed see visions and dream dreams, and Theodore Roberts in his "Acadie" describes the house in which Bliss Carman spent his early youth as a small edifice which faces inward on its own garden of lawn and elms and lilacs and turns a windowless back on the street.

But in those days there was nothing in Shore Street to cause even a poet's house to turn its back. Grass grew there, between the earthen footpaths and the earthen roadway; the neighbors' various live stock wandered there, grazing or grunting; all the little front-gardens were full of flowers and bees and butterflies, all the little backyards of scratching poultry, and all the trees of singing birds. The romantic spirits of Julia Horatia Ewing and the girl queen still brooded over this little, colonial, Tory, provincial British North-American town, infusing a gentle and sentimental glamor with prayer books with markers of purple ribbon, of church parades of little red-coated garrisons, and transplanted English fairies and English parsons.

Charles G. D. Roberts, in describing these same early days says Fredericton was a good place for a poet to be; she was the Capital with Government House, the House of Assembly and Law Courts and she had little of the Commercial spirit. Instead of expecting her people to be cut from one pattern, she seemed to prefer to be just a little queer, and, if people wrote verses, they had no need to be apologetic about it.

To Fredericton it did not seem impossible that some of them might even turn out to be good verses, and good verses were being written not only in "The quaint brick rectory" and the Carman house, but also in other Fredericton homes, where good literature was loved and studied. A slim, dark-eyed, and black-browed youth, by the name of Francis Sherman, when not toiling at his desk in the bank, was dreaming over old romances. The fruitage of this dreaming was a volume of poems called "Matins," which remains to this day almost unknown in Canada or elsewhere.

But Dr. Roberts says he cannot believe that it will always remain so. "I feel," he says, "that for sheer poetry, we have produced little to equal "Matins."

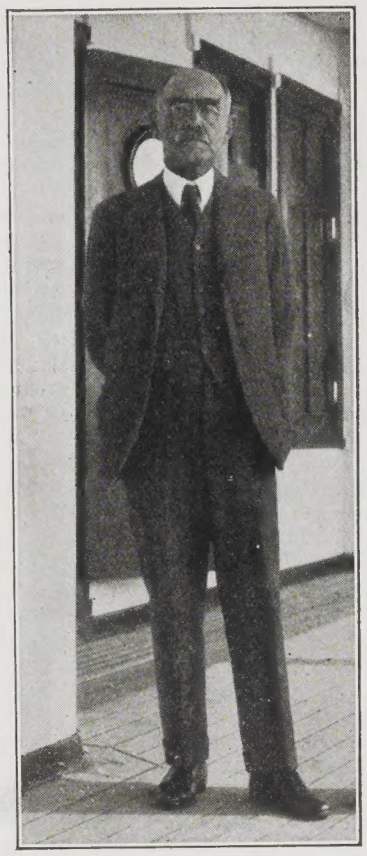
He walked by me with open eyes,
And wondered that I loved it so;
Above us stretched the grey, grey skies;
Behind us footprints on the snow.

Before us slept a dark, dark wood,
Hemlocks were there, and little pines
Also; and solemn cedars stood
In even and uneven lines.

The branches of each silent tree
Bent downward, for the snow's hard weight
Was pressing on them heavily;
They had not known the sun of late.

Our Acadian poet was one of the truest and most individual young poets that Canada has produced and he was not only a poet but a man of affairs. Bishop Ralph Sherman, of Calgary said recently, "My brother was really rather a great person; he founded the Royal Bank of Canada in Cuba, and was responsible for the Bank's progress throughout the West Indies. At forty-four he resigned the position of assistant general manager and went Overseas as a private. There he was promoted to a Captaincy. It was war strain on his heart that finally took him from us in June, 1926. He was one of the best-read persons I have ever known."

And C. E. Neill, Vice - President and Managing Director of the Royal Bank, a close personal friend of the poet from his earliest school days, said in a recent letter to the writer. "We went to the same schools, enjoyed the same recreations, and afterwards entered and worked together in the same bank. Sherman was a man of great ability, and was held in high esteem, affection and regard by all classes, wherever he went He was a sound and successful banker. Intellectually, he was outstanding, and withal he had a most delightful personality."



RUDYARD KIPLING, who wrote, "It must be a gorgeous thing to be one of the band of new Canadian Singers."

SHERMAN'S literary output has been meagre, comprising one regularly published book "Matins," consisting of fifty-eight pages, printed by The Rockwell and Churchill Press of Boston, in November, 1896. This was followed later with a booklet of sonnets, "In Memorabilis Mortis," and, in 1897, "A Prelude," a book of sonnets which was privately printed and is precious to collectors of rare Canadiana. "An Acadian Easter" was published in "The Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1900. The Deserted City, Stray Sonnets" was written by F.S. and rescued for the few who love them by H.D. "Two Songs at Parting" written by John Bodkin and F.S., was privately issued from Fredericton late in the winter of 1899 and "A Canadian Calendar," made up of lyrics selected by Sherman, appeared in 1900. Rudyard Kipling specially liked these lyrics and wrote to Sherman—

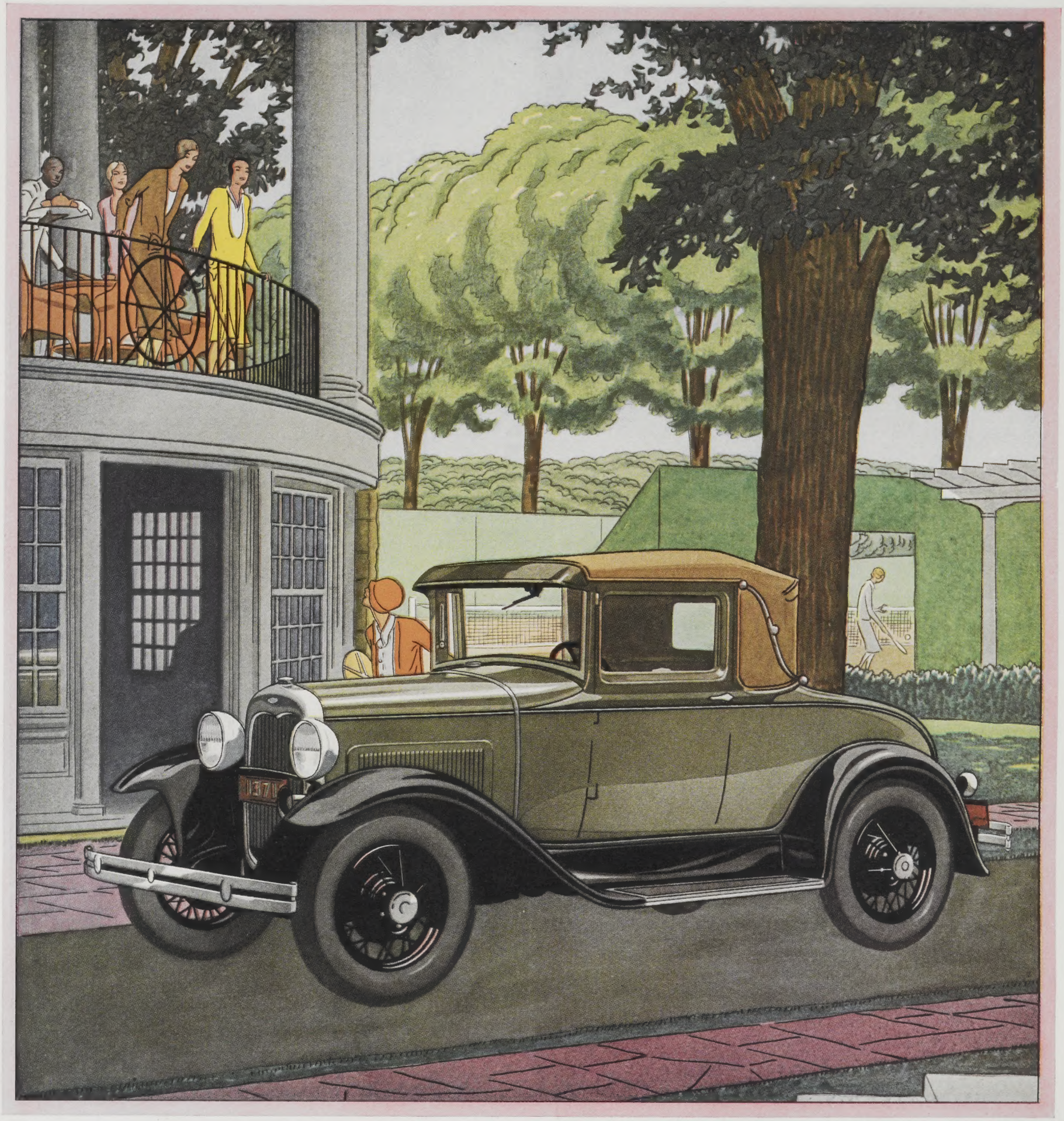
"It must be a gorgeous thing to be one of the band of new singers whose eyes are well opened on the country of their birth and love—in a land that is both old and new. Please take my best thanks. You don't know how much of Canada lies in your hands and Canada doesn't either."

Sherman's poetry shows an independent individuality. His poetic soul was sensitive to beauty in all her forms and could always express what he felt. A number of his poems, like those of Carman, have the great out-of-doors as their theme, and the quality of his efforts is sufficient to fix his place in the company of our best Canadian poets.

The Bookman (In the Manitoba Free Press) recently asked why has a [Continued on page 45]

The house in which Sherman was born and where he wrote "Matins."

A charming companion for a busy day



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE NEW FORD offers many advantages to the woman who uses an automobile constantly for quick trips to the Country Club, for shopping, the theater, for the many social and business activities of a busy day. Rarely is there to be found such an ideal combination of charm and utility. « «

In addition to its beauty of line and color, the new Ford brings you an unusual degree of mechanical excellence and good performance. You will drive with a new feeling of confidence because of its safety and ease of operation and control. « « « « « « « « «

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

I discovered a complexion secret in 24 basins of water

[And 73 leading dermatologists★ approved it]

The other day I got a letter inviting me to a "conference." That's nothing frightfully unusual in my life, for I have a job I think every woman would *love* to have. I advise business men about women and their ways!

This letter asked me to come at once. So I bought a new hat I felt was becoming and took the first train I could catch.

But what a strange conference I found! Twelve girls were seated around a long table. Each girl had two large hand-basins in front of her. Each was trailing her hands back and forth in the basins, much like a small child out in a row-boat!

Calay's "rain-water" test

"What on earth is going on now?" I asked the man who seemed to be directing this strange proceeding.

"Well, when the clock strikes 11, I think that last question of yours is going to be answered."

"You mean about the rain-water?"

He nodded. I *was* excited then. You see I'd been cleansing my face with Calay's velvety lather for months. It was the mildest soap *I* had ever found. But I wanted to be sure that Calay was as gentle to *any* skin as the *softest water alone!*

Pretty soon the clock struck 11. The girls who for a whole hour had had one hand in clear rain water and the other in Calay lather dried their hands and showed them to us.

"Why," I gasped, "the hands that have been in Calay are just as smooth and soft and supple as the ones that have been in the clear rain water!"

And when you consider that was a whole *month* of washings compressed into one short hour, it certainly shows how really mild and gentle Calay is for feminine skins!

Why 73 leading dermatologists approve Calay

Isn't it interesting how this test confirms the one I told you about in an earlier article?

You'll remember that I wanted to come to you with an assurance no complexion soap had ever had before. So I took Calay to one of the most eminent dermatologists in the country. I asked him to have the soap analyzed, to test its effect on all the different kinds of skins, and to give me his professional opinion of its merits.

He agreed readily. And he did much more! He sent copies of Calay's analysis to 72 other leading dermatologists and asked *them* to examine it and test Calay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved the analysis of Calay's formula. They quickly proved its gentleness in cleansing even the most delicate feminine skins. In a word, Calay has their unanimous approval—something no other perfumed complexion soap in history ever had.

So every time you cleanse your face with Calay's velvety lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these famous skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* complexion possibly ask for more?

Helen Chase

★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Department YHH-60, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

CALAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CAMAY IN THE UNITED STATES] 10¢ A CAKE

Something was whispering to him—"These are your magic days, David."

"TIDES"

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

DAVID worked for his grandfather and lived with his mother in one of the white-walled cottages of the steep village street, where the fishermen hung their nets. His father had been drowned at sea, for David, red-haired, sun-tanned, and upright, sprang from a long line of sea-faring stock. Grandfather was becoming shaky about the legs these days, and during the visitors' season, a heavy share of the work fell on David's young shoulders. He was up with the lark each morning, visiting the lobster-pots at the foot of the cliffs just beyond the surf—heavy work in stormy weather for a boy of sixteen, especially since the old boat was not made yesterday, and took skilled handling among the rocks and in the strong current. Then, during the day, when Grandpa was off with the fleet, David had to look after the visitors who hired the boat for fishing, between intervals of watching the salmon nets around the point.

David's boat was about the only seaworthy craft available for hire, and Sir Joseph Carnell took it for the month—apparently for the sole amusement of his little daughter, since she was the only member of the party who seemed to care for fishing. So David became her sailor-man, and, the weather being calm, they spent their time cruising the bay for mackerel and whiting.

"What a picture of health!" remarked Sir Joseph when, one evening, he chanced to be down at the harbor as David, bare-legged and red as an Indian, leaped into the shallow water to beach the boat, while Margaret triumphantly held aloft a string of gleaming mackerel.

"A picture of sun-bleached happiness and youth," remarked Margaret's mother with a smile. "I'm just doubtful, Joseph, whether it is safe to trust that unwieldy boat with so young a seaman."

"Absolutely safe," replied Sir Joseph, peremptory in most of his views. "I made enquiries at the village, and I was told that she could not be in more trustworthy hands. The boy is on the sea winter and summer, and is apparently an expert seaman."

On the way home, laden with the day's catch, Margaret asked if she might be allowed to accompany David on one of his daybreak rounds of the lobster pots, and this was agreed to, provided it was really quite calm. So, next morning, before the sun was up, David was off with his pocket full of pebbles to bombard Margaret's window. In a surprisingly short time she was down and ready—just a wild little soul in a Fair Isle jumper and a somewhat abbreviated homespun skirt. The fresh, sweet morning breeze from the sea, fragrant with the promise of another radiant day, fanned the waving hair about her forehead, and the red-haired, freckle-faced boy was conscious of something new which had entered his life. Already that something was whispering to him—"These are your magic days, David. They are brief in the life of every man, so live them as best you may."

They went down to the sea again, and to Margaret, at any rate, it brought new wonders. She learned that if David were not up early, he would find only claws in his lobster-pots; she learned how exceedingly fierce a real wild lobster can look, and once, when she thurst her hand into the wicker, sea-trimmed pot, David cried out with such alarm that she drew back startled. "You see that little fish," he said, pointing to three inches of iridescent rainbow color tangled with the weed at the bottom of the pot. "They sting like fury, Miss Margaret, and we have to watch for them. If you put your hand near them, they will jump up and sting you with the spines on their backs, and my—but it's awful painful!"

When through the pearly sea-mists the sun crept up, it seemed to Margaret that she had already spent a very happy and wonderful day. "I shan't be able to come back to fish till after tea," she told David. "We've got to lunch with some people. Horrid nuisance, isn't it?"

David agreed very whole-heartedly that it was, for the fairy had thrown her magic spell upon the red-haired, freckle-faced son of the sea. She came after tea as she had promised, but the long day of sun and ozone had had their effect. Out in the bay the fish were not biting, and what with the sun and the lazy swell, David at length looked up to find his little companion asleep. Very carefully and gently he laid his old tattered jacket across her knees, and then for a long time he sat, his face between his hands, looking at her and thinking a man's great thoughts, while the lustre of the dying sun lent a strange unreality to the world about him. Often in later years was that same scene to rise before his gaze with a vividness which time did not dim.

But it was soon time to return, and David wondered how he would waken her. He wanted to touch with his lips one of the small brown hands which had closed upon the collar of his old sea-jacket, but he dare not, and suddenly he found his face between his hands, overwhelmed by a sudden sense of the emptiness of it all. Yet little Margaret slept on, not

knowing that she had won what is surely the purest, highest thing in all the world of men—the first love of a boy who was a man at heart.

That evening, in the quietude of his little room, David's mother, through the doorway, saw him secretly pass his lips to the hem of his old green jacket, and then she knew what she had feared. "Oh, Davie, Davie," she said, "do not lose your brave laddie heart to yon sweet thing of the gentlefolk. She's as far from ye as the stars, and it can bring only sorrow into your life."

She went to him and drew him to the bedside, her motherly arms about him. She knew it then, and, alas, how truly her son was to come to know the truth of it in later years! "There's mony a lass in the village whose company might make ye happy," she was saying, but somehow her voice failed at that, for Davie, who did not like arms as a rule, was pressing his face against her shoulder. "Oh, Davie, Davie!" was all she could say, and those were the first of many tears she shed on that score for her son.

When Davie raised his face, a bright little moon was shining in through the flame-flower and ramblers about the window. "Dinna fash yersel', Mither," he said bravely, if a shade huskily. "She's only a bairn, and we've mony a year tae live yet. She's won my love, God knows it, but we dinna ken what time will bring."

His mother rose with a sigh. "There's one thing I do ken, laddie," she said. "I ken ye're no the kind, Davie, tae change yer fancies sae often. Ah, weel, so be it," and she went her way with thoughts of one in whose steps Davie was following, and who, for a little time, had made her life so happy.

"IT'S no end interesting," David told Margaret, when the moon was right and the tides were right and the sea trout were in the estuary. "We hammer a post into the sand when the tide's full out and the moon's full up, and to the post is hitched the half-moon net. A man on a horse takes the other end of the net and rides out in a half-circle, sweeping the water in to the shore. Your people would find it no end interesting, if they came tonight."

At her persuasion, David went back to the house with her to find out whether they would require the boat to attend this annual function, but Sir Joseph and her Ladyship were going out to dinner. The inevitable pleading from Margaret that she might be allowed to go alone, of course followed. "Why," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "the boat does not leave harbor till after your usual bedtime, Margaret, and it would be two in the morning before you were back." But, as a matter of fact, Sir Joseph rather prided himself on the way in which his little daughter ran wild, and he hated to deny her anything.

"But," Margaret pleaded, "I might never get another chance to see such a thing, and it must be wonderful—from what David has told me."

Sir Joseph smiled complacently as he sipped his liqueur, and so, at length, it was consented—"on the condition that your wonderful sailor-boy and his grandpa take special care of you," said Sir Joseph, as he adjourned to the smoke-room.

These conditions were handed on to David, who went his way a prouder man than ever before.

It was indeed a wonderful night, an almost tropical moon burning down upon the mirror of the sea, so that the net, the dark, bearded men, the old grey horse, shone phosphorescent among the glancing lights and each time a sea trout was touched, it would dart like a streak of fire across the surface, presently to be enfolded, a living flame, in the phosphorescence of the net. There were moments of breathless thrill, when Sir Joseph's little daughter caught her sailor by the hands and all but embraced him, while around was the great grey loneliness, and the feeling that they were just a savage little tribe alone with the hush of the sea and with God.

"Have you enjoyed it, Miss Margaret?" asked David, as the old boat, with idly flapping sail, finally bore them homewards over a silver eternity and through a crystal world.

"Yes," she answered. "Have you?"

"Yes," he replied. "I think it has been the most wonderful night in all my life."

Margaret looked at him steadily. "It *has* been wonderful," she agreed. "I shall never forget it. Thank you so much, Davie!"

Davie! She had called him Davie, as his mother did, as the men did, and the red blood rose to the roots of his red hair, though luckily the night hid it. Old Grandpa, with the tiller under one arm, sat and sucked hard at his old clay pipe, the pungence of the weed mixing with the sea air. He took no notice of them.

"See that island?" said David suddenly. "It's a day's sail from here, though it doesn't look it tonight."

"It looks only a mile away," said Margaret, her voice falling in fragments of sound, as with a gentle winnowing of wings, the wild geese passed them on their shoreward journey. "It surely can't be more than a mile away?"

David shook his head wisely. "It takes over twelve hours ordinary sailing to get there," he told her, his gaze following the spectral shape of the wild geese. "I haven't been. I want to go some day."

"It might take you twelve hours if you went in an ordinary fishing-boat," said Margaret, "but if you really wanted to get there and do anything when you landed, you wouldn't go in a fishing-boat. Dad wouldn't. He'd go in a motor launch—a racing one if possible."

Strange the part that casual, unreasoned, child conclusion was to play in his after-life!

"We haven't a motor-boat," he said humbly. "When I go, I'll have to sail."

"I wish we could go together," said Margaret.

David thought for awhile, and the sail flap-flapped in time with his thoughts. He pictured himself sailing to explore some far-off island with the little princess of his dreams, for to him she was, and must ever be, a Princess of Dreams only.

"When do you go home, Margaret?" he asked at length.

"On Friday, worse luck!" she told him. She sat amidships, her slim arms about her naked knees, and as she spoke, she looked up at him, and he saw the sparkle of her eyes.

"That's very soon now," said David, trying to hide the bitterness in his voice. "I still have so many things I wanted to show you. I wanted to take you to the slide beyond South Beald, I wanted to show you where the conger eels lie in the pools, and how we spear them, I wanted——"

"Can't we go tomorrow?" she interposed.

"If they would let you. When are you coming back, Miss Margaret? Next summer?"

"I hope so," she answered. "I can't bear to think of leaving this place, where we have been so happy, but you see we've only got the house this year and may not be able to come back."

"Never?" said David softly.

She shook her head. "Oh, I don't know, but I shall try to get them to let me come back. Couldn't I stay at the cottage with your mother?"

"Why, of course you could—whenever you liked!" he cried eagerly. "Do try to make them let you, Miss Margaret. It's only a wee cottage, of course, but Mother would do her best, and so would I."

"I believe you always do your best," said his princess, laughing up into his face, and assuming that womanliness of manner often so charming in little people; then she added half-whimsically: "Do you know, Davie, I'd love to live in a cottage and belong—just to the sea-faring folk, like you do."

Davie was staring across the silver waters. They were quite near port now. [Continued on page 47]

"Oh, Davie, Davie," she said, "do not lose your brave laddie heart to yon sweet thing of the gentlefolk."

TOO OLD

By
Edmund E. Pugsley

Illustrated by
Herbert Rudeen

"NO, NO, Grandy! It's too cold for you! We couldn't think of letting you go out in this weather! Why, it's twenty below zero!"

"Wah! What of it? Haint I bin out in it all my life? Many's the winter I sled cordwood, an' it forty below for weeks on end! An' snaked saw logs! An' druv grain to market! An' fifty years afore you young uns was born! Wah! What's twenty below!"

"Yes, yes, Grandy! We know. But it's our turn now. Don't you see? You were young then. Now it's our turn. Why, what'd folks think if we took you out to a wood-cuttin' bee at your age? You forget you're over a hundred, Grandy!"

"Wah! Hundred an' t'ree come next May, an' bettern mos' men yet! What do younguns nowadays know of fellin' a tree? Me, I c'd chop cord for cord with any t'ree of them!"

Ted Hooper smiled tolerantly and winked at his wife. Min flung a soft arm over her great-grandfather's shoulder and stroked his wizened cheek above the wiry beard.

"Yes, Grandy," she cooed, "we know you could. You're the best man with an ax yet in the whole country. But, don't you see? It wouldn't be fair to let you run the risk of catching cold in this weather. We think too much of our old grandy! No. you just stay in, today, and keep baby Jean company. She's too young to take out in this, so someone's got to stay home and take care of her. I want to go over and help Widow Sinclair get the dinner for the men. And I feel perfectly safe in leaving little Jean with you."

"Wah," snorted old Abe Hooper again. "Folks nowadays can't stand nuthin'! In my time younguns went when we went."

He opened the box stove and thrust in a birch knot. Then he sat down heavily and jerked out his black pipe. Min busied herself with her wraps, chattering meanwhile to her two-year old daughter.

"Jean be nice girl for Grandy, won't she? Grandy'll give her nice dinner and put her bye-byes. Be nice girl and maybe Grandy'll play the violin, too!"

A film of moisture was showing in the big, blue eyes that watched her mother prepare to leave her.

"Jean wanna go with mammy!" finally pleaded the child.

Min wound the scarf about her neck as sleigh bells were heard without, followed by Ted's halloo. Then she stooped and swept the tiny figure into her arms.

"Old Jack Frost'd bite little Jean's nose right off if she went out today! And he'd pinch her little toes, too. Be nice girl, Jean, and mammy'll bring something home for you. Bye-bye! Bye-bye, Grandy! Take good care of Jean, won't you?"

The kitchen door of the old farm house opened swiftly and slammed shut again, admitting a whirl of frosty air. Two figures stood at the window and scraped away the frost to peep out.

"Jean can't see mammy!" cried the child, whimpering at her futile attempts to scrape a clean space. Silently old Abe stooped stiffly and lifted the child to his peep hole. With a wave of the whip the black team swung into the beaten road and swept down the lane towards the county line.

"Mammy and daddy gone!" announced the child at length, slipping to the floor. "Grandy play 'lin for Jean?"

Old Abe puffed noisily on his pipe. "Wah! Too old!" He stared down at the child. "An' you're too young."

He staggered into the cold. On, on. His eyes refused to open.

The big eyes stared while the child pondered this. "Grandy no too old play 'lin," she eventually argued.

"Uh!" grunted the old man, jerking his pipe out to stare at the child. "That he's not!" he declared. "That he's not! Wah!" He lapsed into silence again while the child waited patiently. "He's not too old to cut wood, neither, so he aint!" The pipe stem pointed meaningly at the child.

"Jean no wanta see Grandy cut wood. Jean wanta hear 'lin."

"Wah! Jest like your mother! Jest like all women! Don't want nothin' 'cept jest what you want!"

But still old Abe sat and sucked at his pipe. And still his great-great-grandchild stared.

"Grandy play 'lin?" again came the child's voice, this time pleadingly.

Old Abe emitted an impatient "Wah!" and thumped his pipe on the back of the kitchen stove. From atop the big kitchen cupboard he lifted down the battered case and jerked it open. Then more carefully he extracted the almost black instrument, tucking it under his chin while he scraped resin on the bow. In the centre of the room stood Jean, feet apart and chubby hands crossed behind her back.

At length old Abe settled stiffly into the long bench and tuned the strings to his satisfaction. The gray eyes brightened and the bloodless face wrinkled happily. Then slowly he drew the bow across the strings, feeling for inspiration to play.

"Grandy play turkey," prompted little Jean.

The grizzled head shook an emphatic denial. The child did not insist but stood patiently waiting. It was perhaps because of this unusual attitude that old Abe wondered, and wondering, found no other inspiration. And so presently the small face brightened to a smile as she recognized the quick, jerky notes of 'turkey in the straw.'

But old Abe's heart was strangely restless and abruptly his boots ceased tapping with the accelerated scraping and almost as abruptly the bow slowed to a pensive lament of 'Sweet Genevieve.' The big eyes gazed in wonder at the change in old Abe's face as well as the tone, until, spying a trickle of moisture on the white hairs beneath an eye, Jean slipped to the cupboard to return with a hand extended.

"Please Grandy no cry!" she pleaded. "Grandy have cookie!"

"Uh!" The music stopped. The withered face achieved a grin. Old Abe accepted the cookie.

"Jean have a bite," he proffered a portion to the child. They munched in silence.

Again the bow scraped the solemn notes of 'Abide with me.' until, with a sigh of satisfaction old Abe rose resolutely and replaced the instrument in its case.

"Grandy fix fire now," he explained.

He filled the kitchen stove as well as the box stove and again sat down to his pipe. Jean busied herself solemnly with her blocks. The morning wore on and at length old Abe set about preparing the simple meal for two—the one that was too old to help, and the one that was too young.

He washed the dishes and they gazed out the window together. Jean yawned. It was nap time.

"Grandy play 'lin for Jean?" she questioned, as she prepared to snuggle in the bed in the next room.

And again old Abe took down the blackened fiddle.

"Grandy play 'Three Little Pigs'?"

Old Abe nodded. The plump face smiled. The big blue eyes slowly closed. The face relaxed in sweet content. Old Grandy was too old to go out aid chop wood, but he could safely be relied upon to take care of little Jean, who was likewise too young to go out in zero weather.

The fiddle was returned to its case. Old Abe refilled the stoves with wood, the box stove receiving a heavy pine knot. Then he sat down and lit his pipe.

"Wah! Too old! Only a chore boy, now. Stay home and mind the younguns. Abe Hooper, too old to chop wood. Abe Hooper, who swung the best axe in the woods! Uh! Forty, fifty, sixty, yes, seventy years ago there was no man who could match him. Now these younguns said he was too old! Conceited young pups! Ought to be put in their places. Didn't know how to act to their betters. Uh! Leaving him—Abe Hooper—home to mind the youngun! He'd have to show them where they belonged when they came home . . . . Too old . . . . .Too old.

The shaggy head nodded . . . . The pipe slipped to the floor. Old Abe slept [Continued on page 84]

The sounds seemed to be coming from the parlor.

LEMON

By

Hopkins Moorehouse

MISS HEPZIBAH'S bare foot was over forty years old, yet it took on the appearance of a white lily as it dipped cautiously into the shaft of moonlight. The shaft of moonlight streamed in between the cretonne curtains and came to rest in an irregular patch on the rag carpet beside the bed.

The bed itself creaked. Not because Miss Hepzibah's weight amounted to much, or because her movements were sudden, or because the dog bounded from it abruptly; Prinney slept under the bed, not on it, and Miss Peters' movements were stealthy to a degree while her weight—Pooh! she was as thin as a string bean early in the season. As a matter of fact the bed creaked because it was a bed and the hour was two o'clock in the morning when everything was very very quiet and creaks have a chance to make themselves heard; also perhaps, because it was the very last thing Miss Hepzibah wanted the bed to do.

For when you have been awakened in the middle of the night and above the racket which your heart is kicking up you have heard sounds which convince you that there really is somebody moving around down stairs who has no business being in the house at all—when you have made up your mind to catch the thief in the act, you certainly are going to clench your teeth and frown if your bed creaks on you first go-off. If it keeps right on doing it all the more when you redouble the stealth of your movements, you may even go so far as to say: "Drat the thing!"

Miss Hepzibah did. She wasn't worrying about the dog, for he was pretty well trained and while he was nose-on to the crack at the bottom of the door with the clothesline that tied him to the bed-post taut as a bow-string, he hadn't let out a sound.

There was a certain business-like menace in that silence which seemed to substantiate the grim assurance possessing the lines of Miss Hepzibah's mouth as she tip-toed about the room. Prinney was a powerful white bulldog of the "What-we-Have-we'll-Hold" type; the gun which hung on a rack beside the bed was a double-barrelled affair a muzzle-loading old-timer that had killed many deer in its day; the knife which dangled on the bed-post, where it would be handy for severing the dog's leash in an emergency, was just a plain domestic butcher-knife which Miss Peters used for cutting up rhubarb stalks and so forth, but you could have shaved with it quite handily had you been careful to rub the lather well in.

Gathering together this armament and with the dog's line wound several times around her wrist, Miss Hepzibah quietly turned the knob of the door and began her advance, a flaming red dressing-gown wrapped about her meagre form and pale blue woolen bedroom slippers peeping out now and then beneath the hem. On the landing, half way down the stairs, she pulled the dog behind her and craned her thin neck forward till the moonlight, streaming through the glass of the front door bathed her forehead and used her two front curl-papers to make a shadow on the wall that looked like the devil.

There was nobody in the hallway below. The sounds semed to be coming from the parlor. The parlor was the room which Miss Peters kept shut up with blinds drawn. The family, one by one, had gone to the cemetry from this room. It contained all the family heirlooms, including a melodeon whose yellowed keys nobody ever fingered, mohair chairs upon which nobody ever sat, a pair of china dogs which nobody ever played with and sundry black walnut frames enclosing crayon family portraits and some coffin wreaths and nickel name-plates which nobody ever looked at except Miss Hepzibah.

For she lived alone, Miss Hepzibah—very much alone indeed, poor woman—and she did not encourage visitors. The few that Prinney and his mistress did tolerate were content to munch their cookies and sip their raspberry vinegar in the kitchen; certainly the fine rag carpet which the Grandmother had made with her own hands was no place for stains and crumbs.

So the parlor was the room which was kept shut up till the air was musty. And that was where Miss Peters hid a little old Chinese urn, of brass—hid it in a dark corner beneath a board that was loose in flooring. The urn was full of money!

SHE was peeking through the crack of the open door and had just noted that the blinds were all up as far as they would go, admitting a flood of moonlight, when the dog broke away from her and with a ferocious growl charged into the room as if shot from a catapult.

There was a yell of terror, a crash of glass, dark figure of man diving through window, dark form of bulldog—same window, thumping feet, barking!

Miss Hepzibah picked herself up slowly. She hobbled over to the window and glanced out. Then she went over to the dark corner where the fine rag carpet which the Grandmother had made was turned back and where a black hole yawned in the flooring. The little old Chinese urn, of brass, was lying on its side not far away; when its owner had finished picking up the scatter, the urn was full of money.

She put it back, replaced the board and drew the carpet over it once more. On a chair near by a thirty-two calibre revolver shone wickedly in the moonlight, evidence of a haste inspired by an overpowering fear of dogs. Miss Hepzibah handled the thing gingerly as weapons with which one is not familiar should be handled. Finally she tossed it out the broken window.

Then she went back to her bedroom. There she lit the lamp, laid out her best black lustre dress and her ridiculous little black bonnet, rusty with age

FILLING

Illustrated by

Kathleen Allen

The clocks of the universe stopped and time flew back many many years for two people.

and use, and proceeded to make a careful toilet. When her bangs were frizzed to her satisfaction and the bonnet ribbons tied to suit her, Miss Hepzibah hunted up the Grandfather's worn old carpet-bag and descended to the kitchen. Here she lifted a trap-door and climbed carefully down into the tiny cellar where a shelf that was laden with a variety of things swung to and fro to the touch.

And all this time Miss Hepzibah Peters was as cold and purposeful as she could be. Her thin sallow face was set in dominant severity; her eyes glittered like bits of metal; her feelings were all curled up inside of her with scalloped, frozen edges. Her calm was the deceit of placid surfaces beneath which rage dangerous torrents.

When she came up from the cellar she blew out the lamp, left it on the table with some matches beside it, picked up the muzzle-loader that had killed many deer in its day, and marching out of the house, deposited it and the carpet-bag on the front doorstep while she locked the door behind her. Not till then did she look to see which tree the midnight intruder had chosen.

He had chosen well. The big willow forked about four feet from the ground and lent itself more readily to hasty ascent than any of the others. Leaving the carpet-bag on the step, Miss Peters marched down the gravelled walk between the borders of Sweet William and Forget-me-not and struck straight across to the tree at the foot of which the bulldog growled his savage regret. In the bright moonlight her angular form bore down like some dread Nemesis.

"Fer God's sake, Zib, call of that dawg!" called the man hoarsely. "It's me—your brother—Dan."

She stooped to peer upward, squinting her eyes to catch sight of the black shape of him among the shifting moon mottles on the leaves.

"You'll be a-climbin' down now" she commanded.

"Call off that hell-hound, d'you hear me!" he roared.

She spoke sharply to the dog, who whimpered and trotted over to her side obediently. Once more she twisted the dragging rope about her wrist.

"You'll be a-climbin' down" she repeated, a trifle louder.

He started downward, laughing shortly, one eye fastened warily on the dog. He paused in the fork of the tree.

"Sure yuh got hold o' the brute now, Zib? Yuh got'm some trained, ol' girl" he grinned in admiration. "Nice doggie! Nice ol' feller!"

"He won't be a-bitin' you 'less I be a-tellin' him to. You'll be a-climbin' *down!*"

"Right-o. Down it is!" He jumped and started forward, very much at his ease.

"Stop!" shrilled Miss Hepzibah. She raised the gun. "You jest stop where you be or I'll shoot you!"

"Wh-Why, *Zib!* Aintcha tumbled terme yet? Don't yuh know who I am, *Zib?*"

"I know who yoube, Danny Peters, right well Turn your back an' march straight ahead We be a-goin' to the stable to hitch up Old Bill."

"Not so fast, sister mine!" His eyes had narrowed with quick suspicion. "Not so fast! I don't mind helpin' yuh ter hitch up, but I gotter know where y're goin'."

"When the time comes fer you to know, you'll know, Danny Peters. You be a-comin' with me. I beant a-goin' to stand fer no foolin' this time."

"*This* time?" He repeated, scowling angrily. "Say, yuh better cut the funny bizness an' talk sense! See?"

He took a threatening step toward her, at which she unwound one loop of the dog's rope from her wrist. He saw the movement and his heavy jaw fell. Something very like triumph flashed into Miss Hepzibah's eyes and was gone.

"Some time ago, Danny Peters," she began with quiet determination, "you stole some money fer which you went to jail. You lied to me about it. You got away an' when you come home I helped you escape from them as was a-lookin' fer you—even knowin' as you'd lied to me. I hadn't the heart to let 'em get you in spite o' it, so I told a lie myself to shield you, Danny Peters, because I thought you'd get a fresh start up there in Canady where you went. I find you back here now—in my house—in the act o' stealin' every cent I hev in the world! There be them as be worth their salt, Danny Peters, an' there be them as aint! We go now to the stable to hitch up Old Bill an' we'll jest be a-drivin' over to the Pen'tentiary you run away from. We kin make it nicely ef we get started right away."

"The *hell* yuh say!" He glared wildly about him. The dog growled, tugging at the line and whimpering with desire. Miss Hepzibah let another loop drop from her wrist. He stared at her intently and fear crept into his eyes for the first time.

"Aw now, Zib, yuh can't be meanin' all that" he objected, attempting a jocular tone. "Why, Zib—Why, say, I wasn't tryin' to steal y'r coin, old girl. Yuh don't think I'd do that, do yuh, after the way yuh've allus treated me? What kind o' a brother do yuh take me fer? I kin explain everythin'. I wasn't tryin' to swipe the coin!" He laughed loudly. "Honest, I wasn't——"

"Quit lyin'!" snapped Miss Hepzibah, her eyes blazing with sudden wrath. "I beant a-goin to wait much longer, Danny Peters, [Continued on page 42]

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles (left) with his elder brother, Lord Lascelles, watching a meet of the Branham Moor Hunt, on the occasion of Lord Lascelles' seventh birthday.

Princess Mary at Home

Our King's Only Daughter, as Wife, Mother and Hostess in Town and Country.

By Ignatius Phayre

THE tall soldier-peer—a D.S.O. and Croix de Guerre of the Great War, who was badly gassed and three times wounded—is riding slowly towards the Hall beside his royal Countess, after a thrilling twenty-mile point in the wake of the Branham Moor Foxhounds. And here is a small boy, hurrying to open a meadow gate for their horses to pass.

"An' be you the l-a-a-st to come through?" he piped to the Earl, in the broadest of Yorks dialect.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I've missed her agen!" the child was mourning. "I mean Princess M-a-a-ry. After all this wa-a-itin', too!"

"But are you *sure* you haven't seen her?"

"'Coorse I am! Wouldn't a Princess be roidin' a gran' white horse, wi' a red an' gold saddle, same's you read on in the books?"

Lord Harewood was pointing to his companion, but she hurried him on with an impulsive sign.

And when out of earshot, the girl explained: "He'd have been *so* disappointed, poor boy! I must arrange a meeting more in keeping with his dreams."

There you have the King's daughter, "all glorious within," as the Psalmist describes her. Just a tender-hearted English girl, modest and shy, with a decided shrinking from the glare and turmoil of public life and with all her interests centred in the "old-fashioned" trinity of husband, home and children.

Everybody knows that the British Royal Family have a long tradition of public service, wholly apart from politics. It is all one to them whether a Labor or a Tory Government be in power; it suffices that the people have expressed their wish at the polls for King George and Queen Mary, with the Prince of Wales, his brothers and their one and only sister, to continue the same round of duties, which are so often tedious when the central figure has a temperamental dislike of continuous homage and applause. This is especially the case with Princess Mary, who, even as the wife of a "commoner" and mother of two young sons, as well as mistress of a private palace in London and two magnificent Yorkshire homes, has still her responsibilities as King's daughter and princess of the Blood.

"In accepting an Englishman and a soldier"—as Prime Minister Asquith testified when the engagement was announced—"the democracy of our Royal Family is once more proved." Yet Queen Victoria was none too pleased when her own daughter, Louise, chose the Marquis of Lorne. Next, the Princess Royal fell in love with the Duke of Fife. More recently we saw the union of Princess Patricia with Captain Ramsay, and that of the Duke of York with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, a life-long friend (and bridesmaid) of Princess Mary herself. Royal marriages—at any rate in Britain—are no longer "arranged" for "dynastic reasons." Both Princes and Princesses now wed for love alone, though *partis* who are poor or obscure are ruled out, for obvious reasons.

As a little girl with bright golden curls and peach-bloom skin, our King's daughter assured her French governess, Mdlle Dussau, that she would only marry a man who had the tastes and traits of her grandfather, King Edward VII. How they loved him, those five boys and one girl! What uproarious larks they had with Grandpa, too, at York Cottage, whilst Father and Mother were touring the Empire long ago in the "Ophir!" The Prince of Wales (as little "Dave") was then too dignified to sit on jovial grand-dad's knee. But wee Mary sat there to hear King Edward's sea-yarns, and to learn how narrowly she herself had escaped being called "Diamond"—which was the awful suggestion of Queen Victoria, the girl being born in the great Jubilee year of 1897. Everyone knows how efficient a housekeeper Queen Mary is, especially in the balancing of accounts. In tight times of the Great War, the very ashes of Buckingham Palace fires were sifted for cinders that might be used again. And when food-cards and ration-queues showed Britain the dread menace of German submarines, the Royal Family went on short commons, precisely as did the poorest in the realm. Writing to President Wilson, the Late U.S. Ambassador, Walter H. Page, describes a pretty meagre "banquet" at the Royal table: "Just one egg apiece, with only so much bread, and a glass of lemonade!"

Goldsborough Hall, Yorkshire — the country seat of Princess Mary.

Thus reared in a school of adaptable common sense, and with her girlhood overshadowed by a desperate world-war, it was but natural that Princess Mary should be of a grave and pensive turn, and she chose for her husband a man fifteen years older than herself.

Until 1914 the girl's life was curiously secluded; she had hardly been abroad at all, and all her interests lay with her family, first at York Cottage and "Buck House," as the children have always styled the more formal London palace.

Queen Mary was ever keen on physical culture. So, in 1915, a strenuous "gym" was fitted up in Marlborough House, where Princess Mary could shin up ropes, vault the horse or turn somersaults with her chosen friends under the watchful eyes of the two Misses Bear. Of all the Queen's children, Mary was the only studious reader as well as a real lover of art and music. She and "Dave" (the Prince of Wales) were inseparable pals until the heir-apparent was invested in full at Carnarvon Castle, and thenceforward dwelt apart, entitled to bows and curtsies from his juniors in the family.

But even the strictest of Royal etiquette did not prevent practical jokes and larks; so that the one girl had a lively time with the five hilarious boys—even the night before their father and mother's awesome Coronation in Westminster Abbey.

MARY has a really charming mezzo-soprano voice that was praised by Madame Melba. Yet often when practising, fearsome cat-calls would be heard from one or other (or all!) of those mischievous five! At sixteen, Princess Mary was given her first pony to groom and feed in his own stable. Riding is a passion with her, as it is also with "Dave." By the way, I have heard her explain the Prince's many falls as being due to the fact that he rarely rides the same horse twice, but that his mount is forever startled by the crowds and applause, from which "the most popular bachelor in the world can never hope to escape.

Mary "mothered" her brothers naturally. In her lap of comfort they laid heads of disgrace and woe. And the Prince of Wales vows he could never "add up" at all without the backing and guidance of his fair and patient sister Mary. At other times, too, with deft needle and thread the girl was ready for emergency repairs—as when "Bertie" tore his sailor suit and feared the questioning eye of his mother! In London all six had a grand time in the forty-acre gardens of "Buck House," or sailing boats on the five-acre lake. But the time came when a growing Princess joined her royal parents in Court and public functions of amazing fatigue. Always the right word is expected. Always the bright and friendly smile, and bowing through endless miles of streets.

What Mary did love were those jolly visits to antique shops and art-collections which have shown her mother's taste, and with it a real talent for interior decorations and furnishings. But, as I have said, this "English Rose"—as the Germans called our princess—shrank from the pitiless strain of public life. She was happiest in the garden, tending seed-beds and bushes in an old hat and coarse gloves, with a pruning-knife and basket. Today little Viscount Lascelles and his brother Gerald, have garden-plots of their own at Harewood House, and thus learn Nature-lessons in the day's work.

Characteristically enough, as a growing girl, Princess Mary was happiest amid the heather-clad hills of Balmoral, up in the Scottish Highlands. Here Court etiquette hardly exists, and Mary and her brothers passed carefree days, rushing here and there on push-bikes—often ruining the flower-beds, to the afflicted gardener's consternation. Here, too, the girl learned the complete steps of a Scottish reel and other Gaelic dances. She does not care for the ultra-modern dances, or for the syncopated music which so delights that vivid "sport," the Prince of Wales.

It was also at Balmoral Palace (which Queen Victoria used to light with candles alone!) that Princess Mary began her course of kitchen cooking, in white overall and rolled-up sleeves. Her first attempts were memorable. Fished out of a picnic basket, a sister's cakes were handed round to the brothers in ominous silence. Pressed for a verdict, Prince Henry excused himself, saying: "I've been told it's treason to speak ill of the King's daughter!"

Her mother urged a course in social science. Mary went to no school; for although her grandmother, Queen Alexandra, favored this, Queen Mary was all for home training on special lines, with the duties of a British Princess ever in view. But the Great War it was, that launched this girl as her royal mother's aide in dispatching comforts to an immense army overseas, and also in a daily correspondence so huge that the routine of it soon turned Buckingham Palace into a hive of machines and clerks.

SUFFERING abroad and domestic needs at home left a deep impression on this girl's mind. She asked the Queen if she might send out gifts to the troops from her own purse. When the prodigious scale of this was realized, Princess Mary issued a simple appeal to the public, and soon had £100,000 at her disposal "to send a Christmas present to every sailor afloat, and every soldier at the front." She was presently acting as deputy for the Queen, well versed in matters Imperial, thanks to early lessons on big sand-trays, whereupon were modelled continents and oceans, mountains and rivers, with one-fourth of the earth's land surface and its polyglot peoples shown under the British flag.

It is now twelve or thirteen years since this shy girl first acted as "Royalty" on her own account. That occasion was a visit to a hospital for totally disabled men; and never will the Princess forget the distress and pain which the sights and scenes of that public *début* caused her. Through all the War's agony, she passed with calm courage; so that Lord Kitchener could say of her to Haig: "There goes a 'soldier' who has done much to rally our women at this time!" Flag Days, Red Cross work, the Land Girls, munition canteens, and the Queen's Needlework Guild (which distributed over 15,000,000 articles!) — these were some of Princess Mary's sphere of work before the Armistice of 1918.

Her coming of age that year passed almost unnoticed. But her beloved brother "Dave"—then training for France with the Welsh Guards—wound up his telegram with: "You *may* be twenty-one. But you'll always be 'Little Mary' to me!" Perhaps it was her poignant experience in the War which gave the girl such a taste for the nursing career. Even before the Armistice, she entered the Great Ormond Street Hospital For Sick Children as a probationer. Here the matron was worried over air-raids and other perils of that sinister time. But the Queen's own word settled the status of the new learner: "Princess Mary is to be treated as one of the nurses under *all* circumstances."

The large dining-room at Chesterfield House, the London residence of Princess Mary.

Even the terrors of the operating-room were not spared to our royal probationer. She loved to sit upon cot-beds in the twilight and tell stories to the little ones, or invent new games for them—which, as Viscountess Lascelles and a mother herself, later on at Goldsborough Hall, the girl was glad to remember for the benefit of her first son. It was Dr. Pirie, now of Toronto, who supervised Princess Mary's hospital training; and her last gift to him was a lovely water-color portrait of herself in uniform, duly inscribed for the recipient.

Of the Princess Mary as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots I have no room here to speak; the post carries with it courtesies and duties which cannot be foregone. Neither can I deal with an extended tour of the war-zones in France. This experience seemed to add to the gravity of this girl by reason of the awful havoc witnessed in ravaged towns, where the Princess slept in army huts, and rode in whippet tanks over the most trying of ruined roads.

For over ten years Princess Mary has been closely associated with the Girl Guides—"like one of us," as Lady Baden-Powell wrote—"shaking hands with the left hand, and giving the Guide sign, as if she had been among us from the start." So at long last the Prince of Wales could turn the tables on his sister in the matter of uniforms, upon which she used to tease him, as the wearer of a record number. As President of the Guides, Princess Mary uses her own coat-of-arms, and a special flag nine feet long, wrought in azure, white and gold, with the motto: "Be Prepared."

IT IS nearly nine years since our King's daughter saw her first Grand National race, and there met her future husband, Lord Lascelles, in the crowded paddock at Aintree. Their love ripened at various house-parties, notably those given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at Chatsworth and at Buxton. Next came invitations for the Viscount to Balmoral and York Cottage, which last was the rural home of King George and Queen Mary when they were first married. From time to time, club and salon rumor had coupled the Princess' name with this and that foreign *parti*. But she had resolved to wed an Englishman, and live in the homeland she loves so dearly. And really the girl made a sound matrimonial choice, on all grounds. For not only was Lord Lascelles the son and heir of the Earl of Harewood, a peer of great estates and riches. He has also been a diplomat in Rome, as well as A.D.C. to Earl Grey, who was Governor-General of Canada in 1907. Then, apart from the Harewood fortune, the Viscount inherited also the millions left by his great-uncle, the eccentric and miserly Irish peer, Lord Clanricarde, whose art treasures were famous — to say nothing of the fabulous Clanricarde diamonds, which Princess Mary had re-set in dazzling modern style, after nearly a century of oblivion in the strong-rooms of a London bank.

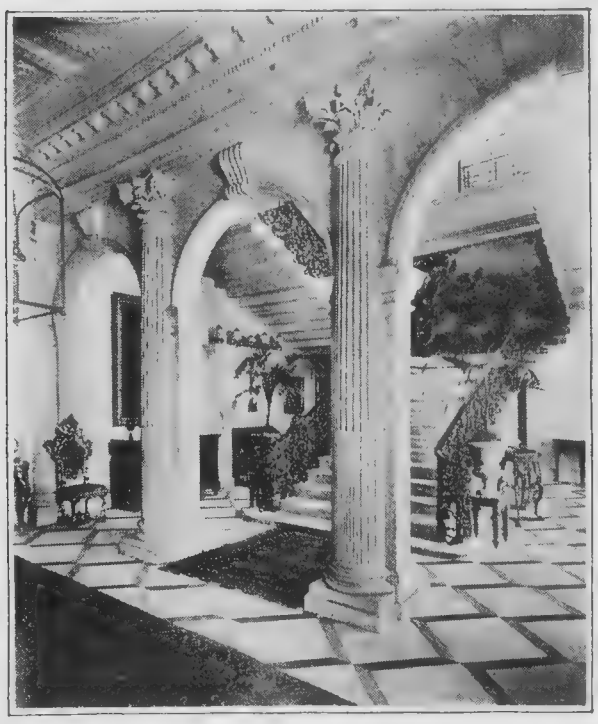
Princess Mary

Horses and hunting; the English outdoor life, together with the care of superb homes in town and country and the education of their two boys—here are the interests which the present Earl of Harewood and his royal Countess have in common.

What a wedding was theirs, by the way—a national affair, engaging the Lord Chamberlain's office in complex matters of invitations and precedence. "Our Most Dearly-Beloved Daughter" — as the King called her in his warrant —was as much excited over the event as any suburban bride-to-be. In avalanches the presents came pouring, from the thirty-four-inch diamond chain of the City of London to the modest cheese-tray bought with the pennies of Girl Guides. So elaborate was the trousseau that the Princess' friend and Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Joan Mulholland, acted as a sort of "manager" in laces and silks, poplins, furs and embroidery. The white and silver wedding-gown was a marvel to see, with a train whose warp was 20,000 threads wide, and every second thread of the weft wrought in gleaming silver. Part of Princess Mary's veil had been worn by Catherine of Aragon; both her mother and the Duchess of Teck had worn that marvel of cobweb of lace before her. Four times had the King's daughter acted as bridesmaid. Now she named eight of her own, and one of these was soon to wed her brother, the Duke of York.

The wedding in Westminster Abbey was a gorgeous state function with bride and groom sitting by the Register while some forty witnesses bowed low before them, then signed the roll, bowed again and at last retired as gracefully as they could. This signing is now done more carefully than when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were married, as Prince and Princess of Wales. Great was Queen Victoria's wrath when she could read only nine legible names of of a mass of fifty-two scrawls, blobs, blots and hurried scratches!

Bell-peals of 5040 changes clanged from the Abbey towers of a thousand years. And on her way to Buckingham Palace to cut a six-foot-eight cake of over 560 lbs., the pensive Princess-Viscountess had her carriage halted at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, that she might hand out her radiant bridal bouquet as a tribute to the Empire's million dead, while Lord Lascelles himself raised his hand in grave salute. The honeymoon was spent at the classic Villa Medici in lovely Fiesole, high above the Arno near Florence, where Queen Mary had spent two years as a girl.



The Hall at Chesterfield house

TODAY Princess Mary is the *chatelaine* of four historic homes: Chesterfield House in London, Goldsborough Hall and Harewood in the West Riding of Yorkshire and Portumna Castle in County Galway, Ireland; this last—a mediaeval pile, almost in ruins—belonged to that queer, yet pathetic miser, Lord Clanricarde. The London house is almost the last of the great private palaces; for those of the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, and also Dorchester House, have been pulled down to make room for towering hotels and flats of today.

Shortly before he married Princess Mary, Lord Lascelles bought the old grey stone mansion which the famous Earl of Chesterfield built in eighteenth-century Mayfair. It stands at the bottom of South Audley Street, on the Curzon Street corner, a few yards from the huge palace which old Vanderbilt gave to his daughter when she married the Duke of Marlborough. It was in the library of Chesterfield House that the world-wise Earl wrote his classic "Letters to a Son." And here, in an anteroom, that giant of literature, Samuel Johnson, once fretted and fumed over the slights put by the great upon poets and artists in quest of a patron. This is the city home of Princess Mary, who recently became Countess of Harewood through the death of her father-in-law.

The gardens of the house—"a scene of verdure and flowers, not common in London," as Chesterfield himself said in a letter to a friend—have long since been built upon. But the mansion itself lies well back behind a walled courtyard; it is obviously the home of a *grand seigneur*, and looks out upon Hyde Park through Great Stanhope Street, where No. 5 was the fairy-abode of Clarence Hatry, the swindler-financier whose operations touched the fabulous figure of $100,000,000, before the law got him and put the sybarite behind the bars for fourteen years.

Chesterfield House is full of precious art-works, collected by the Earls of Harewood, as well as by Lord Clanricarde and by Viscount Lascelles in the years succeeding his royal marriage. Princess Mary loves the old place, and wants to see it restored as it was in the spacious days of the great Earl. So rare pictures, which had been there and been sold, have since been re-purchased—even from the United States. Husband and wife arrange their own decorative schemes; together they hung the precious examples of Tenniers in the ancient dining-room of the mansion.

YET our King's daughter, like all her family, much prefers a less formal life in the country. Before Harewood House, with its lovely Adams' ceilings, came to her, she passed most of the year at Goldsborough Hall, which forms part of the main Harewood estate. The gardens here are of notable beauty, and include Japanese dwarf trees of great age. It is well to remember that the Lascelles family go back to 1295, and the warrior barons of Edward I.

Harewood house has often entertained royal guests. The Duchess of Kent was here long ago with her daughter Victoria — who was destined to figure as "Sixty Years a Queen!" The Russian Tsar, with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as well a King George and Queen Mary, have all walked in the glorious Harewood Gardens. And their present mistress, with her royal mother, planted trees in the park, even before the State wedding of 1922. Harewood village still has a rural air, though it is near the huge industrial city of Leeds. In the old church here is the tomb of Lord Chief Justice Sir William Gascoigne, who lives in history as the only judge who ever sent a Prince of Wales to gaol for misbehavior—and earned the thanks of the Prince's father, King Henry IV, for doing so!

Well may Princess Mary be proud of her Yorkshire home. The picture-gallery is decorated by Angelica Kauffman. Portraits by Reynolds, Hoppner and Lawrence show these masters at the pinnacle of their power. But the glory of Harewood is surely its collection of Sèvres china, which the second Earl began, and which is only rivalled by the examples in Windsor Castle itself. Both our King and Queen have often paid special visits to Harewood to inspect these magnificent services.

After the Italian honeymoon, Princess Mary settled down at Goldsborough Hall. Lord Lascelles had promised her a stay at romantic Portumna Castle, on Lough Derg in County Galway; but that visit was marred by an incendiary fire—the work of political wild-men, which all Ireland was quick to decry. As if the shy Princess and her soldier-husband, whose romance I have here described, were in any way concerned with Hibernian politics.

THE Queen-Empress, as everybody knows, keeps her public duties wholly apart from those of wife, mother and hostess. And from her Princess Mary learned efficiency at all points, from dress to kitchen accounts. No royal footman or housemaid ever gets a raise of pay without Queen Mary's knowledge and approval. This training in domestic economy the Princess appreciated when she entered big homes of her own. For these are indeed on the great scale; they call for business oversight, if muddle and waste are to be avoided. At first the wedded pair were rather bothered with sight-seers and char-à-banc trippers, who swarmed into the village from Leeds and other big cities. And our Princess, as you will have gathered, has no love for publicity, or vulgar mobbing. She desires only to live her own life in her own way like you or me, at the same time fulfilling all her public duties in the way ingrained in every member of the Royal Family for generations.

Today the Lady Bountiful of Harewood can stroll down the village street, or walk into the old church with no more demonstrations than the salutes and curtsies of her "own people," who know and revere her for kind words and gentle deeds. No one would style Princess Mary an "ultra-modern" girl. She would not be hurt, indeed, if you called her "old-fashioned"—even in her love for cottage flowers, rather than those exotic blooms of fancy gardening. Her park is full of rustic seats made by ex-soldiers. On the back of her favorite bench, which commands a glorious view—the visitor will read:

"One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else upon earth."

Six of the characters from "Alice in Wonderland," wrought in the Leeds fireclay, stand amid the flowers near the big house. On her way up to Balmoral, Queen Mary always stays for a few days at Harewood. And then mother and daughter make a round of the curio and antique shops, which have always thrilled them both with the prospect [Continued on page 72]

Princess Mary inspecting the Girl Guides at Grey Towers, Nunthorpe, Yorkshire.

A Product of the Farm

By C. D. A. Henderson

Illustrated by E. L. Pratt

TINGLING with excitement and filled with supreme happiness I leaned on the rail of the steamer and idly watched belated passengers crossing the gangway. Some, heedless of the admonition, "Lower your heads, please" were met by a bump on the forehead or the displacement of a hat, much to the amusement of onlookers.

I was interested particularly in the newlyweds—it was easy to pick them out!

"Why?"—because, in three more days, I would be the bride of the very finest man in all the world!

Everything seemed to be propitious — the weather (early in June) was fresh and balmy—the sun shone out of a clear, blue sky—I had finished a most delightful and entertaining journey across the Dominion—alone, but not lonely—everybody had been so good to me!

As the train drew into the station at Vancouver, I felt desolate at the thought of parting with the new friends I had made on the journey. Several walked with me over to the boat to bid a last good-bye and to wish me unbounded happiness in my new venture.

When I looked at the name of the boat, my heart gave a jump of joy! Aunt Peg would have said, "Take that as a good omen, my dear!"

My name was Kathleen—my dear one often called me in fun—Princess Kathleen.

Now, wouldn't you say that it was a good omen to see that the name of the steamer was "Princess Kathleen?"

Suddenly, I was shaken out of my reverie by the steamer's shrill whistle. I saw men prepare to haul in the gangway. I heard a commotion coming from the covered way and voices shouting, "The gangs all here!"

Then appeared the queerest looking couple I had ever seen, except in cartoons.

One was a very tall, old man, dressed in heavy, coarse, grey, tweeds, worn almost threadbare in places. His unbuttoned coat exposed to view a heavy, woollen shirt. In lieu of a collar and tie he wore a white handkerchief, crossed in front and kept in place by a large safety pin. On his feet were coarse calfskin boots and on his head a mangy-looking muskrat cap.

His left hand grasped the handles of a carpet bag, faded, worn, old.

Trying to keep up with his long, vigorous strides was a little woman, silver haired, with eyes as of a startled doe, a clear, creamy skin, pink cheeks.

She wore an early Victorian bonnet surmounted by a bordered black veil, a dress that flowed to the ground, a coat in the style long ago known as a redingote, on her hands were black lace mitts, hanging on one arm was a black silk reticule trimmed with black bugles. Her clothes were faded and bore the stamp of long wear.

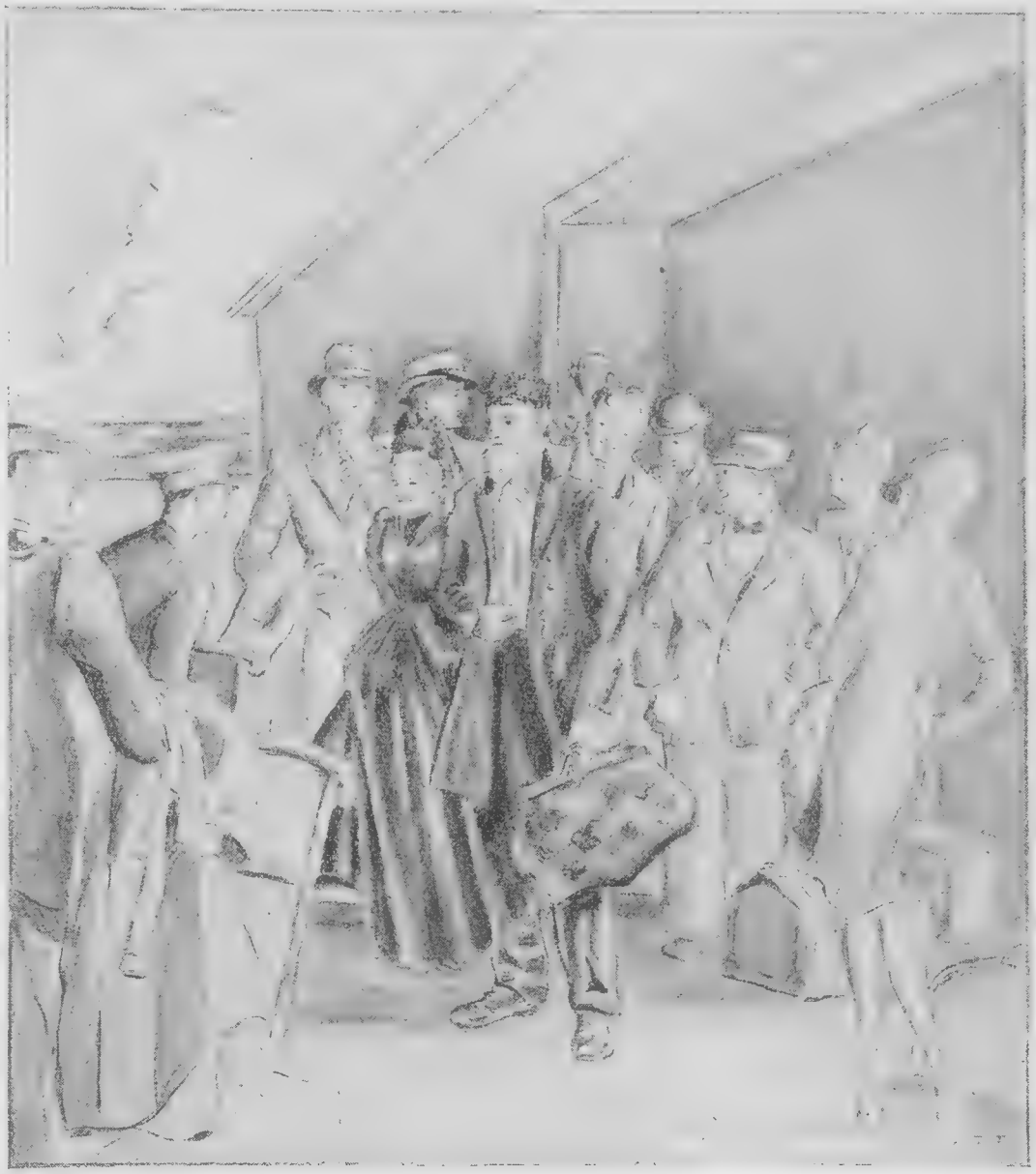
A gang of noisy lads now came in sight.

They had won in a competition, it seems, for one of the number was brandishing a silver cup. There were cries of, "What's wrong with The Scuttlers?"—"They're all right!"—"Who's all right?"—"The Scuttlers!"—"Ya, ya, ya!"

Perceiving the old couple about to cross the gangway, they started to be funny in the exhuberance of their spirits: "Hurry up, Noah! Get into the Ark or the flood will get you!"

"Get a move on, Noah, the C.P.R. Arks won't wait a hundred years!"

Then they burst into the song: "The animals went in two by two, there's one more river to cross," when the steely eye of an officer put a quietus on them.



There appeared the queerest looking couple I had ever seen, except in cartoons.

I felt very indignant at the lads' thoughtless conduct, so when the old couple came warily up on deck I went forward and found some sheltered seats for them. The carpet bag was put carefully between their chairs.

I found a deck chair for myself after a long search and placed it in a sunny spot where I could have an unhampered view of the ship's course and of the sea gulls which, with untiring wings, seemed to lead the way. In a few hours the steamer would call at Victoria, and there my fiance would board her and together we would go to Seattle where my parents live and where our marriage would be solemnized.

They were Canadians of British stock, but I was born south of the line. For some reason unknown to me my father would not cross the border but he sent me to Canada to be educated. I lived during school terms with my kind Aunt Peg, whose home is in Montreal. It was there I met my Dennis, who was completing an engineering course at McGill College.

We have been engaged for five years. My Dennis considered he had a moral debt to pay before he had the right to take to himself a wife. I loved him all the more because he was so loyal to his parents.

When he spoke of the years of privations they had endured in order that he should get a good and sound education, I was thrilled.

It seems his grandparents had owned large estates in Ireland but had been deprived of them in troublous times. When they had passed on, his father had sold the residue he had inherited and taking a bride had set sail for Canada, arriving at last in British Columbia.

Here an unscrupulous real estate agent had sold them what he guaranteed to be first class farm land. It proved to be principally rock. It was far from any railway and there were no roads within several miles. By the time they reached it, they had used up all their money so could not turn back.

Here they farmed what tillable land there was and eked out an existence by scanty Government jobs. Here they endured with one goal in sight—the education of the boy who came as a welcome gift to their otherwise discouraged hearts.

So Dennis would not marry until he had made enough money to invest so that his parents would have an assured income coming direct to them. He had also sent them enough money to purchase a house in a nearby town that had sprung up, for although Dennis had at first proposed to have them settle in Victoria where he lived, they would not consider the move, preferring to stay in the district where they had toiled so long and which was beginning to get settled with people.

FEELING too happy with my thoughts to read I gazed idly at the moving scenery. Anon I could not refrain from curiously looking at the queer couple designated the Noahs, by the footballers.

"Won't Sonny Boy be surprised to see us?" said Mrs. Noah.

"He certainly will," replied Mr. Noah with an indulgent smile.

Here I gurgled—it seemed too funny for anything—Sonny Boy had my sympathy—if he were at all up-to-date he would be mortified at having to acknowledge relationship to the antedeluvians, in public anyway, that is, if he were old enough, they would be snubbed—poor innocents!

When the luncheon gong sounded, Mr. Noah tried to urge his wife to go down to the table.

"Go on, Mother, get a bite, you must be well nigh famished, I'll keep watch on the bag."

"No, no, Father! I really could not go alone. I couldn't find my way, besides, I'm too timid to go amongst so many strangers. You go, Father, and get your dinner and just slip a bun into your pocket for me, that will be plenty. Go dear, I'll watch the bag."

"But you need your dinner, my love, you have eaten nothing since six this morning. You really must go, my dear, I'll go when you return."

"Oh, Father, please don't say any more. If I cannot go along with you I must just do without. Couldn't we bring the bag and go together?"

Just then she turned her piteous face towards me and when I saw the moisture in her brown eyes, I just couldn't help it and burst out impulsively;

"Oh, pardon me, do go together! I shall be glad to see that no one gets your chairs, and," I added with difficulty, suppressing a giggle, "your bag."

"God bless your loving heart, little lady!" cried Mrs. Noah, with a look of intense relief.

[Continued on page 34]

THE BLOCKADE

By William Merrian Rouse

IT SOON became apparent that there was going to be trouble in the cabin. Jean Fortier, for his part, would have been willing to give up the winter's chopping and go out of the bush rather than stay there. He was able to fight, and at times eager, but he had no heart to look upon treachery that might end in murder. Already it was clear that the giant, Toby Giroux, had set out to ruin Remi Joncas at cards; and then take his wife away from him. The fourth man, Old Omer Bolduc, was a riddle who was not to be counted on for anything, either good or bad. Jean stood alone with himself. Moreover, he was beginning to believe that the dark loveliness of Adele Joncas might prove too much for him. It promised to be a very bad affair.

They had come far into the Laurentians, three days' march from the nearest village, and taken a chopping concession big enough to keep the four men busy until the last of the snows. But for the woman, and her music, the men might have got on together with no more than a fight now and then, such as choppers will have when they are in the bush for six months at a time. Even Tobie, who was as surly as he was big, could have endured for the sake of the money; but not after he had looked twice at Adele. Not after greed had taken hold of him; not since his peculiar hatred of music had been lashed out of the depths within him by the little phonograph that Mme. Joncas had brought up from the old parishes.

By day things were well enough. The four axes rang in unison, for old Bolduc could keep up his end in chopping with the best of them; and when they made a fire at noon and ate their pork and bread each man was too concerned with hunger to give much thought to the little building of unhewn logs where a truly beautiful woman went singing about her work—lifting her voice in the *chansons* of Canada, which all of them except Giroux had loved since they had been old enough to listen.

The axes sang with the clear tone of good steel, the trees fell in a cloud of fine snow to their own dull thunder and the ranks of wood to be drawn out at the end of winter began to grow long. For the most part the men worked in silence; Bolduc with a stony face, saving his failing strength as long as he could, Remi Joncas feverishly, and Fortier with the joy of a man who finds life good. Only the enormous Tobie brought his axe down with a vicious grunt, using twice the force necessary as though he had a grudge against each tree. From his talk it was clear that he hungered for much of everything, this broad faced, thick limbed *bucheron;* much food, tobacco, whiskey *blanc,* money and many women. And he hated music.

Before the end of the first week the evenings in the cabin had grown painful to Jean Fortier, at least; and he knew that they should have been pleasant to each of the five who had placed themselves there for the dark months of a northern winter. It was a sound cabin, better than the average, as it had to be for a woman; and because of her presence it was clean. At one end the bunks were curtained off for Joncas and his wife. The others slept at the opposite end. A big box stove faced the door, with the gun rack on one side of the stove and a table hinged to the wall on the other. Good food, a hot fire and a tight roof on account of the woman; and trouble.

For the first two or three evenings Giroux sat heavily upon a wooden bench and smoked, with his brooding eyes following every movement of Adele as she washed dishes or sewed by the light of a couple of candles. Joncas, tall and loose limbed, paced the floor, wriggled his shoulders, went out into the cracking cold and came in again. But when Adele took down the battered little phonograph from the beam where she kept it these two men changed with the first strains of music.

Joncas relaxed with a sigh; flung himself onto his bunk and lay there with an arm across his eyes until she had finished. Upon Tobie Giroux the effect was exactly the opposite; his mighty hands knotted, his forehead wrinkled to an ugly scowl. To Adele he said nothing. He watched her; glued his gaze to her bright, parted lips, followed her hand as she pushed black hair away from a clear white brow. He drank the smile in her eyes; the long curves of her body. Before that week had passed he was drunk, and he had begun his effort to destroy Remi Joncas.

IT WAS the fourth evening that Tobie took a soiled deck of cards from his pack and began indifferently to shuffle them. Fortier saw him glance up, under thick brows, in the direction of Joncas; and Remi Joncas stopped his pacing from end to end of the room. His eyes became very bright and he took an involuntary step toward Giroux; then he stopped, and flung a quick glance at his wife. She was looking at him, with color gone from her cheeks: it seemed that her eyes had suddenly become set in hollows. She began to put her sewing away.

"Who wants to play?" asked Tobie, glancing

"I understand," she murmured, as she came up beside him. "You want to do something for me. But it is too late, my friend!"

Illustrated by Newton Brett

Jean sprawled flat. An instant he lay with outflung arms, and Tobie Giroux took full advantage of that instant.

around the room. "Poker? *Bezique?*"

Omer Bolduc shook his head without removing the pipe that was forever between his remaining teeth. He was without interest, in anything but his pipe and the number of cords of wood he had cut.

"Fortier?" asked Giroux.

Now when the cards first appeared Jean had been pleased, thinking of them as something to occupy the minds of at least two of that badly assorted group. But the look that had passed between Joncas and his wife changed this feeling.

"No, thanks," said Jean. "I hope madame is going to make music, and I can't listen so well with a hand of cards to watch!"

"Music!" snorted Giroux. He shrugged. "*Eh, bien*, Joncas! You and I are the only ones!"

"Never mind!" Already Remi Joncas had found a piece of board to put across their knees. He avoided looking at his wife as he drew up a bench. "A game is a game!"

With slow movements Adele Joncas took down the phonograph and set it on the table. She wound it up and chose a record from her pathetically small store. It ran through the mind of Jean Fortier that if he had a wife like her he would contrive to buy her more than half a dozen pieces of music. A song drifted through the room. . . . .

"A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener. . . . ."

She had chosen the favorite *chanson* of her people; and when it was finished she began to wind the machine to play it again. Giroux, dealing, muttered in a low tone and Joncas turned to his wife. Now he was like a man who has just taken a stiff drink; braced, self-confident, all his unhappy restlessness gone for the time.

"We can't play so well when the machine's going," he said. "It bothers Tobie."

"Ah, well!" exclaimed Madame Joncas, softly. "I can wait!"

She put the phonograph away and sat down; leaning back against the rough bark of the log wall with her hands clasped behind her head. Her gaze was fixed upon spaces beyond the cabin as she repeated, in a very low voice, the words of the song.

"To the clear fountain
I am going to travel.
I have found waters so fair
That I am going to bathe in them.
Oh, it's a long time that I have
loved thee!
Never will I forget thee!"

"It makes me sick, that song!" said Tobie, picking up his cards. "A mess of nonsese that means nothing!"

"Your play!" exclaimed Joncas. "Never mind her . . . . she's always singing!"

For a moment Jean Fortier was of a mind to go and start the phonograph himself; then he cooled. What folly to have trouble now, with the work well started! That surly bull of a Giroux could be ignored. Fortier got up and walked carelessly to the phonograph, pretending to examine it as he tried to think of something to say to comfort Adele Joncas.

"I like your music, madame! I thought of buying one of these machines when I was in Quebec last summer, but a man like me cannot carry much more than a rifle and his pack.

She smiled up at him, bringing her thoughts back from the far spaces. He saw that her eyes were brown, clear and deep and capable of many changes.

"I know you like music," she said. "It is written in your face!"

"It makes me happy, madame!"

"Is there such a thing as happiness?" Her eyes clouded suddenly.

"You are not happy?"

She made a gesture toward the card players; her mouth quivered.

"My husband likes music . . . when he can forget cards! I hoped there would be no one here to play with him!"

She had dropped her voice so low that the others could not hear but Fortier saw that Tobie was staring at him. Into his mind came a thought, vague but discomforting, that Giroux might have an object beyond the winning of the money of Joncas.

"Your husband, does he love cards so well?"

"Oh, too well!" She hesitated. "That . . . that has been a great sadness, monsieur!"

The heart of Jean Fortier, at no time very hard, became wax. He must be as much of a friend to this woman as she and circumstances would permit.

"You call me 'monsieur!' We . . are in the bush, choppers! Not people of the villages where they say 'monsieur' and 'madame' with every few words!"

"Well, then! Jean!" She smiled at him frankly.

A curse and a chuckle from the card players turned their heads. Joncas got up quickly and came over to them; the hand that he held out trembled.

"Some money, Adele!"

"You . . . ." She swallowed; controlled her voice. "You have lost what you had?"

"Certainly, or I wouldn't ask for more? Give me five dollars!"

Slowly the hand of Adele Joncas went to her bosom; drew forth a pocketbook worn brown at the corners. Jean gave his attention to the phonograph as she opened it but he could not help hearing what was said.

"This is all we have until spring, Remi! Be careful! Please! Remember the house in Riviere du Loup that was lost! The farm at Lac St. Jean—"

"Be quiet!" exclaimed Joncas, in a fierce undertone. "That fellow's got money! He may not play with me if you begin your whining!"

"Dieu!" from Adele.

Jean heard the crackle of paper. He turned away from the machine as Joncas went back to his game. The eyes of Adele Joncas were brimming, but she smiled.

"There is always someone who will play with him!"

Fortier wondered just how dearly her instinct had warned her against Giroux.

"I will do what I can for you," he told her, thoughtfully. [Continued on page 38]

"ROWDY"

By the Honorable Frank Oliver

Above: Col. O'Brien's party outfitting for Klondyke, Edmonton, 1898, showing the Hudson Bay Company's "Big House," on the site where the Parliament Buildings now stand—burned 1904.

Left: Polo ponies, Edmonton Fair, 1905.

Below: A sod house—the beginning of better things — Buffalo Bones in foreground.

HORSE racing has been called the sport of kings. Beyond doubt it was for untold ages the king of sports. In those times the strength of a nation was measured by the speed, endurance and number of its horses, above all other resoursec. So long as the horse was the world's last word in speed the winning of a race had a living interest that reached far beyond the circle of the respective owners and their friends. The difference between the present and the past is that then the world standing of a country was affected by its track records, while today the winning or losing of a race means no more than the result of any other ordinary game of chance. The horse is still the handsome, high-strung, loyal friend and helper of man. Keenly alert to rivalry ana anxious to excel, he enjoys the sport of racing as greatly as his rider or owner. But now that he is no longer the last word in speed the supreme interest that was the life of horse-racing is gone. While betting was always a feature of the race-course, in those greater days it was secondary to other considerations in which a vast range of varying sentiments played the larger part.

During my residence at Edmonton in the late 70's of the last century the buffalo were still on the plains and buffalo hunting was the main employment and enjoyment as it was the chief maintenance of the native settlements on the North Saskatchewan river of which those adjacent to Edmonton were the most remote. The buffalo were hunted on horse-back. While they were clumsy-looking animals, having the same awkward gallop as the domestic cow, they covered the ground very quickly and could outwind any horse that ever ran. The successful "buffalo runner" must be fast enough to "catch" the buffalo although the latter had a long start, and must also have endurance to enable it to "stay with" the herd until the hunter had made a satisfactory kill. The life of the community depended on the success of the hunt. Killing depended upon the speed of the buffalo runners. Naturally the comparative speed of the horses of individual owners; of separate but friendly "brigades"; and as well that of pronounced rivals or open enemies; was the main subject of interest and conversation. The successful hunter was the aristocrat of the community. His social standing depended in large measure on the merits of his horse. Every buffalo hunt was, in fact, a race. The successful hunter merely shared the prestige of his horse.

HORSE racing, aside from actual hunting was the one form of sport in which everyone could share. Many notable races, and of course very many less notable, occurred. I am reminded of one in particular, the background and circumstances of which made it locally historic, and which as a picture of the conditions of that day might be worthy of being put in cold type even at this distance of time. I did not see the race, being absent on my usual summer freighting trip to Wininpeg; but the event was esteemed to be of such local importance that I was made familiar with it in what finally became tiresome detail.

At that date the people of the Greal Plains stood on the very edge of catastrophe—the final disappearance of the buffalo. But no one knew or even thought it. Improved weapons, peaceful relations between Indian tribes, and brisk markets for robes and pemmican naturally created a hectic prosperity which stimulated the demand for horses. Demand brings supply. In the late summer of 1876 Neil Campbell and Jack Nolan arrived in Edmonton bringing for sale a band of forty or fifty horses from Walla Walla, Oregon, the nearest well established farming settlement, only a thousand miles away. They had driven the band up the Columbia through what is now the State of Washington, across Northern Idaho, and through the Flathead country of Northwestern Montana, into the Tobacco Plains of Southeastern British Columbia. They had crossed the Rockies by the South Kootenay Pass, which is within the present limits of Waterton Lakes National Park. Thence they had touched MacLeod, and Calgary, and had reached Edmonton by way of Buffalo Lake and Selvais' Crossing of the Battle River (now Duhamel); practically the route of the Edmonton-Calgary Branch of the National Railway. Except for the two Mounted Police posts of MacLeod and Calgary the region they had traversed east of the mountains was without civilized habitation. They had swam great rivers, crossed the Rocky Mountains and passed through the lands of frequently hostile Indian tribes. Their horses were directly off the range; most of them only halter broken. And yet they came through safely and without serious loss. They sold horses at points along the route, when and where they could. Their northern objective was the Mounted Police Post of Fort Saskatchewan. This post had been established in 1875, and was the headquarters of a division or troop of 50 men. It was on the south bank of the Saskatchewan about 18 miles north-easterly from Edmonton. The site of the fort was adjacent to the present town of Fort Saskatchewan. The river is over 1,000 feet wide, but with a smooth and even flow. The horses had swam the river from the south side to Edmonton, and now had to swim it again from the north side in order to reach the Police Post. The Saskatchewan has its source in the glaciers [Continued on page 75]

Illustrated by Graham Hunter

A regular rube cop, whiskers and all, appeared out of the bushes, and pulled him in for parking without lights

If Motor Cars Could Talk

By Walter Pritchard Eaton

Author of "The Idyl of Twin Fires." "The Bird-House Man," Etc.

"MY DEAR, I really don't see *how* she does it! She's seven years old if she's a day, and she doesn't look two. And *did* you hear her engine when she came in tonight; I mean, did you hear how you *didn't* hear her engine? —well, you know what I mean."

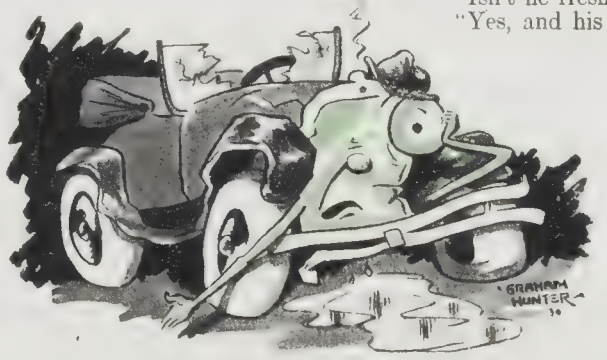
"Well, I think she looks her years, if you ask me! look at her figure—'figger,' she calls it, I suppose! She's a mile high. A man could wear a high hat in her. She's early Du Maurier, that's what *she* is. And no four-wheel brakes. Why, her front wheels look positively naked!"

"But you must admit her paint is *wonderful*. And she is so quiet and refined. And healthy!—my dear, she positively *never* has to go to the doctor."

"Humph! who wouldn't be healthy at $17,000, with a fancy chauffeur to massage you every day, and nobody else ever driving you? I didn't cost any $17,000, and I wasn't made by hand in dear old Hingland, either. But if *I* had nobody driving me but her chauffeur, I'd not have the pain I've got in my gears, I can tell you! I think it's gall-stones."

"I know just how you feel, dearie. Me, too. The Boss bought me for his wife, so she could have a car of her own. That's a hot one! What he meant was, so she wouldn't drive his. And now positively *everybody* in the family uses me—if you can call it that. *Abuses* me, *I* say. There's the missus, and Betty—she's the oldest girl—and Tom, who's only sixteen and just got his license, and the Boss himself when *his* car is at the garage, and Jim the handy man when there are errands to do in a hurry—and not one of 'em *really* knows how to drive, or uses me the same way——"

You've said it! Don't *I* know! The boy tries to start you in second, and shifts gears at top speed, and takes corners on two wheels, and the old lady is so careful that she doesn't roll you enough to make a shift; and the girls shift when they happen to think of it——"



"I belong to a congenital idiot."

"Well, something like that. Only the missus doesn't know what gears *are*. She's driven me two years now, and she can't tell yet when I'm set to mesh. Sometimes I just have to *scream*, it hurts so. And do you know that in two years, my dear, she hasn't learned how to ease my clutch in? She makes me jump half off the ground when we start, and she can't make a turn *anybody* else could make, because she *always* tries to do it with the clutch 'way in. She has to keep backing and filling and jamming on the brake, till I'm positively *racked*."

"I know. It's terrible. I——"

"Say, what do you dames know, anyway?" cut in a voice from beside them. "Not a thing—not a thing! *I* belong to a college boy. Come to me for pointers, girlies."

"Isn't he fresh! And nothing but a runabout."

"Yes, and his *paint!* I'm ashamed to be seen in the same company with him.

"I got that little aside, girlie. Nothing but a runabout, eh? Yeah—that's all. But I can do 72, and the day you do 50 you'll be coasting down Pike's Peak with your brakes shot."

"Indeed! Well, I've done better than 60 *frequently*—"

"Yeah; and then they went back along the road and picked up the bolts and the Pomeranian."

"——better than 60 *frequently*, but I neither boast of it nor care to make a practice of it. Such speed is *never* safe."

"Especially when you are only a runabout," said the other sedan. "Bouncing up and down like a rocking horse or a one-truck trolley car."

"Well, girls, I ain't old enough to remember trolley cars," the runabout chuckled, "and I didn't mean to stir up any bile in your gas tanks. But gosh, ladies, if you think you have a hard life, take a good look at me! Do I look like a spoiled darling?"

"Well, I think she looks her years! Look at her figure—'figger,' she calls it."

"You certainly look *spoiled*."

"Say, do you know this is the first time I've slept in a garage for two months? How'd you like to stand out in the street, rain or shine, hot or cold, night after night? How'd you like it if the first cold night seven wild Indians came out of a frat house and poured hootch in your radiator? Maybe their stomachs could stand it, but I ain't got any lining left. How'd you like it if your oil wasn't changed for 3,000 miles, and you didn't get greased more'n once a month, and nobody ever remembered to look at the water in your batteries, and you never had a bath, but every time they took you out they loaded you till your springs sagged and then made you travel 50 an hour no matter how sick you felt? Say, you dames would lie down and croak, I bet."

"Aw, shut up!" came a growl from nearby.

"Say, who said that? Cone on out and I'll bash you one in the windshield!"

"You couldn't—I haven't got any windshield," the voice grunted. "You all make me sick with your little half-portion troubles! I don't doubt it's no snap to be owned by a college boy, and bein' a family car's no bed of roses, either. But *I* belong to a congenital idiot, and that's something else again."

"How did he get a driver's license?" sedan number one demanded.

"How did he? How do all the rest of the congenital idiots who menace our lives—yours and mine—on the highways? Because those [Continued on page 37]

NO DEFENCE

"It will tell the whole story; for when you have read it and do understand, then we part to meet no more as friends."

THE plantation of Salem was in a region below the Pedro Plains in the parish of St. Elizabeth, where grow the aloe, the torch-thistle, and clumps of wood which alter the appearance of the plain from the South Downs of England, but where thousands of cattle and horses even in those days were maintained. The air of the district was dry and elastic, and it filtered down to the valleys near like that where Salem was with its clusters of negro huts and offices, its mills and distilleries where sugar and rum were made. Salem was situated on the Black River, accessible by boats and canoes. The huts of negro slaves were near the sugar mills, without regard to order, but in clusters of banana, avocado-pear, limes and oranges, and with the cultivated land round their huts made an effective picture.

One day every fortnight was allowed the negroes to cultivate their crops, and give them a chance to manufacture mats for beds, bark-ropes, wicker-chairs and baskets, earthen jars, pans, and that kind of thing. The huts themselves were primitive to a degree, the floor being earth, the roof of palm-thatch or the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, the sides hard-posts driven in the ground and interlaced with wattle and plaster, and inside scarcely high enough for its owner to walk upright. The furniture was scant—a quatre, or bed, made of a platform of boards, with a mat and a blanket, some low stools, a small table, an earthen water-jar, and some smaller ones, a pail and an iron pot, and calabashes, which did duty for plates, dishes and bowls. In one of the two rooms making the hut there was always the ashes of the night-fire without which negroes could not sleep in comfort.

These were the huts of the lowest grade of negro-slaves of the fields. The small merchants and the domestics had larger houses with boarded floors, some even with linen sheets and mosquito nets, and shelves with plates and dishes of good ware. Every negro received a yearly allowance of Osnaburgh linen, woolen, baize and checks for clothes, and some planters also gave them hats and handkerchiefs, knives, needles and thread, and so on.

Every plantation had a surgeon who received a small sum for attendance on every slave, while special cases of midwifery, inoculation, etc., had a particular allowance. The surgeon had to attend to about four hundred to five hundred negroes, on an income of £150 per annum, and board and lodging and washing, besides what he made from his practice with the whites.

Salem was no worse than some other plantations on the island, but it was far behind such plantations as that owned by Dyck Calhoun, and had been notorious for the cruelties committed on it. To such an estate a lady like Sheila Llyn would be a boon. She was not on the place a day before she started reforms which would turn the plantation into a model scheme. Houses, food, treatment of the negroes became at once a study to her, and her experience in Virginia was invaluable. She had learned there not to work the slaves too hard in the warm period of the day; and she showed her interest by having served at her own table the favorite olio the slaves made of plantains, bananas, yams, calalue, eddoes, cassavi, and sweet potatoes boiled with salt fish and flavored with cayenne pepper. This, with the unripe roasted plantain as bread, was a native relish and health-giving food.

Ever since the day when she had seen Dyck Calhoun at the Spanish Town she had been disturbed in mind. Dyck had shown a reserve which she felt was not wholly due to his having been imprisoned for manslaughter. In one way he looked little older. His physique was as good or better than when she first saw him on the hills of Playmore. It was athletic, strenuous, elastic. Yet there was about it the abandonment of despair—at least of recklessness. The face was older, the head more powerful, the hair slightly touched with gray—rather there was one spot in the hair almost pure white; a strand of winter in the foliage of summer. It gave a touch of the bizarre to a distinguished head, it lent an air of the singular to a personality which had flare and force — an almost devilish force. That much was to be said for him, that he had not sought to influence her to his own advantage. She was so surrounded in America by men who knew her wealth and prized her beauty, she was so much a figure in Virginia, that any reserve with regard to herself was noticeable. She was enough feminine to have pleasure in the fact that she was thought desirable by men; yet it played an insignificant part in her life. It did not give her conceit. It was only like a frill on the skirts of life. It did not play any part in her character. Certainly Dyck Calhoun had not flattered her.

That one to whom she had written, as she had done, should remove himself so from the place of the deserving friend, one whom she had not deserted while he was in jail as a criminal—that he should treat her so, gave every nerve a thrill of protest. Sometimes she trembled in indignation, and then afterwards gave herself to the work on the estate or in the household—its reform and its rearrangement; though the house was like most in Jamaica, had adequate plate, linen, glass and furniture. At the lodgings in Spanish Town, after Dyck Calhoun had left, her mother had briefly said that she had told Dyck he could not expect the conditions of the Playmore friendship should be renewed; that, in effect, she had warned him off. To this Sheila had said that the killing of a man whose life was bad might be punishable. In any case, that thing was in another land, under abnormal conditions; and, with the utter lack of logic, saw no reason why he should be socially punished in Jamaica for what he had been legally punished for in Ireland. As for the mutiny, he had done what any honest man of spirit would do; also, he had by great bravery and skill brought victory to the King's fleet in West Indian waters.

Then it was she told her mother how she had always disobeyed her commands where Dyck was concerned; that she had written to him while he was in jail; that she had come to Jamaica more to see him than to reform Salem; that she had the old Celtic spirit of brotherhood, and she would not be driven from it. In a sudden burst of anger her mother had charged her with deceit; but the girl said she had followed her conscience, and she dismissed it all with a gesture as

By Gilbert Parker

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

Fourth Instalment

emphatic as her mother's anger.

That night they had dined with Lord Mallow, and she saw that his attentions had behind them the deep purpose of marriage. She had not been overcome by the splendor of his retinue and table, or by the magnificence of his guests, though the military commander-in-chief and the temporary admiral on the station did their utmost to entertain her, and some of the local big-wigs were pompous. Lord Mallow had ability and he knew how to use it; and he was never so brilliant as on this afternoon, for they dined while it was still daylight and hardly evening. He told her of the custom of the country, of the people; and slyly and effectively he satirized some of his grandiloquent guests. Not unduly, for one of them, the most renowned in the island, came to him after dinner as he sat talking to Sheila, and said: "I'm very sorry, your honor, but good Almighty God, I must go home and cool coppers." Then he gave Sheila a hot yet clammy hand, and bade her welcome as a citizen to the island, "alien but respected, beautiful yet capable!" Sheila had seen a few of the creole ladies at their best—large-eyed, simple, not to say primitive in speech, and very unaffected in manner. She had learned also that the way to the Jamaican heart was by a full table and a little flattery.

One incident at dinner had impresed her greatly. Not far away from her was a young lady, beautiful in face and person, and she had seen a scorpion suddenly shoot into her sleeve and ruthlessly strike and strike the arm of the girl, who gave one cry only and then was still. Sheila saw the man next to the girl—he was a native officer—secure the scorpion, then whip from his pocket a little bag of indigo, dip it in water, and apply the bag to the wounded arm, immediately easing the wound. This had all been done so quickly that it was over before the table had been upset, almost.

"That is the kind of thing we have here," said Lord Mallow. "There is a lady present who has seen in one day a favorite black child bitten by a conger-eel, found a large centipede in her nursery, a snake crawl from under her child's pillow, and her son nearly die from a bite of the black spider with the red spot on its tail. It is a life that has its trials—and its compensations."

"I saw a man's head on a pole on my way to King's House. You have to use firm methods here," Sheila said in reply. "It is not all a rose-garden. You have to apply force."

Lord Mallow smiled grimly. *"C'est la force morale toujours."*

"Ah, I should not have thought it was moral force always," was the ironical reply.

"We have criminals here," declared the governor with aplomb, "and they need some handling, I assure you. We have in this island one of the worst criminals in the British Empire."

"Ah, I thought he was in the United States!" answered the girl sedately.

"You mean General George Wahington," remarked the governor. "No, it was one who was a friend and fellow-countryman of yours before he took to killing unarmed men."

"You refer to Mr. Dyck Calhoun, I doubt not, sir? Well, he is still a friend of mine, and I saw him today—this afternoon before I came here. I understood that the Crown had pardoned his mutiny."

The governor started. He was plainly annoyed.

"The crime was there, just the same," he replied. "He mutinied, and he stole a King's ship, and took command of it, and brought it out here."

"And saved you and your island, I understand."

"Ah, he said that, did he?"

"He said nothing at all to me about it . I have been reading the Jamaica *Cornwall Chronicle* the last three years."

"He is ever a source of anxiety to me," declared the governor.

"I knew he was once in Phœnix Park years ago," was the demure yet sharp reply, "but I thought he was a good citizen here — a good and well-to-do citizen."

Lord Mallow flushed slightly. "Phœnix Park—ah, he was a capable fellow with the sword! I said so always, and I'd back him now against a champion; but many a bad man has been a good swordsman."

"So that's what good swordsmanship does, is it? I wondered what it was that did it. I hear you fight him still—but with a bludgeon, and he dodges it."

"I do not understand," declared Lord Mallow tartly.

"Ah, wasn't there some difference over his going for the treasure to Haiti? Someone told me, I think, that you were not in favor of his getting his ticket-of-leave, or whatever it is called, and that the provost-marshal gave it to him, as he had the right to do."

"You have wide sources of information in this case. I wonder——"

"No, your honor need not wonder. I was told that by a gentleman on the steamer coming here. He was a native of this island, I think—or perhaps it was the captain, or the mate, or the boatswain. I can't recall. Or maybe it came to me from my manager, Darius Boland, who hears things wherever he is, one doesn't know how; but he hears them. He is to me what your aide-de-camp is to you," she nodded towards a young man nearby at the table.

"And do you dress your Darius Boland as I dress my aide, in scarlet, with blue facings and golden embroidery, and put a stiff hat with a feather on his head?"

"But no, he does not need such things. I am a Republican now. I am a citizen of the United States where men have no need of uniform to tell the world what they are. You shall see my Darius Boland — indeed, you have seen him. He was there today when you gave me the distinction of your presence."

"That dry, lean, cartridge of a fellow, that pair of pincers with a face?"

"And a *tongue*, your honor. If you did not hear it, yet you will hear it. He is to be my manager here. So he will be under your control—if I permit him."

"If you permit him, mistress?"

"If I permit him, yes. You are a power, but you are not stronger than the laws and rules you make.

For instance, there was the case of Mr. Dyck Calhoun. When he came, you were for tying him up in one little corner of this island—the hottest part, I know, near to Kingston, where it averages ninety degrees in the shade at any time of the year. But the King you represent had not restricted his liberties so, and you being the King, that is, yourself, were forced to abide by your own regulations. So it may be the same with Darius Boland. He may want something, and you, high up, looking down, will say: "What devilry is here, and decline. He will then turn to your chief justice or provost-marshal-general, or a deputy of the provost-marshal, and they will say that Darius Boland shall have what he wants, because it is the will of the will you represent."

Almost the last words the Governor used to her were these: "Those only live at peace here who are at peace with me"; and her reply had been: "But Mr. Dyck Calhoun lives at peace, does he not, your honor?"

To that he had replied: "No man is at peace while he has yet desires to satisfy." He paused a minute and then added: "That Erris Boyne killed by Dyck Calhoun—did you ever see him that you remember?"

"Not that I remember," she replied quickly. "I never lived in Dublin."

"That may be. But did you never know his history?" She shook her head in negation. His eyes searched her face carefully, and he was astonished when he saw no sign of confusion there. "Good God, she doesn't know. She's never been told!" he said to himself. "This is too startling. I'll speak to the mother."

A little later he turned from the mother with astonishment. "It's madness," he remarked to himself. "She will find out. Someone will tell her . . . By heaven, I'll tell her first," he hastily said. "When she knows the truth, Calhoun will have no chance on earth. Yes, I'll tell her myself. But I'll tell no one else," he added; for he felt that Sheila, once she knew the truth, would resent his having told abroad the true story of the Erris Boyne affair.

So Sheila and her mother had gone to their lodgings with depression, but each with a clear purpose in her mind. Mrs. Llyn was determined to tell her daughter what she ought to have known long before; and Sheila was firm to make the one man who had ever interested her understand that he was losing much that was worth while keeping.

Then had followed the journey to Salem. Yet all the while for Sheila one dark thought kept hovering over everything. Why should life be so complicated? Why should this one man who seemed capable and had the temperament of the Irish hills and vales be the victim of punishment and shame—why should he shame her?

Suddenly, without her mother's knowledge, she sent Darius Boland through the hills in the early morning to Enniskillen, Dyck Calhoun's place, with a letter which said only this: "Is it not time that you came to wish us well in our new home? We shall expect you tomorrow."

When Dyck read this note he thought it was written by Sheila, but inspired by the mother; and he lost no time in making his way down across the country to Salem, which he reached a few hours after sunrise. At the doorway of the house he met Mrs. Llyn.

"Have you told her?" he asked in anxiety.

Astonished at his presence, she could make no reply for a moment. "I have told her nothing," she answered. "I meant to do so this morning. I meant to do it—I must."

"She sent me a letter asking if it was not time I came to wish you well in your house, and you and she would expect me today."

"I knew naught of her writing you," was the reply. —naught at all. But now that you are here, will you not tell her all?"

Dyck smiled grimly. "Where is she?" he asked. "I will tell her."

The mother pointed down the garden. "Yonder by the clump of palms I saw her a moment ago. If you go that way you will find her."

In another moment Dyck Calhoun was on his way to the clump of palms, and before he reached it, the girl came out into the path. She was dressed in a black silk skirt with a white bodice and lace, as he had seen her on her arrival in Kingston, and at her throat was a sprig of the wild pear-tree. When she saw him, she gave a slight start, then stood still, and he came to her.

"I have your letter," he said, "and I came to say what I ought to say about your living here; you will bring blessings to the place."

She looked at him steadfastly. "Shall we talk here," she said, "or inside the house? There is a little shelter here in the trees"—pointing to the right—"a shelter built by the late manager. It has the covering of a hut, but it is open at two sides. Will you come?"

As she went on ahead, he could not fail to notice how slim and trim she was, how perfectly her figure seemed to fit her gown—as though she had been poured into it; and yet the folds of her skirt waved and floated like silky clouds around her! Under cover of the shelter she turned and smiled at him.

"You have seen my mother?"

"I have just come from her," he answered. "She bade me tell you what ought to have been told long ago, and you were not, for there seemed no reason that you should. You were young and ignorant and happy. You had no cares, no sorrows. The sorrows that had come to your mother belonged to days when you were scarce out of the cradle. But you did not know. You were not aware that your mother had divorced your father for crime against marital fidelity and great cruelty. You did not know even who that father was. Well, I must tell you. Your father was a handsome man, a friend of mine until I knew the truth about him, and then he died—I killed him, so the Court said."

Her face became ghastly pale. After a moment of anguished bewilderment, she said: "You mean that Erris Boyne was my father?"

"Yes, I mean that. They say I killed him. They say that he was found with no sword drawn, but that my open sword lay on the table beside me while I was asleep, and that it had let out his life-blood."

"Why was he killed?" she asked, horror-stricken and with pale lips.

"I do not know, but if I killed him, it was because I revolted from the proposals he made to me. I——"

He paused, for the look on her face was painful to see, and her body was as that of one who had been struck by lightning. It had a crumpled, stricken look, and all force seemed to have been driven from it. It had the look of crushed vitality. Her face was set in paleness, her eyes were frightened, her whole person was, as it were, in ghastly captivity. His heart smote him, and he pulled himself together to tell her all.

"Go on," she said. "I want to hear. I want—to know all. I ought to have known — long ago; but that can't be helped now. Continue—please."

Her words had come slowly, in gasps almost, and her voice was so frayed he could scarcely recognize it. All the pride of her nature seemed shattered.

"If I killed him," he said presently, "it was because he tried to tempt me from my allegiance to the Crown, to become a servant of France, to——"

He stopped short, for a cry came from her lips which appalled him.

"My God—my God!" she said with bloodless lips, her eyes fastened on his face, her every look and motion the inflection of despair. Go on—tell all," she added presently with more composure.

Swiftly he described what happened in the little room at the traitor's tavern, of the momentary reconciliation and the wine that he drank, drugged wine poured out but not drunk by Erris Boyne, and of his later unconsciousness. At last he paused.

"Why did these things not come out at the trial?" she asked in hushed tones.

He made a helpless gesture. "I did not speak of them because I thought of you. I hid it—I did not want you to know who your father was."

Something like a smile gathered at her pale lips. "You saved me for the moment, and condemned yourself forever," she said in a voice of torture. "If you had told what he was—if you had told that, the jury would not have condemned you, they would not have sent you to prison."

"I believe I did the right thing," he said. "If I killed your father, prison was my proper punishment. But I can't remember. There was no other clue, no other guide to judgment. So the law said I killed him, and—he had evidently not drawn his sword.

"You killed a defenceless man!" Her voice was sharp with agony. "That was mentioned at the trial—but I did not believe it then—in that long ago." She trembled to her feet from the bench where she was sitting. "And I do not believe it now—no, on my soul, I do not."

"But it makes no difference, you see. I was condemned for killing your father, and the world knows that Erris Boyne was your father, and here Lord Mallow, the governor, knows it; and there is no chance of friendship between you and me. Since the day he was found dead in the room, there was no hope for our friendship, for anything at all between us that I had wished to be there. You dare not be friends with me——"

Her face suddenly suffused and she held herself upright with an effort. She was about to say, "I dare, Dyck—I do dare!" but he stopped her with a reproving gesture.

"No, no, you dare not, and I would not let you if you would. I a man ex-convict. They say I killed your father, and the way to understanding between us is closed."

She made a protesting gesture. "Closed! Closed! —But is it closed? No, no, someone else killed him, not you. You couldn't have done it. You would have fought him—fought him as you did Lord Mallow, and in fighting you might have killed him, but your sword never let out his life when he was defenceless—never."

A look of intense relief, almost of happiness, came to Dyck's face. "That is like you, Sheila, but it does not cure the trouble. You and I are as far apart as noon and midnight. The law has said the only thing that can be said upon it."

She sank down again upon the wooden bench. "Oh, how mad you were, not to tell the *whole* truth long ago! You would not have been condemned, and then——"

She paused, overcome, and his self-control almost deserted him. With strong feeling he burst out: "And then, we might have come together? No, your mother —your friends, myself, could not have let that be. See, Sheila, I will tell you the whole truth now—aye, the whole absolute truth. I have loved you since the first day I saw you on the hills when you and I rescued Christopher Dogan. Not a day has passed since then, when you were not more to me than any other woman in all the world."

A new light came into her face, the shadows left her eyes and the pallor fled from her lips. "You loved me?" she said in a voice grown soft—husky still, but soft as the light in a summer heaven. "You loved me —and have always loved me since we first met?"

Her look was so appealing, so passionate and so womanly, that he longed to reach out his arms to her, and say: "Come—come home, Sheila," but the situation did not permit that, and only his eyes told the story of what was in his mind.

"I have always loved you, Sheila, and shall do so while I have breath and life. I have always given you the best that is in me, tried to do what was good for us both, since my misfortune—crime, Lord Mallow calls it, as does the world. Never a sunrise that does not find you in the forefront of all the lighted world; never a flower have I seen that does not seem sweeter —it brings thoughts of you; never a crime that does not deepen its shame because you are in the world. In prison, when I used to mop my floor and clean down the walls; when I swept the dust from the corners; when I folded up my convict clothes; when I ate the prison food and sang the prison hymns; when I placed myself beside the bench in the workshop to make things that would bring cash to my fellow-prisoners in their need; when I saw a minister of religion or heard the Litany; when I counted up the days, first that I had spent in jail and then the days I still had to spend in jail; when I read the books from the prison library of the land where you had gone, and of the struggle there; when I saw you, in my mind's eye, in the cottonfields or on the verandah of your house in Virginia; I had but one thought, and that was the look in your face at Playmore and Limerick, the sound of your voice as you came singing up the hill just before I first met you, the joyous beauty of your body."

[Continued on page 26]

A Prayer

By

Jean Mitchell Smith

O God, of no one race or creed,
I look to Thee, a friend indeed
Unchangeable.

With Thee at first I sought to fence,
Scorning the paths of commonsense
Denying Thee.

Weak, sinful child, in pain and grief
I cried to Thee and found relief
Most loving Lord.

Teach me to live through to the end
That I may ever be a friend
Unchangeable.

THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—*and in cool water.*

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Here's another important thing about Fels-Naptha—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. Use it for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips that contain plenty of naptha, as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. 6-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

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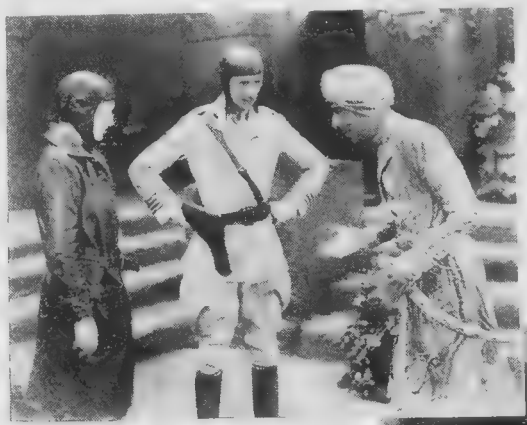
Fill in completely—print name and address © 1930, Fels & Co.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Anna Christie"

IN HER first talking picture, an adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo has fulfilled the hopes of her many admirers. She shows no nervousness before the microphone and she gives a careful and intelligent interpretation of the character of "Anna." As Miss Garbo is of the same nationality as Anna is supposed to be, her foreign accent is an asset rather than a liability.

At the outset of the picture her voice comes somewhat as a shock. It is deeper than one might expect and the first few lines sound rather as if they were spoken by a female impersonator. As the picture proceeds, however, one becomes accustomed to the deep, throaty voice which, like the accent, is also suited to the character she portrays.



George Arliss in "The Green Goddess"

The first audible efforts of many stars of the silent films have been marked by a stilted delivery of dialogue. The business of memorizing lines was new to them and it was quite apparent to the audience that the actors were finding memorizing a hard job. Miss Garbo is an exception. She has evidently mastered her lines thoroughly before appearing before the camera and microphone and there is no hesitancy in her speech. And she never seems to be trying to remember her next speech.

Charles Bickford and George Marion are good in the two leading male roles. Marie Dressler plays the part of the drink-sodden Marthe, and often gives some comic relief to the grim and sordid picture. Obvious low comedy technique and exaggerated "mugging" has spoiled her work in many previous pictures. In "Anna Christie," though she still over-grimaces and overacts occasionally, she does her best work on the screen.

Garbo "addicts" who expect to see their beloved Greta slouching sensuously through the reels, clad gorgeously in shimmering satins, will be disappointed. "Anna Christie" has its locale on a sordid waterfront peopled with wharf rats, rough sailormen, and blowsy inebriates. Miss Garbo's costume throughout most of the picture is a sweater and skirt.

This Eugene O'Neill play has been so widely read and played that it is hardly necessary to repeat the story here. It is a forceful dramatic situation, distinctly a picture for adult audiences. In fact, children would not enjoy it at all.

"Mammy"

WELL, didn't you expect it? This picture has long been as imminent and inevitable as the relentless and horrible denouement of a Greek Tragedy. Al Jolson simply had to make a picture called 'Mammy." I have dreaded it for months and months. Jolson has been neglecting the mothers lately and he is too good a showman to neglect them for long. He knows that singing of mother with a sob in the voice is just as good as waving the flag—applause is certain to follow. Besides, mothers are his specialty. What John McCormack has done for the mothers of Ireland, Jolson has done for the "mammies" of Dixieland. These two men have put over their national mother campaigns with such success that other races and nations are becoming envious. Mothers in Scotland, Finland, Norway, France, Czecho-Slovakia and other countries are looking for dulcet-voiced champions to sing their charms.

"Mammy," in the case of this picture, however, is rather a misleading title, for the photoplay is not as heavy with Mother Love sentimentality as one would expect. There are two scenes in which the star sings in characteristic fashion to Louise Dresser, who has the title role, but, on the whole, the film is devoted to melodrama interspersed with songs. The plot is white-bearded with age. It concerns a hero who is made to seem an assassin when the villain substitutes bullets for blank cartridges in a stage shooting. No, there is nothing original or interesting in the plot. It is bad photoplay, but good Jolson. Mr. Jolson is a skillful showman, and he manages to make even the most maudinly sentimental songs almost bearable.

"Mammy's" other two redeeming features are the tuneful music of Irving Berlin and the charm of Lois Moran.

"Dangerous Paradise"

THIS picture is announced as a screen drama "based on incidents from a novel by Joseph Conrad." But after the scenario writers and directors have done their work, the puzzle is to find Conrad. They have taken the setting, the names of the characters and, in general, the plot outline of Conrad's "Victory." Then they substituted a happy ending, changed the character of the characters, added some stereotyped cinema hokum, and the result is another conventional and undistinguished melodrama. Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen, who play the leading parts, are attractive young people. Gustave von Seffertitz, as a sinister villain, does some interesting acting.

Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son"

If you like the standardized tropical melodramas of the films, you may not suffer, but don't go looking for any signs of Conrad.

"Roadhouse Nights"

THIS picture contains some of the most tried and trusty ingredients of movie plots, and its characters, (which include rum-runners, gangsters, gentlemen of the Press and cabaret entertainers) are hardly new to the screen. But Ben Hecht has put situations and characters together to make a tale that is vivid, brisk and entertaining. Helen Morgan sings songs and is also the heroine of the play.

"Captain of the Guard"

NO REALLY first class musical picture seems to be complete without a war or a revolution. Apparently it takes a battle to rouse the leading man to song. John Boles is the leading man of "The Captain of the Guard," and his singing is inspired by no less a fracas than the French Revolution.

The photoplay simply bristles with guillotines and sans-culottes, but calms down every once in a while to allow Mr. Boles to sing a sentimental ditty. The chief song of the play is, however, the great "Marseilllaise." With such an inspiring song to build upon, the producers might have given us a really rousing story, but, except in one or two sequences, the film is quite ordinary.

Mr. Boles' voice is splendid and he sings most effectively. He's handsome, too. Laura La Plante is attractive as the persecuted heroine of the play.

The introduction of the "Marseillaise" in the picture takes place when Mr. Boles, as a discredited officer, sings it before the king. The effect would have been so much more thrilling had he sung it first to arouse the oppressed citizens of France. This, if the traditional history of the song is to be believed, is what Rouget de Lisle really did do.

"The Green Goddess"

THAT most distinguished actor, George Arliss, whose "Disraeli" ranks as one of the finest of all talking pictures, again scores a great success in "The Green Goddess." The picture follows very closely the stage play of the same name in which Mr. Arliss was so popular a few years ago. The story is a clever melodrama set in the Orient, and Mr. Arliss, as a very sinister villain, gives another magnificent performance. If you like fine acting do not miss "The Green Goddess."

"The Co-Optimists"

ALL the Canadians who were in London during the years of the Great War will remember the popular revues of "The Co-Optimists," and will, no doubt, be interested in the English talkie which presents this group now.

The picture is typically English in its humor, songs and staging. It starts informally with the ten or a dozen players sitting in a half-circle about the stage and introducing themselves in lyrics. Then they do their specialties. The featured players are Laddie Cliff, Betty Chester, Melville Gideon, Phyllis Monkman, Davy Burnaby, Harry Pepper, Elsa McFarlane and Gilbert Childs.

The revue is not particularly hilarious or novel, but if you saw "The Co-Optimists" years ago, you might like to renew old memories.

Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie"

"Sarah and Son"

THIS is a woman's picture. A woman directed it; a woman wrote the dialogue and the star is a woman: Ruth Chatterton, the well - known actress, who has been so successful in talking pictures.

The story tells of a woman whose drunken husband steals their child and gives it to a wealthy couple to adopt. The husband disappears and she can find no trace of either him or the little son. Finally, at an entertainment at camp during the war, Sarah, who is a vaudeville entertainer, meets the husband and he blurts out the name of the family that adopted her child. Then begins Sarah's struggle to regain the custody of her child. The details of how she does it, and how she achieves artistic success as a prima donna, I shall leave those who see the picture to discover for themselves.

Although not nearly equal in dramatic quality to "Madame X," this picture still gives Miss Chatterton an opportunity to display her ability as an emotional actress. Versatile, too, Miss Chatterton is. She not only acts splendidly and looks very handsome, but she sings a [Continued on page 63]

Miss VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH

"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England to America in the 17th Century. Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is one of the prettiest, most popular girls in this state, so famous for its Southern belles.

A bonny wee thing is charming Miss Randolph, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl," she says, so of course she "thinks of Pond's as her best friend.

"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener peps you up and makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier," she charmingly concludes, "when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

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Charming MISS VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH *is an enthusiastic user of Pond's four preparations, Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.*

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No Defence

Continued from page 22

"And at sea?" she whispered with a gesture at once beautiful and pathetic, for it had the motion of helplessness and hopelessness. What she had heard had stirred her soul, and she wanted to hear more—or was it that she wished to drain the cup now that it was held to her lips — drain it to the last drop of feeling?

"At sea," he answered, with his eyes full of intense feeling—"at sea, I was free at last, doomed as I thought, anguished in spirit, and yet with a wild hope that out of it would come deliverance. I expected to lose my life, and I lived each day as though it would be my last. I was chief rogue in a shipful of rogues, chief sinner in a hell of sinners, and yet I had no remorse and no regret. I had done all with an honest purpose, with the good of the sailors in my mind; and so I lived in daily touch with death, honor and dishonor. Yet I never saw a sailor in the shrouds, or heard the night watch call 'All's well!' in the midst of the night and mutiny, that I did not long for a word from you that would take away the sting of death. Those days at sea for ten long weeks were never free from anxiety, not anxiety for myself, only for the men who had put me where I was, had given me captain's rank, had——"

Suddenly he stopped, and took from his pocket the letter he was writing on the very day she landed in Jamaica. He opened it and studied it for a moment with a dark look in his face.

"This I wrote even as you were landing in Jamaica, and I knew naught of your coming. It was an outbreak of my soul. It was the truth written to you and for you, and yet with the feeling that you would never see it. I was still writing it when Michael Clones came up the drive to tell me you and your mother were here. Now, I know not what Christopher Dogan would say of it, but I say it is amazing that in the hour you were first to come to this land I should be moved to tell you the story of my life since I left prison; since, on receiving your letter in London, forwarded from Dublin, I joined the navy. But here it is with all the truth and terror in it—aye, there was terror, for it gave the soul of my life to one I never thought to see again; and, if seeing, should be compelled to do what I have done —tell her the whole truth at once and so have it over.

"But do no think that in telling it now I repent of my secrecy. I repent of nothing; I would not alter anything. What was to be is, and what is has its place in the book of destiny. No, I repent nothing, yet here now I give you this to read while still my story of the days which you know is in your ears. Here it is. It will tell the whole story; for when you have read it and do understand, then we part to meet no more as friends. You will go back to Virginia, and I will stay here. You will forgive the unwilling wrong I have done you, but you will make your place in life without thought of me. You will marry someone—not worthy of you, for that could not be; but you will take to yourself some man from among the men of this world. You will set him apart from all other men as yours, and he will be happy, having been blessed beyond deserving. You will not regret coming here; but you will desire our friendship to cease; and what has been to be no more, while the tincture of life is in your veins. Sheila, read this thing, for it is the rest of the story until now."

He handed her the papers, and she took them with an inclination of the head, which said: "Give it to me. I will read it now while my eyes can still bear to read it. I have laid on my heart the nettle of shame, and while it is still burning there I will read all that you have to teach me.' '

"I will go out in the garden while you read it," he said. "In half an hour I will come back, and then we can say good-bye," he added, with pain in his voice, but firmly.

"No, do not go," she urged. "Sit here on the bench —at the end of it here," she said, motioning with her hand.

He shook his head in negation. "No, I will go and say to your mother that I have told you, and ease her mind, for I know she herself meant to tell you."

As he went he looked at her face closely. It was so young, so pathetic, so pale, yet so strangely beautiful, and her forehead was serene. That was one of her characteristics. In all her life, her forehead remained untroubled and unlined. Only at her mouth and in her eyes did misery and sorrow show. He looked into her eyes now, and he was pleased with what he saw; for they had in them the glow of understanding and the note of will which said: "You and I are parted, but I believe in you, and I will not show I am a weak woman by futile horror. We shall meet no more, but I shall remember you."

That was what he saw, and it was what he wished to see. He knew her character would stand the test of any trial, and it had done so. Horror had struck her, but had not overwhelmed her. She had cried out in her agony, but she had not been swept out into chaos. She had no weak passions and no futilities. But as he turned away now, it was with the sharp conviction that he had dealt a blow from which the girl would recover, but would never be the same again. She was rich "beyond the dreams of avarice," but that would not console her. She had resources within herself, had what would keep her steady. Her real power and force, her real hope were in her regnant soul, which was not to be cajoled by life's subterfuges. Her lips opened now, as though she would say something, but nothing came from them. She only shook her head sadly as if to say: "You understand. Go, and when you come again it will be for us to part in peace—at least in peace."

GOD'S WISDOM

By Vera V. Robertson

There is God's wisdom in a little scene
That holds a wee mill in a mirroring stream.
A tiny bridge that happy wanderers have used;
Big kindly trees that shaded poets while they mused.
I do not say that without spots like these the world be all bad—
Yet, I believe that without such-like spots the world would be quite sad.

OUT in the garden he found her mother. After the first agitated greeting—agitated on her part—he said: "The story has been told, and she is now reading——"

He told her the story of the manuscript, and added that Sheila had carried herself with courage.

Presently the woman said to him: "She never believed you killed Erris Boyne. Well, it may not help the situation, but I say, too, that I do not believe you did. I cannot understand why you did not deny having killed him.' '

"I could not deny. In any case, the law punished me for it, and the book is closed forever."

"Have you never thought that someone——"

"Yes, I have thought, but who is there? The crowd at the Dublin hotel where the thing was done were secret, and they would lie the apron off a bishop. No, there is no light, and to tell the truth, I care not now."

"But if you are not guilty—it is not too late; there is my girl! If the real criminal should appear—can you not see?"

The poor woman, distressedly pale, her hair still abundant, her eyes still bright, her pulses aglow, as they had ever been, made a gesture of appeal with hands that were worn and thin. She had charm still, in a way as great as her daughter's.

"I can see; but, Mrs Llyn, I have no hope. I am a man whom some men fear——"

"Lord Mallow," she interjected.

"He does not fear me. Why do you say that?"

"I speak with a woman's intuition. I don't know what he fears, but he does fear you. You are a son of history; you had a duel with him, and beat him; you have always beaten him, even here where he has been supreme as governor—from first to last, you have beaten him."

"I hope I shall be even with him at the last—at the very last," was Dyck Calhoun's reply. "We were made to be foes. We were from the first. I felt it when I saw him at Playmore. Nothing has changed since then. He will try to destroy me here, but I will see it through. I will try and turn his rapier-points. I will not be the target of his arrows without making some play against him. The man is a fool. I could help him here, but he will have none of it, and he is running great risks. He has been warned that the Maroons are restive, that the black slaves will rise if the Maroons have any initial success, and he will listen to no advice. He would not listen to me, but, knowing that, I got the provost-marshal to approach him, and when he knew my hand was in it, he stiffened. He would have naught to do with it, and so no preparations are made. And up there"—he turned and pointed—"up there in Trelawney the Maroons are plotting and planning, and any day an explosion may occur. If it occurs no one will be safe, especially if the blacks rise too — I mean the black slaves. There will be no safety then for anyone."

"For us as well, you mean?"

"For you as well as all others, and you are nearer to Trelawney than most others. You are in their path. So be wise, Mrs. Llyn, and get back to Virginia as soon as may be. It is a better place than this."

"My daughter is mistress here," was the sorrowful reply. "She will have her own way."

"Your daughter will not care to stay here now," he answered firmly.

"She will do what she thinks her duty in spite of her own feelings or yours or mine. It is her way, and it has always been her way."

"I will tell her what I fear, and she may change her mind."

"But the governor may want her to stay," answered Mrs. Llyn none too sagely, but with that in her mind which seemed to justify her.

"Lord Mallow—oh, if you think there is an influence in him to keep her, that is another question," said Dyck with a grim smile. "But nevertheless, I think you should leave here and go back to Virginia. It is no safe place for two ladies, in all senses. Whatever Lord Mallow thinks or does, this is no place for you. This place is your daughter's, for her to do what she chooses with it, and I think she ought to sell it. There would be no trouble in getting a purchaser. It is a fine property."

"But the governor might not think as you do; he might not wish it sold."

Mrs. Llyn was playing a bold, indeed a reckless game. She wanted to show Dyck there were others who would interest themselves in Sheila even if he, Dyck, were blotted from the equation; that the girl could look high, if her mind turned towards marriage. Also she felt that Dyck should know the facts before anyone else, so that he would not be shocked in the future, if anything happened. Yet in her deepest heart she wished him well. She liked him as she had never liked any of Sheila's admirers, and if the problem of Erris Boyne had been solved, she would gladly have seen him wedded to Sheila.

"What has the governor to do with it!" he declared. "It is your daughter's own property, and she is free to hold it or to part with it. There is no crown consent to ask, no vice-regal approval needed."

Suddenly he became angry, almost excited. His blood pounded in his veins. Was this man, Mallow, to come between his and her fate always, come into his problem at the most critical moment? "God in heaven!" he said in a burst of passion, "is this a land of the British Empire or is it not? Why should that man break in on every crisis? Why should he do this or that—say yea or nay, give or take away? He is the King's representative, but he is bound by laws as rigid as any that bind you or me. What has he to do with your daughter or what concerns her? Is there not enough trouble in the world without bringing in Lord Mallow? If he——"

He stopped short, for he saw coming from the summer-house, Sheila with his paper in her hand. She walked slowly and with dignity. She carried her head high and firmly, and the skin of her face was shining with light as she came on. [Continued on page 49]

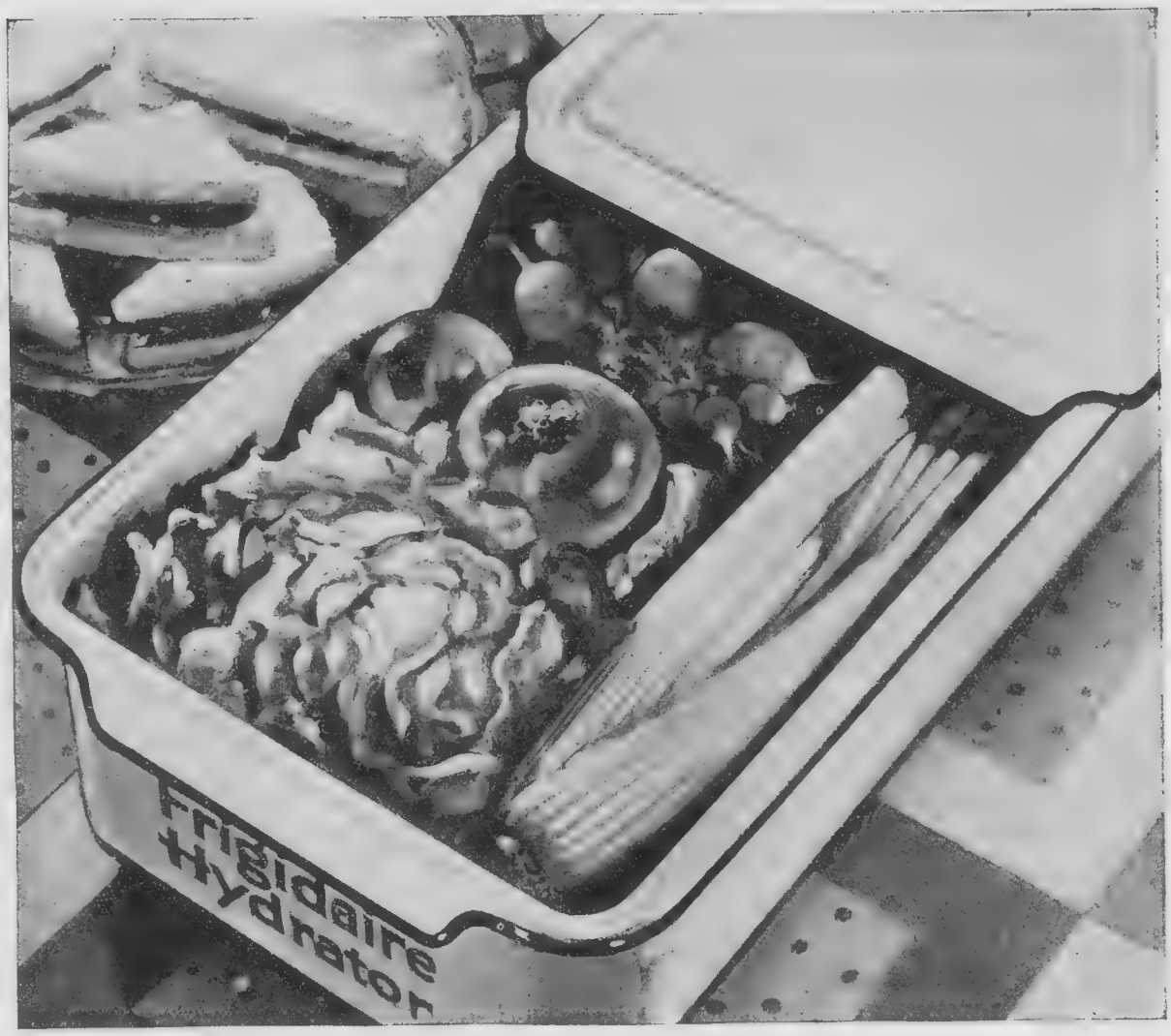
It cleans the crevices *between the teeth!*

Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.

The World's Largest Selling Toothpaste

Now we announce the new MULTI·COLD Frigidaire

Special nation-wide demonstration. See this remarkable new development at the nearest Frigidaire Showroom



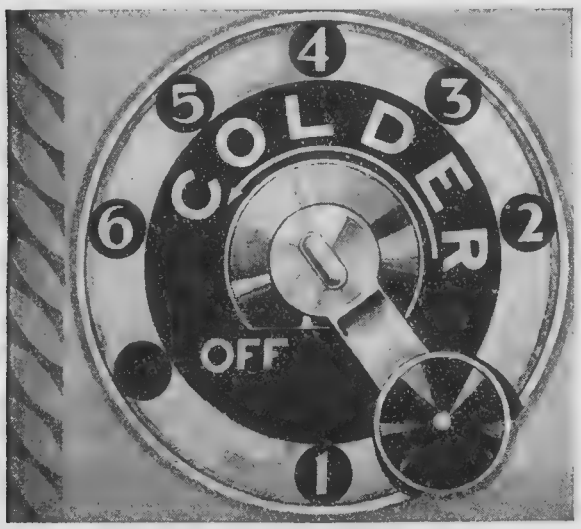
Frigidaire dealers throughout the country are ready to show you the latest advancement in electric refrigeration—the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

There's no other refrigerator like it. It offers *moist* cold, *dry* cold, *cold storage, extreme* cold, and cold *just above freezing* —all within the same cabinet.

Look at the picture. Note the inner doors. Behind the door at the top, you'll find three trays for freezing ice and desserts. Just below you'll see a container marked "Frozen Storage"—a container that is big enough to hold a seven pound fowl or a generous supply of steaks and chops. Here you can keep your meats and the new packaged frozen foods *at temperatures far below freezing—indefinitely.* Here you can store ice cubes, ice cream or any foods you may want to keep frozen until ready to serve.

And behind the lower door is a compartment with two large Hydrators for keeping a peck and a half of vegetables fresh and full-flavored until used. This same compartment also provides ample space for milk and other bottled goods. And it maintains an ideal low-temperature range for both vegetables and liquids.

All of these features are included *in only half of the cabinet.* And you have the other half with convenient shelves for butter, eggs, bacon, lard and all foods that require dry *normal* refrigeration. Temperatures in this part of the



THE "FRIGIDAIRE COLD CONTROL"
Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment—without attention. The "Cold Control" enables you to control the temperatures in the freezing compartment, speed the freezing of ice cubes, and make a great variety of delicious desserts.

NEW FROZEN STORAGE COMPARTMENT

The "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire contains a special compartment for storing poultry, game, meats, fish, or the new packaged frozen foods—anything you want to keep frozen. It maintains temperatures far below freezing—always.

THE FRIGIDAIRE HYDRATOR

The Hydrator is a new moist-air compartment that makes vegetables delightfully crisp and keeps them that way until used.

The new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire is equipped with two Hydrators which hold a peck and a half of vegetables.

5 types of refrigeration in one cabinet

cabinet are always well below 50 degrees.

And of course the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire has the famous "Cold Control" for faster freezing of ice cubes and desserts. Of course, it is operated by the extra-powerful, incredibly quiet Frigidaire power unit. It is quiet and it stays quiet. And like every household Frigidaire, the new "Multi-Cold" is Porcelain-on-steel inside and out—strikingly beautiful and easy to clean.

Send for descriptive booklet and free recipe book

Call at the nearest display room and see a complete demonstration at your first opportunity. In the meantime, mail the coupon. Let us send you our latest recipe book and full details about the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

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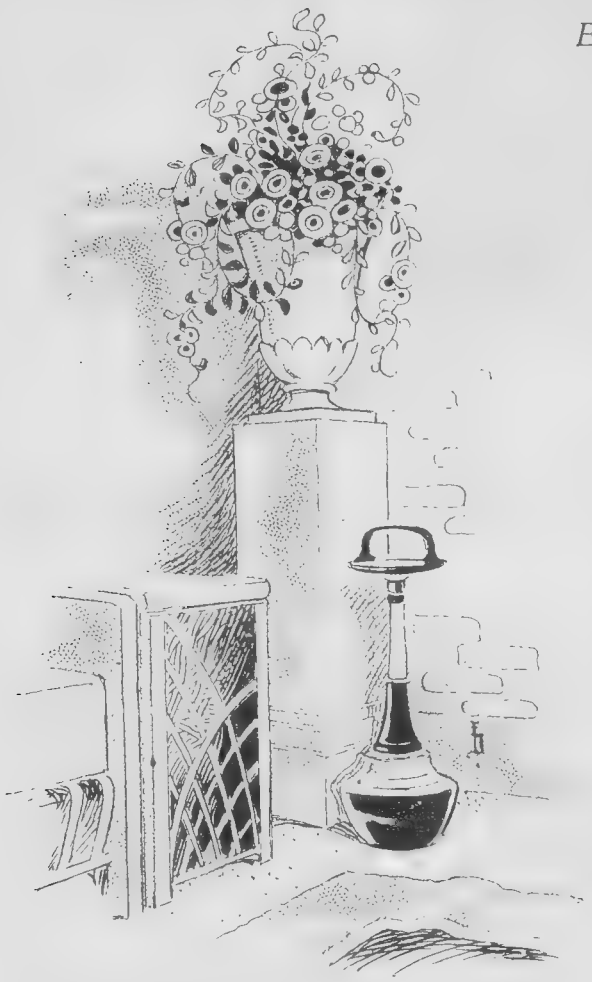
Home Comfort in the Summer Time

Enjoying the Fine Weather in Town or Country

By Katherine M. Caldwell



A tall pedestal in each corner of a big porch can be surmounted with an urn or jar gay with color.

LONG before that joyous first day on which we lingered a while on the verandah and assured ourselves that soon we would be using it in place of the living-room, I had a foretaste of summer joys that made me more impatient than ever for the out-door season to actually arrive. This was at the time when I was invited to what I might call a pre-view of the new summer furnishings that will this year gladden the hearts of home-dwellers everywhere.

With the climate we Canadians enjoy, we have really been rather slow about equipping ourselves to make the most of it. For the better part of five months, we have more than average fine warm days when we should not only take all our recreation time out-of-doors, but should carry as much of our occupations there as possible. (And this might be, for many of us, more than we would imagine at first glance.)

Consider first, that part of the population which does not move to a summer home each year, but remains in the same house, in town or country, the year 'round, with the exception of a brief trip or a fortnight's vacation now and again. What a difference can be made in the total of the summer's enjoyment, if the chance to make the most of the season is deliberately considered! A charming, restful, inviting out-door living-room—no matter what its situation, no matter how large or small—should be the aim of every home in Canada.

For the summer cottage, there is smart equipment too—delightful accessories to the delights of the long vacation. And the farm-dweller also appreciates a share of the out-door relaxation, even in the midst of the busiest part of the year. It seems particularly necessary that everything in the way of preparation for the hungry folk the farm home-maker must welcome to the table three times a day, be not done in the heat of the kitchen—for even with modern equipment which so greatly reduces that heat, a shady spot outside will be a welcome change every now and again.

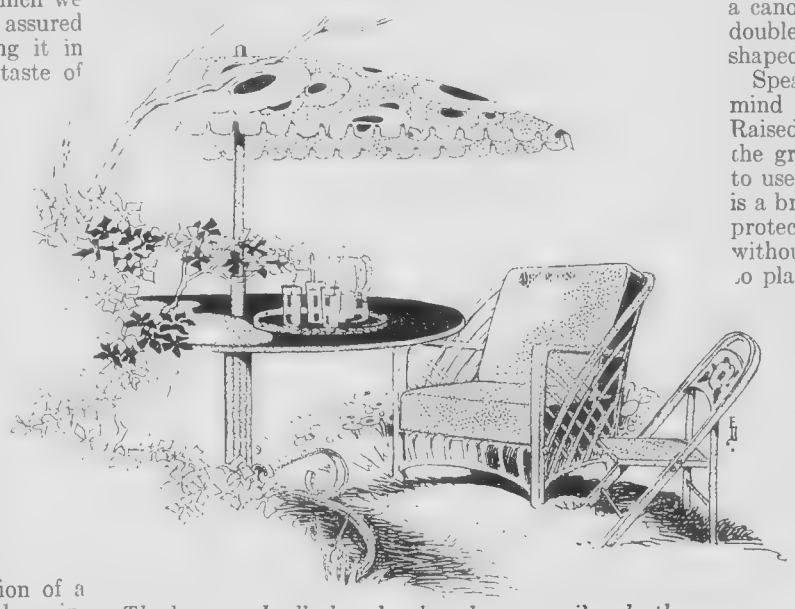
"But where could *I* create an out-door rest-spot?" someone will undoubtedly ask. "We haven't a verandah or balcony, not even a tree in our trifle of a back-yard!"

The trifle of a back-yard itself, in that case, must be the answer. Perhaps it will have to double in the rôle of laundry-yard one day a week or at odd hours; but that need not prevent it from providing a pleasant spot for family rest hours, for the entertainment of the family's guests.

A TERRACE, actually preferred to a verandah in many cases (for, comfortable as the latter is, it is not always in keeping with the architecture of a house), is as smart as it is practical. One can always, therefore, resort to flagging a portion of the ground or laying brick. Whether it be roofed or not, is a matter of choice. An awning, which can be furled back when the sun is desired or when you want to enjoy the star-shine on a lovely evening, will give you more, perhaps, than a permanent covering would do. And by the way, awning materials have become more decorative than ever; the plain stripes in a couple of colors that were all we knew in awning-cloths a few years ago, must look with astonishment upon their neighbors nowadays. There are plain cloths in fast color, with delightful bindings or patterned edges; others with great bands of *moderne* design, still others in smart all-over patterning. No wonder that we are finding such a multitude of uses for these fabrics which formerly served but a single purpose!

If you are so fortunate as to have a good lawn, you may prefer to establish your rest-spot with no more than it for floor. And it is never too soon to start improving the sward around your retreat—nor to plan quick-growing climbers to cover fences and add color by way of shrubs and flower-beds.

The lawn umbrella has developed, I think, more strikingly than almost any item on the long list of special summer furnishings that I discovered when I went on my tour of investigation at the outset of the season. No one could see the great sunshades without longing to set one up at home. They come in all the attractive types of awning cloths I have just described, and from six or seven to ten feet or more in diameter. Mounted on a stout shaft, they have a strong spring and great spokes that are controlled just as in your own small parasol. Some of them have a joint at convenient height, by means of which you can adjust the top at any angle you like, to intercept the sun.



The lawn umbrella has developed more strikingly than almost any item on the long list of special summer furnishings.

It would not be difficult to rig up a supporting pedestal of a simple type to keep the big umbrella upright—it has a sharp metal-covered point that you thrust into the ground. But I observed that the favorite scheme is to thrust the shaft through a hole for the purpose in a metal table, thus providing balance and a useful table for tea, books and so forth, all at the same time. These tables are painted in bright or soft garden tones and there are delightful chairs to match them. I thought it would be interesting to pass on to our readers an idea of their cost, and so noted umbrellas varying from fifteen to thirty dollars, according to size and the stunningness of the materials used; metal tables at nineteen-fifty to twenty-four dollars; matching chairs in most smart designs, nine dollars and fourteen-fifty; gorgeous sets including the handsomest of umbrellas, large table, two arm-chairs and two smaller chairs, for ninety to a hundred dollars.

ANOTHER favorite for garden or verandah use, is the new painted bridge-set—sturdy and attractive tables with four folding chairs to match them. What more delightful setting for a game of bridge on a summer afternoon, than the garden or porch? And the furniture is useful in any other rôle you ask it to assume.

Facilities for serving tea or light refreshments in the evening, seem to suggest themselves in this connection. A large light-weight tray, your old friend the cruet, perhaps your tea-wagon, are all useful. Bright pottery, colorful but not costly cups and saucers (I have bought charming ones in the fifteen-cent store for the purpose), tall glasses for cold drinks (and these, too; I have found at the same price, in green, amber or pink glass), are just the thing for *al fresco* service—which you will undoubtedly carry further sometimes, to include luncheon or a cold supper on occasion.

The building of more and more houses that boast no porch of any kind, may be responsible for the adaptation of more furniture to use in the garden or on the lawn or terrace, for I found many old friends among the summer furnishings, taking on new forms to meet exactly these conditions. The swing-couch that began its existence hanging by chains from the porch roof, gained practical advantage when it was made to hang from a heavy iron frame of its own; this year, it has been prepared for a place on the open lawn and is not only covered with more charming fade-proof coverings than I have seen before, but has taken to itself an awning to screen the occupant from the sun—adjustable, I might add, to various angles. And, by the same token, the old platform swing, with its slatted seats, has added a canopy too—and greatly increased its usefulness thereby. The swing with two single seats, which sells at four dollars and a half, has a canopy for two seventy-five and the big swing with double seats, priced at seven ninety-five, has a tent-shaped canopy at five dollars.

Speaking of the children's own equipment brings to mind quite the nicest sand-boxes I have ever seen. Raised on short legs, they absorb no dampness from the ground. The box, big enough for several kiddies to use it at a time, is about a foot in depth and there is a broad seat around its four sides; over the top is a protective canopy, if you want one—or the box comes without it if you have a tree or other shade in which to place it.

WICKER furniture has taken on new attractions. In the first place, it is exceedingly complete. You can get every type of comfortable chair, tables of any size, shape and type, accessories of every kind. Designs have gone modernistic very largely—and very pleasantly; but you can still get the old designs as well. One of the delights of wicker, reed and their kin, is the color (Continued on page 62)

Nothing contributes as much real relaxation as a long steamer chair with a little canopy top that may be pushed back or drawn forward.

And leafy summer gives her Health and Sun and Sport!

WATCH THEM at tennis, watch them as their lean brown bodies flash through the water or curve downward from a diving board . . . note the sparkle of health in their eyes as a clean-stroked drive sails down the fairway . . . or go with them as they picnic over the week-end . . . and you'll see that they drink "Canada Dry."

For here is the sportsman's beverage. The healthy men and women of this country, naturally prefer this fine old ginger ale.

Why? The answer lies in its quality, for like sportsmen themselves, "Canada Dry" has basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavour and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its delicately piquant life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

With such methods, prepared with such care, the prestige which "Canada Dry" has won comes to it. Served in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . ordered on great transatlantic liners . . . the favored beverage in many great hotels and clubs . . . such is the distinction which connoisseurs have awarded to this wonderful beverage.

And it will grace your dinner table with the same prestige and distinction Order today.

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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TANGEE

The Magic Lipstick!
famous for natural color

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. And therein lies its magic . . . because though you be fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red, apply Tangee to the lips and immediately the color changes to blend with your complexion! It provides a lipstick color entirely your own!

Tangee is like a glow from within . . . a natural blush without thickness or greasy smear. Yet Tangee is permanent. With it your lips remain lovely all day.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And one Tangee lipstick outlasts several of the ordinary kind.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1.25. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, $1.00 . . . *Creme Rouge*, $1.25. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones now in two sizes, 75c and $1.25. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1.25. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1.25. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.25.

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(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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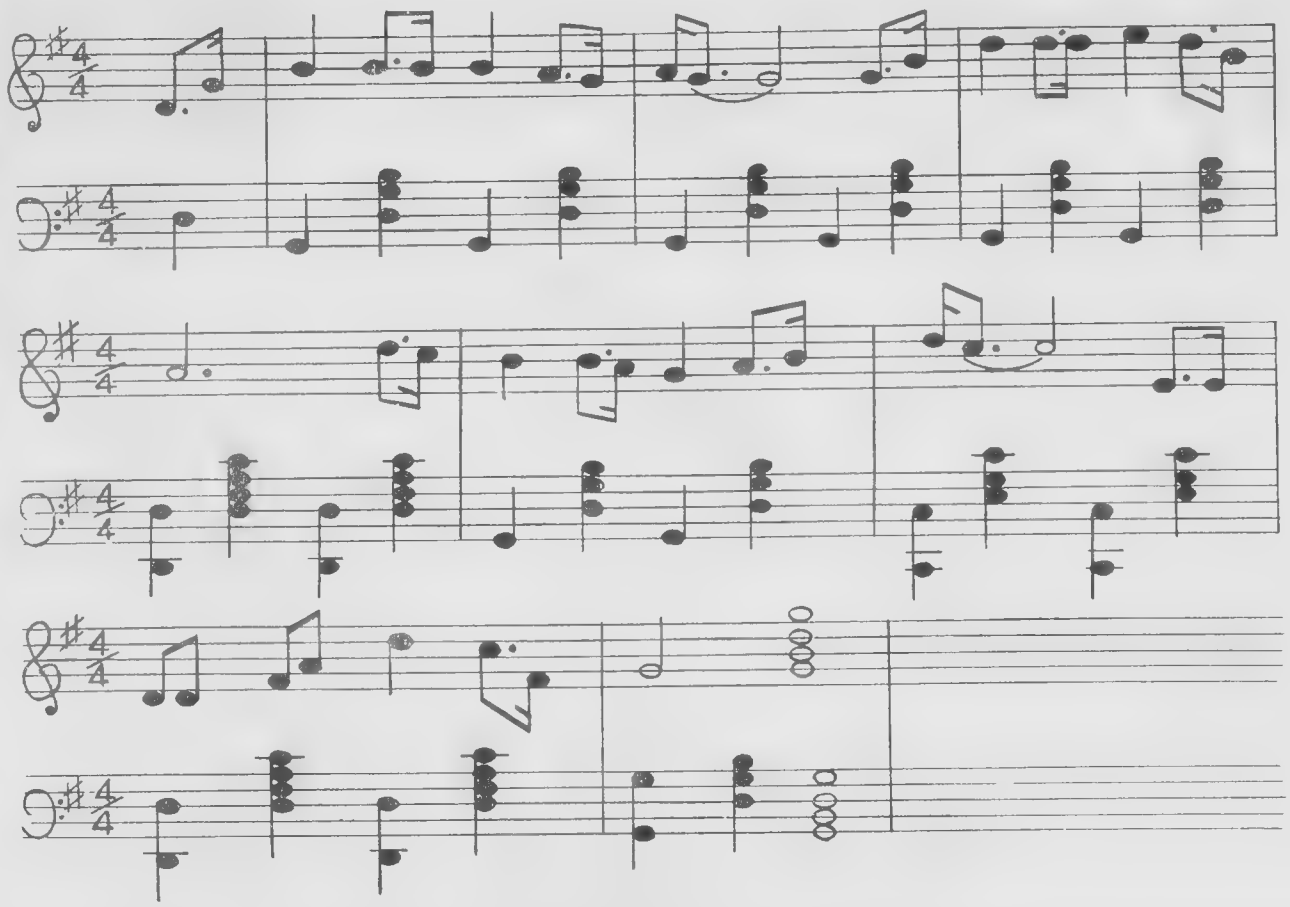
"The Red River Valley"

Story of Only Folk Song of the West

By Elizabeth Bailey Price



THE West has only one song that bids fair to become a folk song—"The Red River Valley." This ballad, for it is that character of a folk song, has never been written and published in the regular way, as far as the old timers of the West can tell us.

Throughout all the years of pioneering it has been handed down in the family—and brought to the first prairie homes by the fathers, who taught it to the mothers and the first generation of prairie-born children.

It was sung on the old Red River trail by the traders and metis, as they journeyed to and fro from Ft. Garry to St. Cloud, the "jumping off place" for Red River travellers and settlers, the end of steel in the '60's and early '70's.

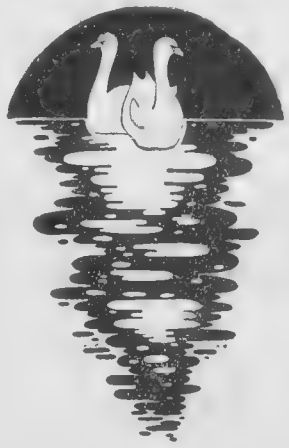
It was learned from the settlers of Red River by the members of Canada's first government survey party, in the fall of '68, when it was staking out the initial link of what was to be known as "The Immigrant Road," this to be built from the little village of Point du Chene, thirty miles east of Ft. Garry, thence connecting by Rainy River and a chain of lakes and rivers with the famous Dawson Road, built from Lake Shebandewan to Lake Superior.

In the '70's and early '80's its catching melody was hummed in the survey and road camps of the Canadian Pacific Railway — those ever-moving tent villages that penetrated farther and farther into the silences and solitudes of a new country. It mingled with the shouts of the graders, the noise of the shovels, and the clang of the maul. It was sung about the "smudge" fires in the long twilight evenings of the summers of the West. Even those who did not understand its English words caught up its tune. And the men returning to their homes took back the song and taught it to their children.

This song, like every folk song originated with the common people. The author's name has not been handed on with it. The composer of the music, too, has gone into oblivion. Like most folk songs it lacks technique of poetry and music. The lines do not scan, the musical rhythm is broken. It has only that something of old hymns, old lullabies, and old songs that lives on through the years.

It deals with a theme that was quite a common episode in the life of the early West. Such a story could only grow out of such an environment. That is why it belongs so peculiarly to the West. Like a favorite type of ballad, it is distinguished by a certain plaintiveness and romantic atmosphere. It might be classed with "those sweetest songs that tell of saddest thoughts."

The old timers tell us that the story of the "Red River Valley" is a true one. Some say that the turbulent Louis Riel fell madl yin love with a beautiful visitor "at the Fort" and on his knees poured forth a passionate declaration of love. Others tell us that a daughter of one of the prominent pioneer families is the inspiration of the song. From the words of the song itself, it would appear that some visitor from across the seas was about to leave a broken hearted half-breed lover. Another version changes the word "half-breed to maiden" thus altering the sex of the deserted one—But the line "We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile" is hardly an apt description of a manly lover. It is generally agreed that this change was made to overcome the world-wide sensitiveness of the half-caste, especially in the early days, when the half-breeds at the social gatherings far outnumbered the white people.



"The Red River Valley."

I.

'Tis a long time, you know I've been waiting,
For the words you never would say,
But alas! all my fond hopes have vanished,
For you tell me you are going away.

Chorus

Oh consider then awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the half-breed that loved you so true.

II.

They say from our village you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For alas! you take with you the sunshine,
That has brightened our pathway awhile.

III.

Will you think of the Valley you are leaving,
How lonely and dreary it will be,
Will you think of the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me?

IV.

When you go to your home cross the ocean,
Will you think of those bright sunny hours,
That we spent in the Red River Valley,
Amid the sweet shade of its bowers.

Today when the old timers and pioneers of the West meet in their annual "Round up," they always clamour for this song. There is always a scramble for the music and a hunt to find those prairie-born children to sing it—those who learned it on their father's knees.

The facade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, as shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.

"How dare you mistreat your complexion when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist*

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive. . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

BARCELONA

"IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind You should use Palmolive. . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the expressed opinion of one of Spain's leading beauty advisers—Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

19,800 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a penetrating, searching lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care. Nothing has ever supplanted them.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. What a difference you'll find! Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 19,813 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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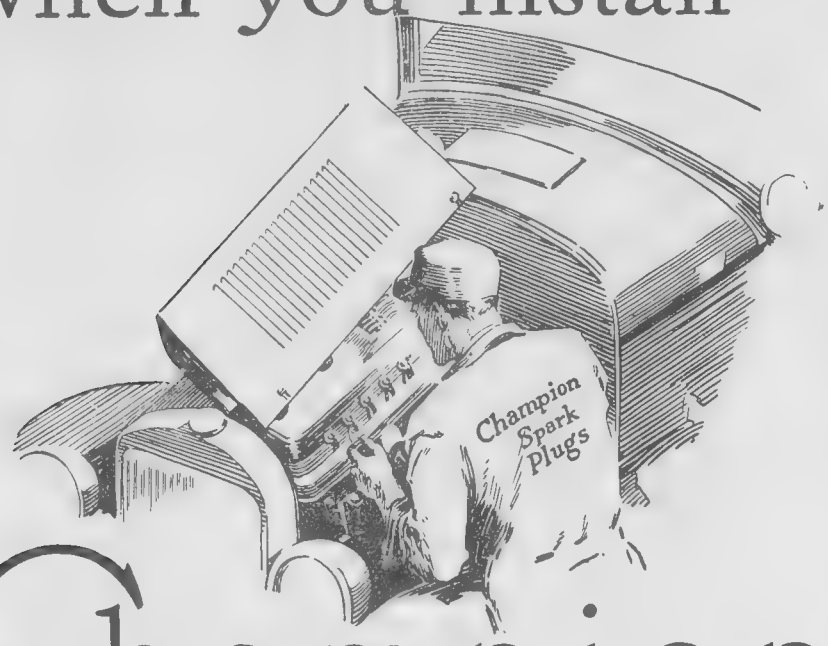


Champion
the better spark plug

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Champion Spark Plugs' plainly proved, easily demonstrated, *better performance* is the common sense reason that makes them the preferred spark plugs in the overwhelming majority of all types and kinds of gasoline engines all the world over.

It isn't only the experienced millions who are sure they get better performance from Champions. The majority millions of the whole world have continued for years to prefer them—in constantly growing numbers—even to the extent of replacing others with Champions.

The makers of Champions feel that small as spark plugs may be, they are large enough in performance importance to merit all the scrupulous and scientific care which can be applied to maintain Champions as the better spark plugs for your motor car, truck, tractor and stationary engines.

Millions of persons all over the world say that Champions do improve performance, and that renewals every 10,000 miles, or every year, maintain it, even though Champions will continue to give service almost indefinitely.

Champion dealers everywhere stand ready to advise you of the *correct* size and type Champion that will develop the greatest performance from each engine in your motorized farm equipment.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

WINDSOR ONTARIO

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

A Product of the Farm

Continued from page 15

"Thank you, Miss, for your very kind offer," said Mr. Noah, "but won't you need your own lunch?"

"No, indeed, not yet!" I replied heartily, "I breakfasted late so it is far too early for me. I shall go down at the last call."

I watched them until they were out of sight and wondered if the tariff for meals would be a very heavy tax on their means.

When the steamer was going through Plumper's Pass, I went over to the side of the boat and forgot about my position of guardian of their chairs and bag. I suddenly realized my sin of omission when I heard bursts of laughter and remarks about, "Old Uncle Sam's carpet bag."

So assuming my haughtiest manner I crossed over and sat on a chair beside it and made a move to draw it towards me, but to my astonishment, it would not budge. I felt, rather than saw, the queer looks directed at me and grew scarlet with annoyance. However, the Noahs appeared just then and I was glad to move away.

When the boat had passed Trial Island, I got out my powder puff and sought a mirror. I did so want to look my very best so that the dearest man on earth would notice only me. Then I chose a good position at the side of the boat commanding a view of the wharf and soon I recognized my dear one, for if ever there was a distinguished looking and handsome man it was surely my Dennis.

Suddenly I saw a look of surprise on his face, followed by joyful recognition. He raised his hat and gave one of those superb bows accompanied by that wonderful smile of his which always makes my heart flutter with happiness.

But neither the bow nor the smile was for me. In fact, he did not even glance along the deck nor look for me. I felt deeply mortified to find I was not foremost in his thoughts.

Presently, I heard the rich intonation of his voice—he was on deck, speaking, but not to me.

"Well, this is a delightful surprise! How are you, Dad? You, too, Mother dear, looking as fresh as a young girl, I'm so glad to see you! Why didn't you wire me? It is fortunate you came by this boat or I should have missed you! Better not get off, but come on with me to Seattle. I'm to be married on Thursday, my fiancée—by the way—how remiss she will think me—I was so taken by surprise—however, I am delighted—you will both meet my Kathleen—the sweetest girl in all the world—you'll both love her—excuse me a moment, while I find her!"

But I was neither sweet nor lovable just then—I was simply boiling over with rage and mortification—I was biting my lips and blinking my eyes rapidly to keep back the tears—my wedding would be a fiasco if those hayseeds were present—my bridesmaids and flower girls and the hundreds of guests would ridicule me—after Aunt Peg putting up all the expenses for a brilliant wedding—Oh dear, why had I not acceded to his wish for a nice, quiet wedding and no fussing—I wanted to show him off—I was so proud of him—what a blow to my pride—I simply must keep them away—but I mustn't hurt my Dennis—what could I do—would they take a hint given delicately—my mind was in a whirl!

There was a footstep behind me and in a moment I was gathered into his loving arms and he was trying to kiss me. My face was pressed against his coat, for I dared not let him see it until I felt somewhat composed. We were alone, for most of the passengers had landed, even those bound for Seattle had got off for a run in a sightseeing car during the interval of waiting.

"Kathleen, my precious! My Princess Kathleen, look up, I want to see your dear face again!"

He mistook the redness of my face for blushes and thought I was overcome with shyness. I was ashamed but unrepentant.

"Come with me, dearest," he whispered, "I want you to meet my parents, who are on board."

"Mother and Dad, this is my Kathleen of whom I have written so often, I hope you will learn to love her as a daughter!"

"We love her already, Sonny Boy, she has been most kind and gracious to us!" said the mother with beaming smile.

"My boy," uttered the father, "you have made a most excellent choice! I have seen enough today to assure me that you will never have cause to regret it, and," turning to me, "we are overjoyed at having a daughter in the family!"

I liked their voices and the ring of true sincerity, but I could not find it in my heart to acknowledge it or feel at all appeased. I felt as if they had hit me a cruel blow and I failed to be cordial, even polite.

My Dennis did not seem to notice my lack of enthusiasm. His face was radiant—mine sullen.

"Faith an' I see y've a bit o' th' ould sod wi' ye!" he said with twinkling eyes and an attempt to imitate the brogue, as he indicated the antiquated carpet bag.

"Your wedding present is in it, Sonny Boy," said Mother with a mysterious smile, "I wonder if you can guess what it is!"

"We will give you three chances!" said Father, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Well," said Dennis rubbing his chin and giving one of those delightful whimsical smiles that so endeared him to me, "that's easy—there are some woollen socks knitted by the best Mother in all the earth!"

"Oh, Father!" cried Mother in consternation, "just to think of it, I never thought of kniting some socks for the boy, and he will be needing them now particularly!"

I almost had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing out as my eye noted the fine silk socks that showed above Sonny Boy's shoes.

"I see that I have guessed wrong!" said Dennis gravely, "but I am sure to be right this time—a whole big panful of thick gingerbread, with raisins and spices in it!"

"Oh, Father!" cried Mother in still greater consternation, "what a disappointment for the boy, why didn't I remember his love for gingerbread! I must be losing my memory!"

"Wrong again!" cried Dennis ruefully, "and there is only one more guess, Kathleen," he said with an indulgent smile, "you must save the day! As the new partner of the firm, and with a woman's intuition, say what is the wedding present reposing in the bag?"

Here he caught it by the handles intending to give it a playful shake, but he let go exclaiming, "W-h-e-w, it's heavy!"

I thought if I hit wide of the mark and said something incongruous, it would give us a chance to laugh and relieve the tension, so I blurted out—"MONEY!"

Dennis exploded into a hearty laugh in which I joined with glee.

Mother smiled up at Father and nudged him.

Father smiled down at Mother and nudged her.

Then all four laughed together.

"Open it, Denny," said Father, "it's not locked."

Dennis, his eyes twinkling merrily, made a show of reluctance.

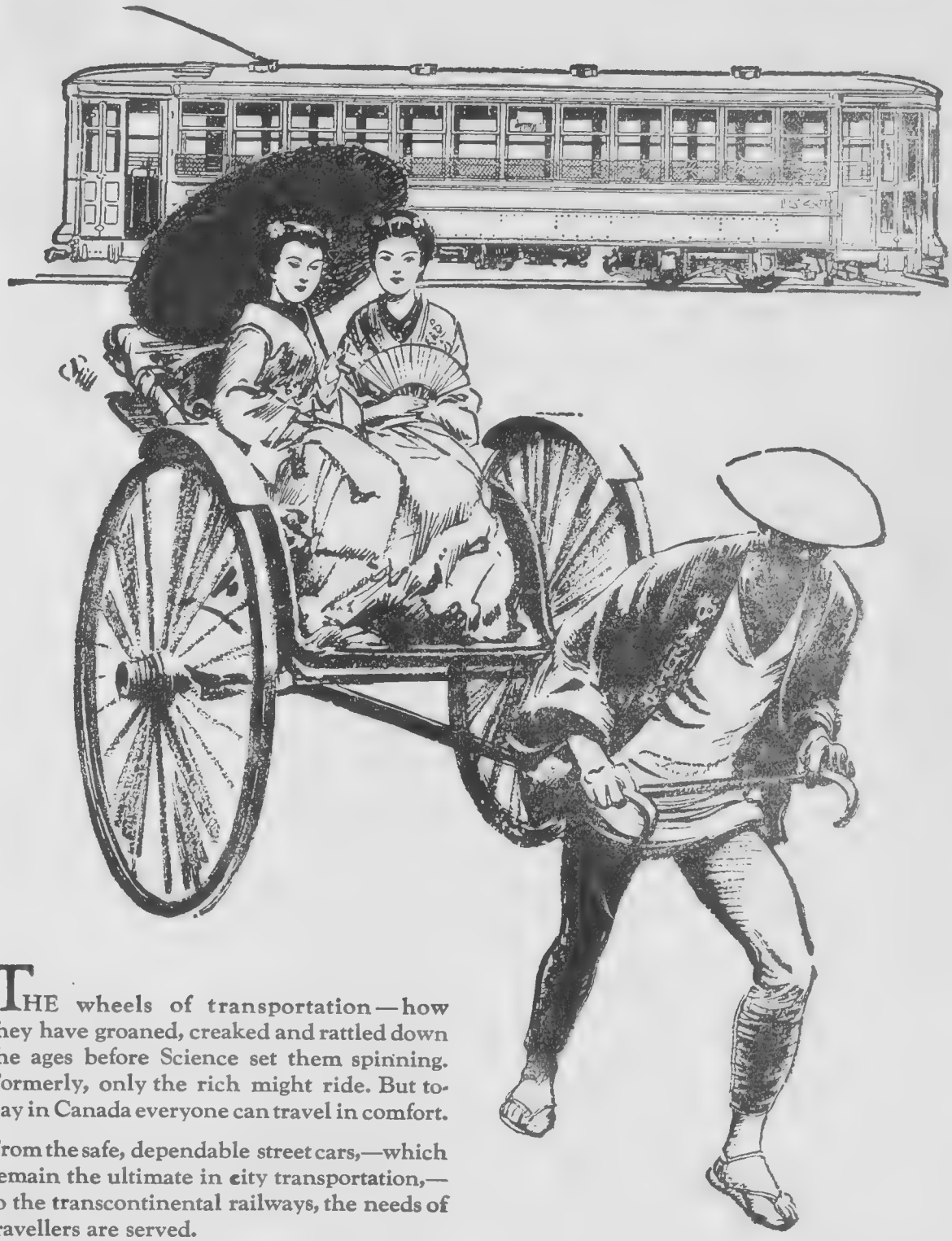
"Is it a product of the farm, Father?" he queried.

"In a way, yes!" quoth Father chuckling gleefully.

"Now, Kathleen, don't be scared!" said Dennis, "I've a hunch that a big fat grey goose or a red-necked turkey gobbler is going to jump out! Now—one—two—three—here goes!"

[Continued on page 70]

TRANSPORTATION



THE wheels of transportation—how they have groaned, creaked and rattled down the ages before Science set them spinning. Formerly, only the rich might ride. But today in Canada everyone can travel in comfort.

From the safe, dependable street cars,—which remain the ultimate in city transportation,—to the transcontinental railways, the needs of travellers are served.

It is a source of pride with the Northern Electric Company that, by supplying a large proportion of the immense quantity of cable and wire needed, as well as the telephones used in train dispatching, it is helping to maintain the excellent transportation systems of the Dominion.

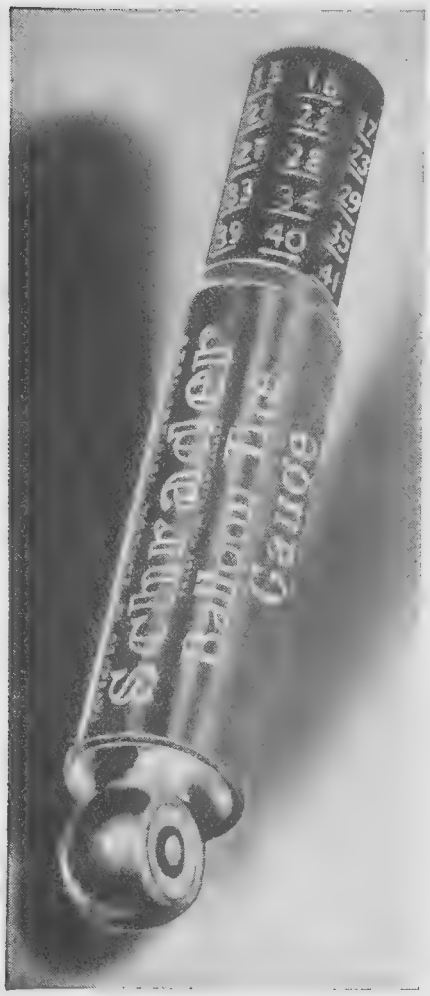
Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service

INFORMATION

The Northern Electric Company manufactures the telephone and its accessories, wires and cables for the transmission of power, fire alarm systems, public address systems, talking motion picture equipment, and also distributes well-known brands of electrical supplies and electrical household appliances of all kinds.

259

Want 30% more miles *from every tire* ?



TESTS conducted by leading tire manufacturers prove that *even five pounds* too little air reduces tire mileage 25 to 30%.

By keeping the exact pressure your tires require, you can eliminate, tire makers say, at least 80% of all premature tire failures.

But you must use an accurate, durable gauge. The Schrader is such a gauge. That's why leading tire authorities recommend it.

This gauge works on the "direct action" principle. There is no intricate mechanism to get out of order.

Schrader Gauges are sold by more than 125,000 dealers throughout the world. Buy one today. Check your tire pressures every Friday. Notice how tire life increases by many miles per season.

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Be sure it's a Schrader—Look for the name

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves Tire Gauges

If Motor Cars Could Talk

Continued from page 19

ridiculous two-legged things who call themselves human beings and put on airs haven't got sense enough to tell an idiot when they see one, I suppose. Anyhow, look at me. Look at me, I ask you!"

IN THE dim light the others detected the speaker, poked into a corner. One head-lamp was gone, one front mudguard was bent double, the radiator was dented in, and the windshield was shattered almost completely out.

"You look as if you'd disputed the right of way with the 20th Century, Buddy," the runabout declared. "How come?"

"The idiot! The criminal idiot! He's just one of those fools who can't stand another car ahead of him and tries to pass it anywhere—on a hill, on a curve, anywhere. This morning I was as trim and neat and sporty a bus as anybody ever saw. And now what am I? I'll never be the same again. He tried to pass on a curve—didn't need to hurry, either. Had plenty of time. Met another car. Had to jam on my brakes. I've got wonderful brakes, if I do say it. They worked O.K. But the road was wet there, and dead leaves on it, and we skidded all over the lot, just missed the other car, and went bang into a hard bank of earth by the roadside——"

"Was the idiot hurt?"

"Cut by glass a bit—that's all. But look at me. I wish it had killed him!"

"Oh, don't! Dont say that!" came a low voice from the other side.

"What's the matter with you, softie?" growled the battered one.

"The matter is, I once killed somebody—a little child it was. And we went right on. We never stopped to pick it up. We got away. It was terrible! You think it's tough to be owned by an idiot. How would you like to be owned by a dirty skunk and a coward like that? He sold me later to a fertilizer salesman, who carries samples around in me. I don't smell very nice, as perhaps you can detect, but I'm much happier than I was. It isn't very nice to kill a person."

THERE was a long silence in the garage. The only sound was the snoring of the night attendant, in the office at the front. Then there came half a chuckle, half snort from a small coupe.

"I don't believe any of you have to put up with what I do," he said.

"Yes, baby? And what's your little trouble?" the runabout asked.

"I belong to a drummer, too. Undies is his line. Believe me, that's no merry jest. He dangles a rag of rayon in front of some dame in every town we stay at, and she falls for it, and goes for a ride with him. Say, I've been parked beside every road in twenty-seven counties, and had to listen to more mush! Humans make me sick, positively. The females are worse than the males, I believe. 'No—no—you mustn't!' 'Oh, no, I couldn't!' 'Why, I wouldn't dream of it!' Banana oil! All the time you know she will. And the fool male telling her how beautiful she is, when it's so dark he can't see a darned thing, and me expecting to be run into every minute! He got it good, though, once. A regular rube cop, whiskers and all, appeared out of the bushes, and pulled him in for parking without lights. They set him back twenty-five berries, too. Maybe I wasn't glad!"

"You are deficient in sympathy," chuckled the runabout.

"He is deficient in delicacy, I should say," came a sudden, haughty voice from the great limousine. "I had assumed this sheltah was a place for rest and repose. Do you all think it possible now to cease the narration of your petty and vulgah affairs, and permit the rest of us to slumbah?"

"Well, well, if the Duchess ain't woke up!' said the runabout. "We've disturbed her precious slumbah, don't you know. My word, bally inconsiderate, wot?'

"Just because she cost $17,000!" scoffed the first sedan to the second.

"And has a chauffeur in livery——"

"And don't forget the footman," the coupe cut in. Though maybe it's indelicate to speak of a footman——"

THERE was a sudden raucous and insistent tooting outside the door. The attendant roused and swung the door open. With a spurt and a rattle and roar in came an old Model T touring car. It was covered with mud and dust. One fender was gone. One was tied on with wires. There were long rents in the dusty top. The rear seat and the running-board were piled high with dunnage bags, tent-poles, suit-cases, boxes. All over its sides were scrawled, in the dust and mud: "Santa Fe Trail"—"I do not choose to run in 1928"—"From Home to Hollywood"—"Speed limit, 100 per hour"—and similar witticisms, indicating that the two begrimed young men now climbing from the front seat had crossed the continent and were willing everybody should know it.

"Shove Gwendolyn in a corner, and give her a drink in the morning," they said to the attendant. "We're going to a hotel for a change. No chance to camp in this part of the world—too darn many people. Don't let her nest with the Rolls, Buddy. Gwenny's particular."

Out they went, and the sleepy and very grouchy attendant drove the rattling, coughing contraption scornfully to the remotest rear recesses of the building.

As he came back, he paused a moment before the great limousine, and patted its polished radiator hood. Then he passed on, without a glance at the others.

"Oh, did you see that! He touched the Duchess with his dirty, plebian hands!" the runabout exclaimed.

"Well, anyhow, there are folks worse off than we are, I guess," said the first sedan to the second. "Think of it—across the desert without a bath——"

"And positively tied together with wires, my dear! Did you hear her rattle?"

"Rattle," came the voice of the Duchess, "rhymes with prattle."

"It does, for a fact. Marvelous perspicacity!' chuckled the runabout. "Well, Duchess, I'll be good, for one, and indulge in a bit of slumbah. Gas and oil at eight sharp, please."

"Eight!" said the coupe. I have to be out at——"

"Shut up," growled the wreck. "Who cares?"

The snores of the night attendant once more cut through the silence.

Red Geraniums

By H. H. Fariss

What is more cheering in a sunny room
Than red geraniums in vivid bloom,
Whose bright faced blossoms seem to say
"Be glad, there's something better on the way;
Lose every care within the depths of Spring;
Seek happiness, catch joy upon the wing!
Joy waits for you within this quiet room
Where red geraniums' gay flowers bloom."

They smile at me and nod upon their stalk
As tho' they tried to break the spell and talk,
To tell me something they would fain impart,
Some secret held deep in their scented heart;
Then, too, I love these flowers of radiant hue
Because each blos sm holds a thought of you,
Because they are so wholesome, sweet and fair,
As you are, dear, a girl beyond compare.

I often picture you with some new book,
Reading within this cheerful window nook
Whose crystal panes the sunlight filters through
Upon the geraniums' flowers and you,
For there you gave your heart one sunny day,
Gave me the right to cherish you alway,
Then do you wonder that I love them so,
Red, red geraniums all in a row.

Vancouver's spacious homes are beautified with BERRYCRAFT Finishes

VANCOUVER—hospitable and gracious—specifies Berrycraft Finishes for beauty and permanence. These products are made by Berry Brothers, for 72 years manufacturer of fine finishes for every purpose.

Old-time standards of quality are rigidly observed. A modern experimental laboratory constantly develops new finishes to meet new demands. Berry Brothers makes Berryloid Aircraft Finishes—used on commercial airplanes the world over. Master painters, interior decorators and industrial plants everywhere demand Berry Brothers' finishing materials.

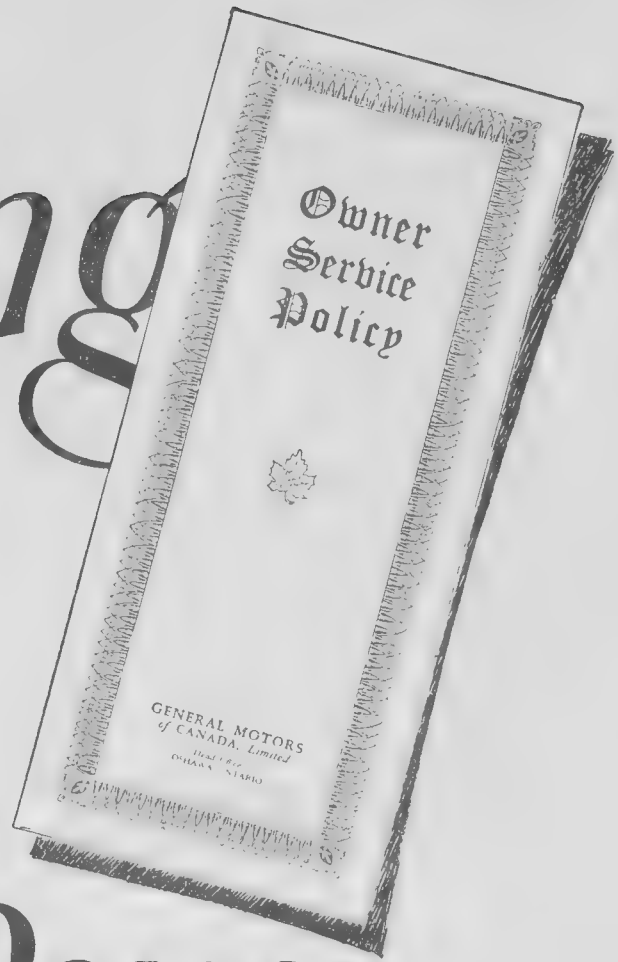
Restore and preserve the beauty of floors and woodwork with Liquid Granite, the million step-test varnish.

Make your home the handsomest on the street with Berrycraft House Paint—new—revolutionary—made with secret-processed Lion-oil—a wood preservative and rust preventive. These and other Berrycraft Finishes are reasonably priced—the biggest values on the market.

BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Proclaiming

the most complete Service Policy in the Automobile Industry



GENERAL MOTORS OWNER SERVICE POLICY

FUNDAMENTALS *of General Motors* OWNER SERVICE POLICY

1. A warranty of 90 days or 4,000 miles (whichever shall occur first) against defects in material or workmanship. This applies to every part of the car, including all original equipment, except tires.

2. Replacements under the warranty are made without any charge to the owner. ***This applies to labor as well as to material.***

3. During the period of the warranty, the owner may change his residence to, or travel in, any part of Canada and the United States—and still enjoy the provisions of the warranty.

4. The owner will be given a free inspection and adjustment, by the dealer from whom he bought his car, at 500 miles, and another at 1,500 miles, providing this mileage is reached before the expiration of the warranty period.

5. After the expiration of the warranty period, an owner requiring service is protected by the use of genuine General Motors parts and a system of flat-rate charges which are fair and reasonable.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED has always realized that no matter how much value it builds into its cars, the final satisfaction of their owners depends upon the service provided by factory and dealer.

Inspired by this realization, General Motors of Canada, Limited has consistently led the way in broadening the scope of owner service. And its service leadership has never been more evident than in the General Motors Owner Service Policy—the most complete in the industry—which is now in effect for the benefit of buyers of General Motors' cars.

This extensive service policy combines with General Motors' standards of sound engineering, rigid supervision and thorough testing, to completely protect your investment in a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Oakland, Viking, McLaughlin-Buick, LaSalle or Cadillac. As exemplifying the scope of the policy one provision in particular merits the attention of all prospective new car purchasers. It is the clause entitling every owner to the ***free replacement — by any dealer in Canada or the United States handling the same make of car*** —of any part (except tires) that proves defective in material or workmanship, within 90 days after delivery, or 4,000 miles of driving, whichever may occur first. ***This applies to labor as well as to material.***

The signed agreement—which is delivered with every new General Motors car—is backed by the most complete and efficient service organization in Canada. Because there are more than 2,000 authorized General Motors parts and service outlets throughout the Dominion, and eight factory-maintained parts distributing warehouses, at strategical points, you are never more than a few hours away from a General Motors parts depot, no matter where you travel in Canada.

Ask your nearest General Motors dealer for full details regarding this Owner Service Policy which assures your lasting satisfaction with any General Motors car.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • MARQUETTE • OAKLAND
VIKING • • McLAUGHLIN-BUICK • • LASALLE • • CADILLAC

All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS *of* CANADA LIMITED

Factories at Oshawa, Walkerville, St. Catharines, Regina.

Children prefer its *Richer Flavour*

Added Fragrance

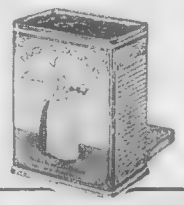
La Belle Chocolatiere — the Symbol of Quality since 1780.

IN 1780 Walter Baker & Co. started making fine chocolate. They're still making it. Year after year Baker's Chocolate has been the outstanding choice wherever chocolate was used, either for home cooking or by makers of fine candy. Today Baker's is still supreme.

Every generation prefers Baker's Cocoa because of its *richer* chocolate flavour. That's why your children love it. And they get richness plus smoothness plus easy digestibility in the bargain!

Today buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa from your grocer. Note the recipe given here. Use it. Serve it often. *It's cocoa at its best.*

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking.

BAKER'S  COCOA

Try this New Recipe

Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, ¼ cup water, ¾ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out this recipe. It is *new* and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

CA-30-M

The Blockade

Continued from page 17

"You will?" she exclaimed. "I know men do not like to interfere! I am grateful, Jean Fortier!"

"Me, I am grateful for the chance to do something for you!" said Jean; then, abruptly, went out of the cabin into the night.

Fortier stood under the stars with his feet braced in the snow, head flung back, indifferent to that cold which was like the grip of a giant hand. A wind was sweeping his soul along, fanning a glow that threatened to burst into a great flame. Jean Fortier, who had been afraid neither of wilderness nor of wild beast nor of the worst of his own kind, was afraid now . . . of himself!

A frost riven branch cracked with a sound like a rifle shot. Jean shuddered, and went back into the cabin. There the game was still going on. Fortier filled the stove with wood. Again Joncas went to his wife for money, and this time she gave it to him without protest. The grin on the face of Tobie Giroux grew broader.

The kindly blue eyes of Fortier dimmed with pain as he watched Adele Joncas, sewing with fingers forced to their task. His slender but well knit length slumped upon the bench where he sat; very well he knew how little he could do to help her. At last she put her work away, replaced the phonograph tenderly on its beam, and retired behind the curtains.

Omer Bolduc knocked out his pipe and turned in without a word to anyone. Jean barred the door and went to his bunk. The last thing he remembered that night was the slap and shuffle of cards and the low occasional words of Joncas and Tobie.

THE next day Fortier tried to get an opportunity to be alone with Tobie but it seemed that the big fellow avoided him. That night there was another session with the cards; and another visit to the pocketbook of the family Joncas. Adele did not attempt to play the phonograph; nor did she sing while the card game was going on.

It was three days before Fortier had a chance to speak to Giroux; then he came into the cabin, after the day's work, with a pail of fresh water. There was no one but Tobie in sight and Jean wasted no time.

"Giroux," he said, "I want to talk to you about Joncas——"

"Then don't talk!" Tobie Giroux looked at him with the willingness of murder written between low growing hair and jutting chin. But Fortier, who had spent most of his life in the chantiers of the north, was not to be silenced by a stare. He cared not at all that Giroux outweighed him twenty or thirty pounds; that the big man's shoulder muscles bulged until his sleeve could hardly contain the arm that was moving toward his knife.

"Stop me if you can!" barked Fortier. "Do you see that Joncas' wife grows thin day by day, when we have good food? She cries by night! This is not my business. I know it! But in the games where I have played it was not good to strip a man of all he had!"

"You mean that I cheat?" The hand of Giroux settled upon the hilt of his knife. Jean's fingers found his own weapon. They looked at each other; but to Fortier it seemed that an inward voice was whispering to him that he could best serve the cause of Adele Joncas by waiting.

"That I don't know!" he said to Tobie, truthfully.

"I shall play with Joncas!" Giroux shrugged and sneered; he relaxed. "Who is there here to take from me what I win?"

"Keep his money, then!" exclaimed Jean. "I have said what I had to say!"

He had turned to go out of doors again when he saw a pair of legs appear from the bunk of Omer Bolduc. The old man groaned as he let himself down to the floor, stiff with age and rheumatism.

"Never again will I go to a chantier where there is a woman!" he grunted. "I hope one of you kills the other very soon! Then there will be peace!"

He sat down and began to fill his pipe, paying no further attention to the others. Jean Fortier went out into the gathering darkness; he saw Adele and Remi standing at a corner of the cabin. The low sound of her sobs came to him, overridden by the angry voice of her husband. Jean strode down the trampled path toward the place where they chopped. Supperless, he walked that path until the full glory of the stars had come out above.

From that night on time drifted in a monotony of suffering. For the most part there was silence among those in the cabin, except between Tobie Giroux and Joncas. These two played cards every evening. The phonograph remained on the beam and the voice of Adele was stilled from supper until morning came again.

But during the long days she played, and sang to herself. Jean, coming back to the cabin occasionally for matches or tobacco, would be met by "A la Claire Fontaine" or "En Roulant Ma Boule" as he opened the door. He would smile at Adele and she would give him a glimpse of that brightness which made all his world different. Then he would go out, perhaps without having spoken to her.

THERE could be no doubt that Tobie was winning a great deal from Joncas. Once in a while Remi would flush with something akin to joy; rub his hands when the evening session was finished, and smile. But for one of these evenings there was a dozen when he pushed back from the game with drooping shoulders and eyes staring at the floor. Day by day Adele grew more pale, thinner; day by day Jean ached with a pain of increasing bitterness.

At last there came a night when Joncas and Tobie played far later than they ever had before. Fortier awakened toward daylight and saw them still bending over the board that lay across their knees. He slept again; and the next day he saw that Remi Joncas was pasty of color and very deep in thought. His axe rose and fell as usual and he went through the motions of living like the rest of them, but it was clear to see that his mind was buried in some place of torment.

That evening Remi Joncas paced the floor as he had through the first few evenings in camp; a man driven by some desire from which he could not flee no matter how many miles he covered. He glanced at Adele now and then; and away again. He did not meet her clear eyes that followed him, but he looked at her; his hands were locked behind his back and the fingers laced in and out in tune to his uneasy thoughts. At last he stopped in front of Tobie Giroux, who had spent the past hour ruffling his cards, and made a gesture. That gesture swept away barriers; it was a decision.

"We'll play!" said Joncas, in a low tone. "It goes as you said!"

"Bon!" Giroux straightened up so quickly that even old Omer allowed his eyes to flicker in surprise. His big hands were eager as he shuffled the cards; his face alight with an unholy glow.

The game began. Fortier, looking at Adele, saw her eyes fill as she stared across the room at the barren wall; saw two drops gather and tremble and find their way down the hollows of her cheeks. It was more than he could stand. He sprang up, and as he caught her glance he made a slight movement of his head toward the door. Jean went out, and as he went he noted that Tobie was looking darkly up at him under those brows which were like brush heaps. He had seen that signal, without doubt.

Fortier stood on the hard packed snow before the cabin, with drifts shoulder high on each side, and waited for the light step of Adele. He heard the door close; [Continued on page 39]

The Blockade

Continued from page 38

she came, and he thrilled at the swift, crisp sound of her feet. He set his teeth against the joy that it was to be waiting for her, to have her come to him. Jean Fortier was there to help her, and that was all.

"I understand," she murmured, as she came up beside him. "You want to do something for me. But it is too late, my friend!"

"Too late?" he repeated.

"He has lost everything! All that we had saved and all we will get from the work of this winter! What he plays with tonight I don't know. It must be that he is getting a debt for us!"

"There should be no law against shooting the breed of Tobie Giroux!"

"I am afraid of him!" she exclaimed. "I admit it now. And he has almost finished Remi!"

"Almost!" echoed Fortier, bitterly. "Is he not completely finished?"

"Bon Dieu! Am I the only one who has faith that he can be saved? I am alone!"

Jean Fortier was shaken; his face twisted in the merciful dimness of the starlight He turned and took her by the shoulders.

"Adele! You know . . . you must know . . . . I would give my life for you!"

"Don't, Jean!" Her cry cut that frozen stillness like a swift thrust of pain. "I cannot bear this much more!"

"I suffer——"

"Oh, dear fool!" The fingers of Adele clutched the thick sleeves of his capote. "Jean! Jean! It is not you more than Adele who suffers! But for you there is the future . . . other women . . . ."

"Dieu Seigneur! You know you have lied, my little one! There is no other like you! And you and I must live in hell because of that man inside there who cares nothing for you! Who——"

"Jean!" Her chilled hand clamped upon his mouth "What do you do in the bush when the wolves come, three together, two for the feint and one for the attack in the rear? Tell me, Jean Fortier, what do you do?"

"I stand and fight!" he cried, so that his voice rang and echoed from the dark wall of the forest.

"Ah!" She drew a great breath. "And what do you do when you are back to the wall with a knife in front of you?"

"I give my soul to le bon Dieu, and fight!"

"Good! And me, I fight! Will you stand and fight, or will you be one of the wolves that come at me to pull me down? Answer, Jean Fortier!"

"You fight for him!"

"For him and for myself! Have you never seen a man down, and in need of a friend? Have you never stood in front of a friend? Shame, then! I know you have or you would not be . . my Jean!"

Slowly Jean Fortier lifted her hand and laid it against his cheek, and pressed it there as though he would stamp his spirit with the imprint of her high courage.

"I understand, Adele!"

"We fight! And each alone! The rest, my Jean, is with le bon Dieu!"

"Yes," he said. "It is the truth that I could not steal from Remi Joncas, nor from any other man. Always I have been bon camarade, Adele!'

"I have not known you, but I know that!" She tried to laugh gayly, and wrenched the heart of Frontier with the sound. "If it were not true I could not call you 'my Jean!' And I cannot leave Remi because I, also, am a good comrade!"

"I cannot leave you . . . nor him, now!" said Fortier, slowly. "Giroux will keep him . . . Joncas will not go. It is a blockade!"

"It will break, Jean, if we stand!"

"If it does not break us!"

"Have faith——"

"I shall fight, faith or no faith!"

"Me, I must have faith, my Jean, for I am afraid! I must find . . . the clear fountain . . . you understand, Jean!"

"Adele! Ah . . . . Adele!'

"Come!" she cried, turning toward the cabin with her face lifted to the stars "It is for us to keep the wolves from Remi! But . . . never will I forget thee!"

JEAN FORTIER followed her, closed the door behind them, and stood blinking in the candlelight. The game had stopped, but this time the cards lay scattered on board and bench and floor. Giroux sat in his place, with a glitter in the eyes which met Jean and Adele, and a curl of triumph lifting his thick lip. He did not speak as they came in but not for an instant did his gaze leave the woman.

Adele wanted music; she had need of it. Fortier saw her glance turn to the phonograph and he understood. Moreover, he knew she wanted to help the silent figure that was Remi Joncas. That he had lost was certain. He lay stretched on his bunk with both arms over his face; but Jean noticed that he was peering at them. Only Omer Bolduc remained unaffected by the tension of that atmosphere. His hand was steady as a rock when he held a match above the bowl of his pipe.

There was an unknown danger in the air. If Adele got courage to play she would bring upon them the storm that was hovering; and she was gathering courage. She went chalk white as her gaze traveled from the phonograph to the face of Tobie; back to the battered machine. Fortier regretted that she had to play; it was a time for courage but not for recklessness. Yet he understood that the music was a symbol of her faith in herself, a stand against Giroux, a test because her husband needed it.

Jean could see her gathering strength. He drew a breath of resignation. All he could do was to hope that Tobie was not ready for an open clash; that he had more to win from Joncas. But hope faded. The emotion of Tobie Giroux filled the room like a fog; the veins in his bull neck stood out and made little ridges in the candlelight. His heavy face had become dark with blood.

Suddenly Adele flung back her head. It was a gesture of triumph and of despair. It was as though she had placed a little moccasined foot on the neck of fear, although she knew what price might be paid there for her courage to defy Giroux. To Fortier she had never seemed so beautiful as in that moment; light from one of the bracketed candles fell softly upon hollowed cheeks, it revealed the curve of her chin and the beautiful line from ear tip to shoulder. Her gaze turned to Jean for an instant, and it seemed to him that he looked through a long perspective into a kingdom of eternal peace.

Adele crossed the room with deliberate steps and took down the phonograph. She set it on the table and wound it. Jean watched her hands; long and slender, delicate, and yet strong with the strength of hands that are used to some purpose. Like butterflies they hovered over the records, tenderly, before she chose one. She released the spring and music drifted through the cabin, taking possession of it.

"A la claire fontaine . . . ."

With the first words of the song the great muscles of Tobie Giroux became tense; he was a wild beast ready to spring. Adele did not look at him; she stood with her head slightly to one side, staring at the floor, as though she heard something which the others did not.

"M'en allant promener . . . ."

"Stop that thing!" bellowed Giroux.

The noise of his command smothered the music for an instant, and was lost. The song went on.

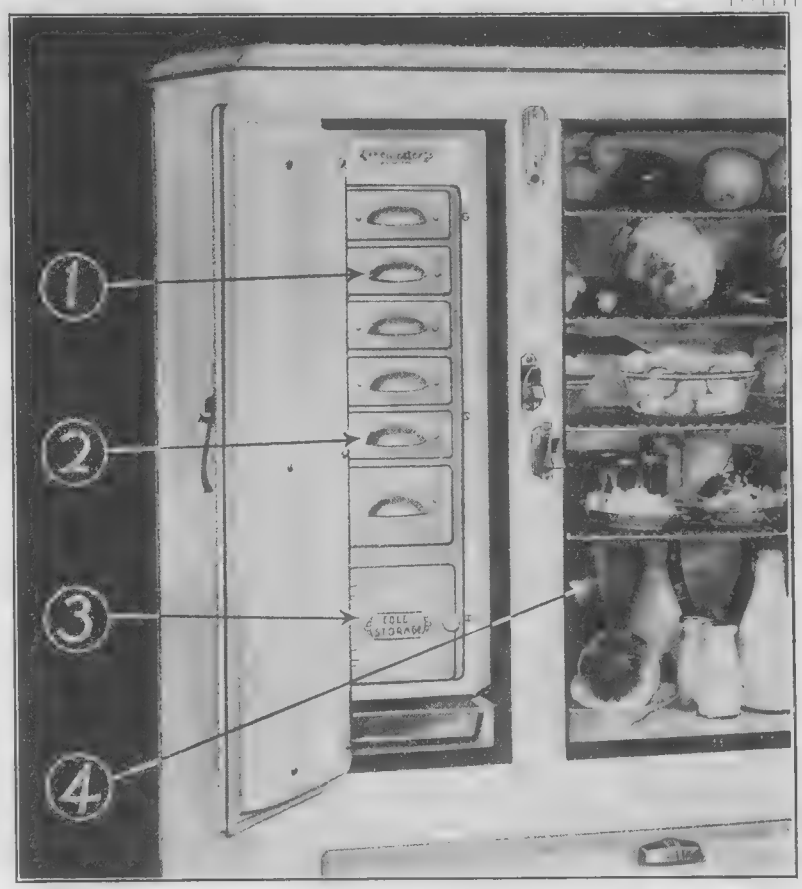
"J'ai trouve l'eau si belle . . . ."

Tobie got up, lifted by the tornado of his own wrath. Adele looked down upon him from immeasureable heights, and smiled defiance.

"Que je m'y suis baigne! . . . ."

Giroux broke through whatever had held him. [Continued on Page 40]

The NEW Kelvinator gives you four automatic electric refrigeration services



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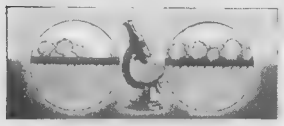

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The Blockade

Continued from page 39

He advanced upon Adele. Jean, waiting all this time, leaped forward.

"Don't touch her!" he thundered.

Giroux turned. They faced each other, Tobie with his knife balanced on the palm of his hand.

"Do you want it?" he snarled. "Or will you mind your own business? She belongs to me now!"

"What?" cried Fortier, dazed. "What's that?"

"I won her from Joncas tonight! I'm going to have her!"

Adele reeled against the wall. Dark terror was in her eyes but her chin was high and her courage undimmed. Joncas sat up; his teeth chattered.

"Is that true, Joncas?" demanded Jean.

"Y-yes!" in a thin, high voice. "Oh, Adele! Adele!"

Through a moment of deep quiet came the refrain of the song:

"Lui, ya longemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

In the eyes of Adele, Jean saw more bitterness than he had believed human eyes could hold; and then again faith came shining through, as from a sepulchre of dead hopes.

Tobie laughed. Then Fortier knew that the time had come. He went forward warily, lightly, knife in hand. The picture of Joncas sitting on the bunk, face buried in his hands, remained with Jean; Bolduc on his bench, smoking, and Adele leaning against the wall. No one of them moved. Fortier knew that he was alone in this battle.

IT WAS the advance of a terrier upon a bull. Jean had made up his mind to die for the woman he loved and it gave him a curious lightness of heart, something akin to joy. A rush, a cry from Adele, a lightning play of steel; Fortier had gone in and out again, slashing. He had cut the sleeve of Tobie from wrist to elbow and left a long red line upon the thick forearm.

The smart of that wound added, if possible, to the fury of Tobie Giroux. A smaller man had attacked him and got away in safety. He lowered his head and turned slowly as Jean moved in front of him. The phonograph ran down with a hoarse scratching. The pad-pad of moccasins and quick breathing were the only sounds in the cabin.

Jean found time to glance at Adele; if he had risked his life he would have done it. She was no longer a saint; she had become a woman again and a man was fighting for her. Shining eyes and parted lips....She lifted his soul. He rushed a second time, and scored. A long lunge touched Giroux; pricked him in the ribs and for an instant drove the blood from his dark face.

Then Fortier grew too eager. He pretended to attack, retreated to draw Tobie after him, and failed to take proper account of the ground behind. He found himself falling and realized that he had tripped over the feet of Omer Bolduc, that silent and apparently indifferent witness. Jean sprawled flat. An instant he lay with outflung arms, and Tobie Giroux took full advantage of that instant. His arms drew back, poised his knife, and threw it.

Jean, staring up past the immobile face of Bolduc, saw the flash of steel; felt the parting of flesh as that blade drove through the collar of his shirt and pinned him to the floor. Giroux came, gloating. He leaned down and took the knife that had fallen from the hand of Fortier.

"You'll stay there," he growled, "until I get ready to bury you!"

Jean had been held motionless and staring eyed as much by shock as by the knife; he knew now that it had missed the great vein and that only a strip of muscle at the base of his neck was pierced. He must get up! Tobie had turned away from him, satisfied, and was swaggering toward Adele.

Fortier set his teeth together and, panting with the effort, flung up an arm and pulled the knife clear of shirt and flesh. He had to get up! Tobie was reaching for Adele; she shrank against the table. Jean rolled over and got his feet under him, dizzily.

Suddenly, a great cry filled the room; the cry of a soul hurled over the brink of despair. Fortier, upright at last, saw Remi Joncas leap across the room and throw himself headlong upon Giroux.

It was finished before Jean could no more than take a firm grip upon his knife. There was a moment's struggle; then Joncas sank down slowly. He went to his knees, and tumbled over to one side. Tobie drew away, teeth bared, the knife still in his hand. He stared stupidly at what he had done; stared until he realized that Fortier was at him, raging with a fury which transcended superior strength and weight.

Jean drove Giroux in a long arc until they had gone around to the side of the stove where Bolduc sat and where the racked guns hung against the wall. Jean beat down his guard, caught the blade with a twist, and sent it ringing across the cabin.

Tobie jumped backward and reached for a rifle. His hand laid hold upon one of them when Omar Bolduc made his first movement since the beginning of the fight. He rose as though he were on springs and swept a gun from the rack before Tobie could bring his into action. Old Omer brought the stock down upon the head towering above him. Giroux fell as a tree falls, mightily, shaking that solid building. He lay at full length, quiet.

"Me, I like music," said Bolduc; he put the gun back and sat down, reaching for his pipe.

Jean was already on his way to Adele. She knelt beside her husband and took his head in her lap. The eyes of Remi Joncas opened; and cleared as they looked up into the faces bending over him. A faint smile touched his pale lips.

"I was—good to you—at last!" he whispered to his wife. Her fingers smoothed his hair; she shut her teeth down upon a little whimper of pain.

"Yes, Remi!"

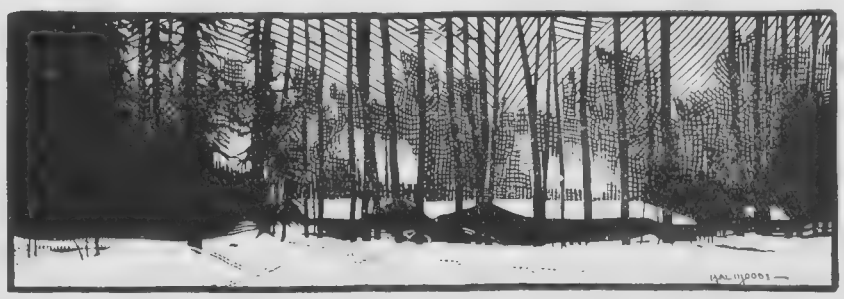
"Jean plays—with a straight deck! I lose—Adele!"

He sighed like a very sleepy child, and was gone. Adele looked up to Jean; her eyes begged for comfort. Bewildered, pleading, they found him and rested. He raised her to her feet; unbarred the door and led her out into the star jewelled night. The frozen snow crunched with a clean, fresh sound as they walked a few steps from the cabin. The great drifts gleamed like frosted silver.

"The blockade is broken," said Jean, in a low voice. "Giroux will go out of the bush at the end of a rifle tomorrow!"

She lifted her arms to the beautiful world of dark forest, set in a silver white frame; to the stars above them.

"It had to break, my Jean," she whispered, "if we stood fast!"



Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

To Leave or not to Leave

IF A boy enters school at six years of age, he will be twelve by the time he has passed Grade 6, assuming that he passes each year. Should he live in a city which has a junior high school system, he may spend three more years in junior high school, covering Grades 7, 8 and 9. This will bring him to age fifteen. He may then enter senior high school, spending two years on Grades 10 and 11, and an additional year in Grade 12, or senior matriculation. He will then be eighteen years of age, still assuming that he has passed each year.

At this point another educational event may occur—entrance to the university, in which from three to seven years may be spent according to the courses that are selected, so that a scholar passing each year and continuing through the university may be graduated with his degree at an age varying from twenty-one to twenty-five.

Should a man live to be seventy-five years of age, these figures would indicate that university students have spent some fifteen years, or a fifth of their lives, in formal education. This perhaps is not too long, provided that the fruits of such an education are made available for the service of society later on. "Education," says E. T. Campagnac, "is not an equipment for getting on in the world, but for understanding it."

During this long educational apprenticeship, however, there are several points at which students are tempted or are apparently compelled to leave school; in the country very often at the end of Grade 6, and in the city at the end of Grade 8. So far as cities are concerned, the tendency is more and more to set Grade 11 as a popular finishing time.

If a student must leave school prematurely, it is unfortunate, but cannot be helped. There are, however, probably many instances of students leaving school without a really compelling cause. It is well to remember that every day properly spent in school is a kind of insurance that makes for a more satisfactory achievement in the contests of later life.

All of this is preliminary to the matter that follows.

A Question Answered

IN A fourth year examination in English the following question occurred:

"Write a letter to a friend telling him that you are not going to a university. Give three reasons for your decision. Write a reply to the letter urging a reconsideration and distinctly refuting the arguments that have been made."

In following sections are given, first, the letter required by the first part of the question, and, second, the answer suggested.

The Letter

Dear Jack:

I am planning to graduate from technical high school this January and I have decided to go immediately into business. Many of my friends have planned to go to university and wish me to go with them. However, I have decided not to do so.

There are several reasons why I have decided not to go to university. First, are there not many advantages to a boy from the ten or fifteen dollars he may earn weekly? Second, why should I stay in school when I can earn from ten to fifteen dollars a week? Third, are there not many successful men who are not university men?

First, I have been in school long enough and just think what I can do with ten dollars a week. I can have a great deal of fun with it and buy myself good clothes. George, my friend, does all these things; and is much happier than I am with a small allowance weekly. Secondly, it means much to me to be able to earn this money. I am proud of this, as most of my friends who went to work from public school are earning only eight.

Then, too, I know that many prosperous men have never had a university education. There is Adam Smith, of the Forge Company, who is a manager and has done very well. Also, in the mill in Crandon, Mr. Earnest Ledger is a buyer with a large salary. He is not a university man.

For these reasons I have decided not to waste four years in university but to take a position immediately.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur.

The Answer

Dear Arthur:

I received your letter telling me of your decision not to go to university. I think you are wrong in this matter.

You may see the simple advantages of ten or fifteen dolars now. But I wish to appeal to you with this thought—what you may do with a salary of twenty or twenty-five dollars a week which you will be able to earn easily after you leave university.

If you start now at ten dollars a week, you may be earning fourteen at the end of four years, but with a university education you can earn more. Could you not spend this or a larger amount to better advantage? Then, too, your father is able to support you partially for four years more. It would be different if he were poor.

Secondly, what can equal an education? If you are going to let a paltry lure of ten dollars a week deter you from getting all you can from educational opportunities, I think you are foolish. I wish I had your chance to go to university.

Then, too, let me tell you that a university man can see through any serious proposition more quickly—much more quickly than an untrained man. In university he has met the big problems before.

He may need to start at the bottom as other men do, but he progresses faster. This is true as shown in the Parkin Company, where the university men hold the better positions through their own efforts. These men, too, are often given big problems to test their possibilities, and they seldom fail. Some companies prove my point by sending their men to university, paying part of their expenses. The companies are repaid by the increased earning power of their employees later on.

Finally, remember that education is sought not only as a means of earning a living but also as a means whereby the finer aspects of life may be more thoroughly appreciated. In university you may discover that you have abilities of the kind that are needed in one of the great professions. In any event, you will never regret the cultural influences that will affect for good the whole of your future life.

Sincerely yours,
Jack.

Ponder This

From a similar examination paper we select the question that follows, the problem involved being not one of university but of high school education. The answer to this question will be given next month:

"One of your friends at the end of the first year of the high school has written you that he is planning to give up his school work in order to make more money and to advance more rapidly. He is a student of alert mind. His parents can afford to keep him in high school and wish him to remain there. Try to persuade him to remain."

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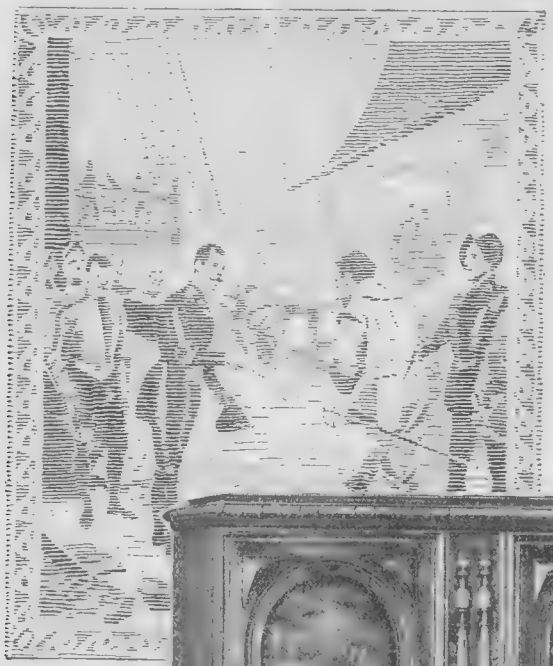

The DRAKE

ELIZABETHAN MOTIF

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE (1545-1595)

Seaman—Privateer—English Admiral

COMMENCING at the age of twenty, Drake, through many successful expeditions of the sea, became an outstanding character in English history, reaching the zenith of his career in 1588, when he conquered the Spanish Armada.

It was during this period in English history, Queen Elizabeth determined to develop native skill and industry, and arts and crafts entered into a new era which resulted in a very marked improvement in English home life. Furniture gained greater recognition as a household necessity and was created with the purpose of supplying comfort and utility in addition to decorative splendour.

Enjoying the tremendous advantages of modern equipment and a much broader selection of fine materials, the craftsmen of today, choosing the prominent characteristics of the Elizabethan period, experience no difficulty in enhancing the magnificence of the furniture of the Elizabethan era.

This fact is convincingly demonstrated in the DRAKE, a striking creation of McLagan designers and craftsmen.

The acquisition of McLagan-built furniture is not confined to the wealthy. It is available to practically all Canadian home-makers and is sold by representative furniture dealers throughout Canada.

The Crest of Quality

Built by McLagan STRATFORD-CANADA

THE McLAGAN FURNITURE CO. LTD., STRATFORD, CAN.

Lemon Filling

Continued from page 11

fer you to be a-marchin' to the stable. I'll be turnin' the dog on you when I count three 'less you be a-movin' the way I be a-tellin' you. Ef the dog don't git you, I'll jest be a-shootin' you!—ONE!"

"Fer heaven's sake, Zib, listen ter me a minute, will yuh! Hev yuh gone clean dippy? Y'aint meanin'——?"

"TWO!"

The dog snarled as he felt the rope loosen still another loop. He strained forward eagerly.

"Zib! Hold on a minute! Now look here, sister, I'm——"

"TH - - REE!"

"GOIN', doggonit!" finished Dan Peters savagely.

About he went, overpoweringly anxious, and started forward with alacrity towards the old stable in the rear of the premises, Miss Hepzibah following grimly, the dog's drooling jaws within a yard of his heels.

It did not take long to get the harness on the old horse. Dan Peters lingered near the lantern, stroking one big hand along the animal's neck.

"Well Bill, ol' boy, I aint seen yuh fer quite a spell. I wonder ef yuh've fergot me plumb, same as her" he apostrophied. "Eh, ol' nag? Do yuh 'member the little kid yuh uster carry on y'r back?" He laid his head on the old horse's neck with a show of affection.

"Drop that knife! Drop it!"

The words came like the spilling of marbles on a surface of thick glass, so quick and hard and sharp they were. Miss Hepzibah thrust forward the muzzle of the gun till the black holes of it stared cavernous menace.

"I told you afore I beant a-goin' to hev no foolin', Danny Peters!"

He stared at her with a new respect as he loosened the clutch of his fingers on the wooden handle of the cobbler's knife that was stuck in the stable beam. She had left it there one day after mending the harness.

"Y'aint needin' no specs yet, Zib" he conceded reluctantly.

"I beant a-goin' to hev no foolin'" she repeated with asperity. "Take down that there rope!" He lifted the coil from its peg. "We'll be a-hitchin' up now."

The dusty old democrat was standing conveniently near the stable door and it was with a sudden appreciation of the situation that he guffawed as he backed the horse into the shafts and slipped the tugs over the iron hooks of the whiffle-tree.

But his mirth was short lived. She made him climb into the back of the democrat. She made him stretch himself on his stomach with his arms behind him. When she proceeded to tie his hands together he protested vehemently that he would go peaceably without this indignity. The dog growled ominously.

"The wise shall inherit glory: but shame shall be the promotion of fools" she quoted severely. "Now, roll over! Roll!"

He rolled. She then tied his feet securely, running the rope from his ankles over the end of the democrat and around the rear axle, carrying it forward underneath the rig and bringing it up over the front seat; in the end of it she fixed a slip-knot and throwing this over his head, drew it taut around his neck with no gentleness.

"Kuh — gug — gug!" he gurgled. He kicked and the dog grabbed his boot.

She loosened the rope so that he could breathe and released the boot. Then lifting in the dog beside him, she fastened the brute's rope to the handle of the seat. With the gun between her knees she jerked on the lines.

"Zib!" he implored, terrified.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw that Prinney had stretched himself out comfortably upon the prisoner's stomach.

"He won't be a-bitin' you 'less I be a-tellin' him to" she reassured. "Or 'less you move vi'lent" she added.

At the front doorstep she pulled up to secure the Grandfather's old carpet-bag. A moment later they had rolled out onto the highway that reached off in the moonlight, a winding ribbon of white, thick with dust. It promised to be a strange journey.

DANIEL PETERS, thug, all-around good-for-nothing, convicted of embezzlement and a few other little things, preserved silence for some time. Dan Peters, wanted for jail-breaking, was thinking—thinking so hard that his small, crafty eyes were almost entirely out of sight beneath the fleshy folds of his eye-lids while his heavy mouth was drawn to one side in a smirk of contempt that bared his yellow teeth. The contempt for the physical cowardice of D. Peters—for the inherent terror of dogs that enabled a thin old woman to tie up a great big bulk of a man like a trussed pig and take him back to the jail from which he had escaped nearly a year before. It was his hoodoo, that terror with which he had been born. If he had had a weapon of any kind—! If he hadn't left his gun—!

Peters cursed to himself as vehemently as one can curse on one's back without unduly agitating one's diaphragm. Even so, the gentle pastime provoked a warning growl from the ugly passenger who rode the swell of it—a growl which presented Mr. Peters with the unusual and altogether unpleasant sensation of a pipe-organ thundering bass to a congregation composed of a liver, a spleen, a stomach, a couple of kidneys and sundry giddy nerve centres.

"Aint this joke gone far 'nough, Zib, girl? Y'aint really meanin' ter hand me over ter them fellers yonder, are yuh?" he ventured at length in such a small, meek voice that Miss Hepzibah glanced at him sharply.

"Do it look as ef we be a-goin' into town to do shoppin'?" she demanded scornfully.

"Hev yuh fergot as I'm y'r own brother, Zib?"

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place" quoted Miss Peters, compressing her lips grimly. "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh."

"Aw, cut it!"

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind."

"The breezes fer mine alright, Zib, ef yuh hand me over! Yuh uster tell me yuh loved me" he attempted wistfully. "Them was the days when yuh made me wear a pink sash, I reckon. Do yuh 'member the time, Zib, when I run away an' got the sash all sp'iled tryin' to tie it 'round the ol' pig's neck? It was on my—my birthday, Zib, an' yuh was gointer give me a party. 'Member?"

"It—It was on your bithday, Danny" nodded Miss Hepzibah sadly.

"Seems like that was a mighty long time back, Zib."

"You was six then; you'll be thirty-four, comes next Friday."

"Gee! I'd fergot the dates. It—it aint gointer be a very happy birthday, is it, Zib? 'S my unlucky day, I reckon."

"It aint a-goin' to be a happy birthday, Danny" agreed Miss Hepzibah, tremulously.

"Yuh—Yuh fergive me fer sp'ilin' the sash that time, Zib" he suggested craftily.

"I hev fergave you oncet, Danny Peters" sobbed Miss Hepzibah, unable longer to restrain her tears. "I hev fergave you a hundred times! An' how hev you rewarded that fergiveness?—by comin' back to steal from the hand that helped you an' breakin' the heart that loved you! Oh how could you do it? How could you do it?"

"Listen, Zib" he broke out hopefully. "I didn't mean ter—say, Zib, I'm sorry fer it Honest ter Gawd, I'm sorry fer it! I didn't intend ter take the money. I——"

Lemon Filling

Continued from page 42

"The hearin' ear an' the seein' eye, the Lord hath made even both of 'em.'

"Won't yuh give a feller 'nother chancet, Zib?"

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, an' let not thy soul spare fer his cryin'."

"Don't yuh think I'm handin' it ter yuh straight now?"

"'The righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness.'"

"I say, don't yuh think I'm on the level 'bout bein' sorry, Zib?"

"'When he speaketh fair, believe him not: for there be seven abominations in his heart.'"

"Ef yuh go handin' me over ter them jail shysters, Zib, they'll give me ten years. They will fer a fact! I wouldn't be much good when I got out, would I?"

"'The fear o' the Lord prolongeth days: but the years o' the wicked shall be shortened.'"

"Bah! What's eatin' yuh, anyways?"

"'Correction is grievous unto him that fersaketh the way.'"

"Aw, hell!"

"Br-rer-r-r!" growled the dog.

For a time they rolled on in silence through the still summer night. The moon floated in the sky like a silver chalice, spilling its pallor upon the fat back of the old gray horse, on the oval of the woman's face, on the white dog; it converted the dust behind them into drifting vapor. Occasionally the click of a wheel against a stray stone obtruded on the chirring monotony of crickets in the dried grasses of the wayside.

The man's face was tense with impotent anger. His bushy brows were drawn in a scowl. For Dan Peters knew now that she would keep her word—that she would take him straight to the prison gates. He tried another tack.

"Spoutin scriptur'! — You spoutin' scriptur'!" He laughed huskily. "Aw, yuh make me weary! What 'bout poor Bill Taylor, eh? Kin yuh spout scriptur' fit his case, sister mine? Nice fine Christian sperrit yuh showed him alright alright!" He laughed again, contemptuously. "Why, I wouldn't 've treated a dumb annymal the way yuh went an' treated poor Bill Taylor an' I aint pretendin' ter be no church artist, believe me!"

"We won't be discussin' things as ain't none o' your business, Danny Peters' said Miss Hepzibah severely, a quick look of pain in her eyes.

"Oh alright. On'y I thought as mebbe yuh'd like ter hear how he croaked —died, y'understand."

"Died!" It was a choking gasp rather than an exclamation. The lines sagged about the base of the dashboard; the muzzle-loader slid with a clatter to the bottom of the rig. "William Taylor — dead! Oh, I can't be a-believin' that, Danny Peters! I can't be a-believin' that!"

"Fat lot o' diff'rence it makes whether yuh do or whether yuh don't. That aint gointer fetch him back. What d'yuh think he was? — 'nother Methoosluh? Expectin' him to live fer-ever, was yuh? Humph! I didn't tell yuh 'fore 'cause I didn't wanter hurt yer feelin's. He—shot hisself!"

She was hanging over the seat, staring down at him with wild agonized eyes, her worn face wan in the moonlight. He saw that her fingers clutched the back of the seat with the frantic grip that presages collapse and all at once it dawned on him that she still cared—had cared through all the years · cared and waited for the lover who never came. The knowledge that he had found the weapon with which to wound brought great satisfaction to Dan Peters and he gloated evilly the while he tried to conceal the fact.

"William Taylor couldn't be a-doin' that. I beant a-goin' to believe it. William Taylor couldn't be a-doin' a thing like that." She mumbled it over and over.

"Whatcha talkin' 'bout? He could do't ef he put a pistol ter his head an' pulled the trigger, couldn't he? Was yuh thinkin' a pistol wouldn't go off fer Bill same as other folks?"

"The likes o' William Taylor beant a-committin' suicide!" she objected passionately.

"Well anyway, he done it, I tell yuh, fer I seen him!" she flinched as if he had struck her. "What's more, he told me jest why he done it. He done it 'count o' the way yuh treated him!" He laughed brutally.

"Listen ter me, Zib. I wasn't gointer tell yuh all this fer fear o' hurtin' yer feelin's, but I reckon y'aint sparin' me none, so I'll tell yuh the whole thing. I been a pretty bad sort, I reckon, but I wasn't a pair o' deuces 'longside a royal flush to what he become after he left these parts, believe me. He went clean ter the bad, poor Bill did, an' the night I run acrost him in a gamblin' joint he was all in.

"He told me he'd jest been out o' Sing-Sing a couple o' months an' hadn't been sober sincet—didn't intend ter ever git sober again, he sed. He wasn't so drunk but what he knew what he was sayin', though, an' he started ter tell me how bad yuh'd treated him, sendin' him away 'thout a chancet when he loved yuh true. He got all worked up, jest tellin' me of it, an' I tried ter git him ter shut up. But he wouldn't. Sudden he yelled out: 'Tell that pussy-cat I aint never gointer fergive her fer sendin' me ter the devil! Tell her that, Dan!"—an' Lord! first thing I knowed the fool hed pulled out a gun an blowed a hole in his head! There was some ructions 'round that joint fer awhile, believe me. I come near bein' 'cused o' killin' him. But 'twas hushed up final— a way they got in them places—an'—"

Miss Hepzibah tilted her nose to the moon and laughed—a shrill, unnatural laugh. He failed to catch the hysterical note of it.

"Shut up! I aint through yet. Mebbe yuh'll believe me when I am" he cried angrily.

"Pussy-cat!" she cackled. "William Taylor called me—a—'pussy-cat'!"

"I sed mebbe yuh'd believe me 'fore I git through!" snarled Peters, so vehemently that the dog's growl rumbled warningly. "Yuh 'member what y'r row with poor Bill was all 'bout, don't yuh? He was gointer take yuh out drivin' an' yuh sat there all evenin', waitin' fer him, all fluffed up in yer best bib an' tucker, an' he didn't show up. 'Member? An' when yuh found out he'd gone an' taken Sally Barker drivin' that night, yuh was s'all-fired mad yuh sent him scootin' next time he come 'round our place 'thout givin' him a chancet t'explain nothin'. 'Member?

"I see yuh do" he gloated. "Sally Barker had been tryin' ter set her cap fer Bill all the time. Yuh knew that. Yuh was a wise one, eh? Yuh couldn't understand it when that giddy girl run away with Ned Smallman an' Bill Taylor he'd faded away complete an' never come back. Oh, yuh was a wise one alright alright!" He scoffed.

"An' y'aint thinkin' yer little brother, Danny, kin tell nothin' but lies, eh? Well, listen ter this, yuh scriptur'-spoutin' idjit! 'Twas yer little brother Danny's birthday 'long 'bout that time an' yer little brother Danny was all-fired sore at the two o' yuh—Bill an' his sweetheart—'cause yuh was so mushy yuh hedn't time ter take poor little Danny inter town ter see the Dog-an'-Pony cirkis! 'Member?

"So, after a bit when yuh begun ter git sort o' anxious 'bout Bill not comin' back an' writ a letter, askin' him ter call an' make up, yer little brother Danny sees a chancet ter git even. Yuh sed in the letter fer Bill to send back a letter explainin' things an' then yuh'd let him call ef yuh was sat'sfied. 'Member?" He chortled over it. "Well —yer precious little brother Danny didn't go near Bill Taylor with that there letter. Not on yer life! He went down ter the ol' swimmin'-hole with the gang that [Continued on page 44]

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Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Lemon Filling

Continued from page 43

night an' used yer letter ter light the bonfire the boys made on the river-bank! An' when he got home he told yuh Bill jest tore yer letter up an' sed as there werent no answer!

"Wait a minute! Hold yer horses, now! I aint through yet. 'Bout that time Bill Taylor was worryin' hisself sick over yer treatment o' him an' he writ four or five letters to yuh, explainin' everythin' an' askin' yuh ter see him again jest oncet. But yuh didn't git any o' them letters 'cause he give 'em all ter yer little brother Danny an' after yer little brother Danny hed hed piles o' fun readin' 'em, he burnt 'em all up over behind the stable an' told Bill Taylor yuh tore 'em up 'thout readin' a line! Some cirkis, eh?" He laughed cruelly.

For he saw that she believed this part of his story at any rate. He waited eagerly for the fainting-spell that would cause her to fall forward helplessly in her seat. The terrible shock of this revelation as a climax to the revival of the poignant memories which she had hugged through the years left Miss Hepzibah trembling from head to foot, weak with emotions which stiffled her so that she seemed to gasp for very breath. The face she turned upon him was pinched and ghastly. She hung limply, desperately, to the back of the seat as she looked at him—looked and looked at him. Only her eyes were alive.

He waited. When her head sagged he intended to grab the dog's rope and before the brute could make a move, throw a loop of it around his neck and choke the life out of him. The rest would be easy. He could leave her by the roadside, drive back to the house, get the money, recover his revolver and say goodbye forever. He could—

"Danny Peters," she said, her voice hollow in its weakness, "will you tell me what was in them letters, as near as you kin remember—what William Taylor said?"

He watched her, eyes narrowed to mere slits, and decided that he could invent no knock-out blow more painful than the bare truth itself.

"He sed he was drivin' 'long in front o' the Barker place that night, on his way ter call fer yuh, when Sally come runnin' down ter the gate an' stopped him. Her hair was flyin' an' she looked red an' excited. She sed as how she'd hed a terrible row with the ol' man an' he hed driv her clean out o' the house an' told her never ter come back—all 'cause she wanted ter marry Ned Smallman. She sed Ned was over ter town an' she wanted ter see him right away so't him an' her could go an' elope that night. She told Bill how crool her father was with her an' how she couldn't stand it no longer. She was cryin' her eyes out an' she got down on her knees an' begged Bill ter drive her over ter town right there an' then. It made him awful sorry fer her an' so he done it, an' left her at the station while he went an' hunted up Ned Smallman. It took him quite a while ter find him an' by the time he'd seen e'm married an' helped 'em git away safe, it was too late ter drive over ter our place t'explain things. Sally never come back an' nobody knowed 'bout her an' Ned fer a long time, Bill havin' sworn ter keep it ter hisself. 'Twas Gertie Higginson as started all them stories 'bout Bill Taylor an' Sally. Gert was some jealous o' yuh, Zib. Bill Taylor was the whitest feller ever lived in these here parts! Fine way yuh went an' treated him!"

Dan Peters hadn't had much difficulty in working his right hand loose from the knot she had tied, for his wrists were strong. He had felt it give as he talked. Stealthily his hand slipped along the bottom of the rig towards the slack of the dog's rope. His fingers touched it, closed around it, gathered a loop of it. He eyed the dog. The animal looked comfortable enough, stretched out there, his nose between his paws. The loop would be around his throat before the brute could get into action. —Now!

With a snarl the dog buried his teeth in the fleshy part of the man's arm. Peter yelled.

Miss Hepzibah had not fainted. She had merely lowered her head with a low moan till it rested on her arm. She looked up dully. She reached over, struck the dog a sharp tap and pulled him away. She examined the bite and bound it tightly with a strip from his shirt-sleeve.

"We'll be a-goin' on now" she said apathetically.

THE sun was climbing above the murk of the city to the east when they reached the prison gates; it flashed upon the rifles of the guards and glared with hard brilliance on the window-panes of the governor's quarters. The old horse's pink tongue, lolling frothily from a grass-stained corner of his mouth, was eloquent of unaccustomed travel. Covered with dust, Miss Hepzibah climbed down stiffly and told her story. For verification there was Dan Peters himself, swearing furiously.

The obtrusion of routine details upon a pleasant chat with an old friend over the day's first cigar is not in the nature of a popular interruption and Warden Chadwick's reception of the news which presently reached him was confirmation of the fact. He was dismissing the matter with a wave of the hand when the old friend himself requested that Miss Peters and her prisoner be brought into the room. And inasmuch as old friends who are at the same time eminent lawyers and financial successes are not to be denied small favors and do not grow pale with suppressed emotion without reason, the request was promptly granted.

So that about fifteen minutes after reaching the prison, poor Miss Hepzibah with the muzzle-loader that had killed many deer in its day in one hand and the Grandfather's worn old carpet bag in the other, came faltering into the room.

For one brief moment she stood in the doorway, her face gone suddenly white. The old gun dropped with a loud clatter to the floor. The carpet bag fell with a soft thud.

"Will!" she gasped. With arms outstretched she tottered toward him and in one bound William Taylor was across the room and had her in his arms.

Dan Peters crowded back upon the guards in sudden panic and the movement brought Warden Chadwick to himself with a start. He glared at the group in the doorway and waved them away with a fierce gesture. He picked up his cigar and followed them out, softly closing the door, while the clocks of the universe stopped and in the room behind him Time flew back many many years for two people.

For Dan Peters had been lying magnificently about gambling joints and "Pussy-cats" and holes in the head of William Taylor and telling the magnificent truth about tearing up letters and building bonfires on the river bank by the old swimming hole. And the retelling of it all now took a very long time, a very long time indeed.

And when at last William Taylor picked up the Grandfather's worn old carpet bag and shook it curiously, it was a radiant face that sobered quickly upon his shoulder.

"And what have you got in here, Heppy? Is this the ammunition you didn't load that old musket with?" he laughed boyishly.

Quick tears filled Miss Hepzibah's eyes as she broke the string around a cardboard box and lifted out a layer cake. Just that!

"I baked it, intendin' to send it up to Danny's address in Canader," she explained tremulously, "an' I jest thought I'd be a-bringin' it along so't the jail folks could give it to him come next Friday. It's his birthday cake, Will, an' I—I didn't want Danny to be a-thinkin' I'd fergot him. It's his fav'rite kind—with lemon fillin'."

An Acadian Singer

Continued from page 4

volume of poetry that will win such sincere appreciation from another poet who is also a critic—why has "Matins" been permitted to lie so long without recognition?

Sherman was a lovable character, so modest that he never realized what beautiful work he was producing. This is brought out forcibly in a note that the writer received from Ruth Ann Sherman written at "Willow Pond Farm," Frazer, Penn.:—

> "Mr. Sherman was always so modest it was not until after we were married that I discovered he was the author of "Matins."

In Matins one finds such homely titles as the following:—

THE MOTHER
THE RAIN
AMONG THE HILLS
THE PATH
AFTER HARVEST
THE QUIET VALLEY
THE BUILDER
ON THE HILLSIDE
THE WINDOW OF DREAMS

R. H. Hathaway was probably the first Canadian writer to draw public attention to Sherman. "I have been keen on Sherman for many years and I do wish that it could be arranged to bring out a collected edition of his work. The moment we open 'Matins,'" Hathaway writes, "we feel ourselves in the presence of the work not only of a true poet but of a poet whose utterance is entirely new except in a few instances—in Canadian Poetry."

SHERMAN, it is clear from the opening pages, was steeped in the work of the English pre-Raphaelite poets; we catch an echo of the voice of William Morris as we read the first verse of the first poem, "At the Gate."

Swing open wide, O Gate,
That I may enter in
And see what lies in wait
For me who have been born!
Her word I only scorn
Who spake of death and sin.

I know what is behind
Your heavy brazen bars;
I heard it of the wind
Where I dwelt yesterday;
The wind that blows always
Among the ancient stars.

Life is the chiefest thing
The wind brought knowledge of,
As it passed, murmuring:
Life, with its infinite strength,
And undiminished length
Of years fulfilled with love.

The wind spake not of sin
That blows among the stars;
And so I enter in
(Swing open wide, O Gate!)
Fearless of what may wait
Behind your heavy bars.

There are poems later in the volume, however, which are even more plainly influenced by Morris and his fellows, notably "A November Vigil," in which a woman tells of her thoughts as she watches by the body of her dead lover:—

Now, I can hope for naught but death.
I would not stay to give him pain,
Or say the words a woman saith
When love hath called aloud in vain

And got no answer anywhere,
It were far better I should die,
And have rough strangers come to bear
My body far away, where I

Shall know the quiet of the tomb;
That they should leave me, with no tears,
To think and think within the gloom
For many years, for many years.

The thought of that strange, narrow place
Is hard for me to bear, indeed;
I do not fear cold Death's embrace,
And where black worms draw nigh to feed
On my white body, then, I know
That I shall make no mournful cry;
But that I should be hidden so
Where I no more may see the sky-

The wide sky filled with many a star,
Or all around the yellow sun,
Or even the sky where great clouds are
That wait until the rain be done.

Particularly fine is "A Memory" in which he has embodied his love of Nature:—

You are not with me though the Spring is here!
And yet it seemed to-day as if the Spring
Were the same one that in an ancient year
Came suddenly upon our wandering.

You must remember all that chanced that day.
Can you forget the shy awaking call
Of the first robin?—And the foolish way
That squirrel ran along the low stone wall?

The half-retreating sound of water breaking,
Hushing, falling; while the pine-laden breeze
Told us the tumult many crows were making
Amid innumerable distant trees.

The certain presence of the birth of things
Around, above, beneath us,—everywhere:
The soft return of immemorial Springs
Thrilling with life the fragrant forest air;

All these were with us then. Can you forget?
Or must you—even as I—remember well?
To-day, all these were with me, there,—and yet
They seemed to have some bitter thing to tell.

They looked with questioning eyes, and seemed to wait
One's doubtful coming whom of old they knew;
Till, seeing me alone and desolate,
They learned how vain was strong desire of you.

His vivid expression, his strong feeling and his lyric note are shown in "Between the Battles":—

Let us bury him here,
Where the maples are red!
He is dead,
And he died thanking God that he fell with the fall of the leaf and the year.

Where the hillside is sheer,
Let it echo our tread
Whom he led;
Let us follow as gladly as ever we followed who never knew fear.

Ere he died, they had fled;
Yet they heard his last cheer
Ringing clear,—
When we lifted him up, he would fain have pursued, but grew dizzy instead.

Break his sword and his spear!
Let this last prayer be said
By the bed
We have made underneath the wet wind in the maple trees moaning so drear:

"O Lord God, by the red
Sullen end of the year
That is here,
We beseech Thee to guide us and strengthen our swords till his slayers be dead!"

Like all Canadian poets, Sherman loved to paint the pageant of the seasons from "A Prelude"

[Continued on page 46]

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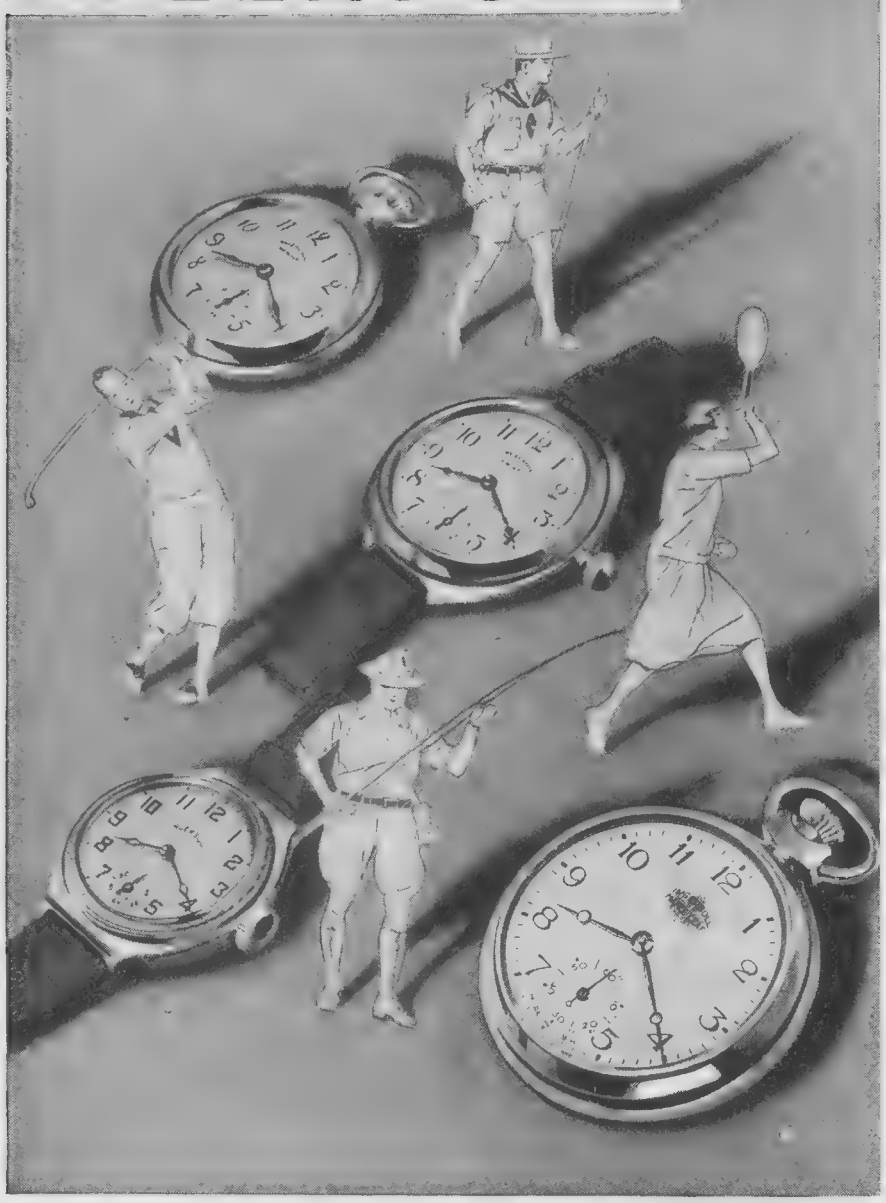

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An Acadian Singer

Continued from page 45

A Little While Before the Fall Was Done

A little while before the fall was done
A day came when the frail year paused and said:
"Behold! a little while and I am dead;
Wilt thou not choose ,of all the old dreams, one?"
Then dwelt I in a garden, where the sun
Shone always, and the roses all were red;
Far off the great sea slept, and overhead
Among the robins matins had begun.
And I knew not at all it was a dream
Only, and that the year was near its close;
Garden and sunshine, robin-song and rose,
The half-heard murmur and the distant gleam
Of all the unvest sea, a little space
Were as a mist above the Autumn's face.

In the following poem he celebrates the glory of summer:—

To Summer

Summer! I praise thee, who art glorius!
For now the sudden promise of the Spring
Hath been fulfilled many ways to us,
And all live things are thine.
Therefore, while all the earth
Is glad, and young, and strangely riotous
With love of thee, whose blood is even as wine,
I dare to sing,
Worshipping thee, and thy face welcoming;
I, also a lover of thy most wondrous worth.

Yet with no scorn of any passed days
Come I,—who even in April caught great pleasure,—
Making of ancient woes the stronger praise;
Nor build I this new crown
For my new love's fair head
Of flowers plucked in once oft-travelled ways,
And then forgot and utterly cast down;
But from the measure
Of a strange, undreamt-of, undivided treasure
I glean, and thus my love is garlanded.

Here are a few verses which reveal his power to behold Beauty in solitary places:—

From "A Prelude."

O covering grasses! O unchanging trees!
Is it not good to feel the odorous wind
Come down upon you with such harmonies
Only the giant hills can ever find?
O little leaves, are ye not glad to be?
Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind,

That falls at noontide over you and me?
O gleam of birches lost among the firs,
Let your high treble chime in silverly

Across the half-imagined wind that stirs
A muffled organ-music from the pines!
Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers

Is minor. For, behold, the loud sun shines
Till the young maples are no longer gray,
And stronger grows their faint, uncertain lines.

Each violet takes a deeper blue to-day,
And purpler swell the cones hung overhead,
Until the sound of their far feet who stray

About the wood, fades from me, and, instead,
I hear a robin singing—not as one
That calls unto his mate, uncomforted-
But as one sings a welcome to the sun.

I conclude this brief survey with "Songs at Parting," reproduced from the little booklet sent me by Theodore Roberts who was a great admirer of Sherman's work. This is the last poem written by the poet in Fredericton, late in the winter of 1899:—

Parting

And after many days (for I shall keep
These old things unforgotten, nevertheless!)
My lips at last, feeling thy faint caress,
Shall open, April, to the wooded sweep
Of Northern Hills; and my slow blood shall leap
And surge, for joy and very wantonness—
Like Northern waters when thy feet possess
The valleys, and the green year wakes from sleep.
That morn the drowsy South, as we go forth
(Unseen thy hand in mine; I, seen of all)
Will marvel that I seek the outmost quay,—
The while, gray leagues away, a newborn North
Harkens with wonder to thy rapturous call
For some old lover down across the sea.

A Song of the Ages

By Gwen M. Pharis

I watch the starlight come and go,
Aurora's flashing to and fro,
The moon, the sun, the blinding rain,
And know that each will come again.
I see the cast-off meteor fall,
As through the silent ages, all
Have seen before me, wondering, too
Of winds and tides, of summer dew;
The sunrise, and the sleeping sea,
The mountains, and each waving tree,
The icy pits and wailing birds
The crashing waves that sob a dirge;
The thunder and the desert sand,
A forest fire, a coral strand—
All moving on their chosen way.

To-morrows, yesterdays, today
Seem lost in one vast ageless song
That like a torrent rushes on,
Now crashing down a deep ravine
And thence emerging, calm, serene,
That flows in caverns underground
With deep, prophetic meaning sound,
And, then, at last is lost to sight
In silver mists of shadowy light.
I wonder at the mighty plan,
Incomprehensible to man,
That makes each day of loss or gain,
A link in one enduring chain.
Then, turning from my thoughts away;
I rise and meet the coming day.

Comparisons

By G. Arthur Hallam

Not roses only, red and white,
In radiant sheen of dew;
But every mystic star of night
Reminds me, Love, of you.

The butterfly on its gay wing;
Pansies of varied hue;
The lily, Queen of early Spring,
And all Spring's incense too.

The litanies of cloistered hours;
Grave twilight's votive hush:
And children as they gather flowers,
These, and dawn's vestal blush,—

The smiling, fairy-fingered dawn;
But ah!—'tis often true,
The rosebud on its cruel thorn
Does most resemble you.

Tides

Continued from page 8

"I'd take awful good care of you," said he, his eyes on their distant island, "and Mother would be proud to have you. If you could come in winter time, I'd show you the decoys and how we get the wild fowl. You'll see the fleets come in, sometimes covered with ice, and sometimes there's a shipwreck. Do come, Miss Margaret."

He wanted to tell her so much, so much—what her going meant to him, how it seemed impossible to let her go if she might never return, but Davie, so brave in other ways, found that his courage failed him now.

His princess took two of his fingers—rough and hardened by the toil of the sea. Davie dared at least to meet her gaze. "They call you my wonderful sailor boy," she said, "and I think you are wonderful, Davie. You have been so kind, so sweet, and I think you are so brave. I have read in the story books about boys like you, but away in our own town, the working boys write in chalk on the walls and say rude things when you are out with your governess. I have always said that I hate working boys, but you are so different, and I shall think about you—sailing the sea day after day, looking after your lobster-pots and your salmon nets. When it is dark," said Margaret, waving fearlessly towards the open sea, "and the wind roars in the pine trees outside, and I am in bed, I shall think of you out on the bay, and shall pray to God to take care of my sailor boy."

Davie smiled. His square chin was between his hands now, and he was staring into her eyes, forgetful at last of the man-made gulf whose tidal waters sweep so many souls away. "And I shall pray for you, my dear little girl," he said earnestly. "I shall ask God every night to take care of you and make you happy, and if you don't come back, I shall try my best, my very best, to be always your sailor boy."

They did not get to the slide, nor to the conger pools, and three days later, Davie coiled her line carefully on its spool. "I shall oil it and put it away in a dry place till you come back," he said, then he heaved up the anchor, and for the last time that wonderful holiday, he took up an oar to scull her home. As usual he leaped ashore to beach the boat, as usual he offered his hand to help her out, but this time there was one difference.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said cheerily, and, quick as light, he raised her fingers to his lips. "Good-bye,' 'he answered, and that was the bravest deed he ever achieved in the pathway of love.

SO SHE went, and for Davie the road was clearly marked. Autumn came and waned, then winter, another spring, and yet summer drew near, but still the letter for which Davie waited by every post did not come. The big house on the hill was let to a party of Americans. There was no news of Sir Joseph and Davie's wee Princess, but Davie did not forget, and his courage never wavered.

That summer he at least achieved something. He cut wood in the forest and carried it down, log by log, after his day's work. He built a two-room cabin on the hillside, and there his mother and a niece sold sweets, toys, and fishing-nets to the visitors. More visitors were coming every year, and Davie decided to enlarge the cabin next winter, and to obtain more help when another summer came. That autumn the old grandpa died, leaving his two boats to Davie, and the unexpected windfall of £300 to Davie's mother.

Davie wanted to use the money, but he did not know how. One evening, puzzling it over, his elbows on the parapet of the pier, the far-off island rose before his gaze, like a Japanese picture against a sky of black and white, and at the same time a party of visitors passed by on their way to the inn, having just arrived by the old horse-drawn bus. The word came to Davie's ears: "If you really wanted to go there, you wouldn't sail." Alternatively, if you had to sail, you wouldn't go there, beautiful though the island looks. Well, this village was beautiful, but it meant three hours' drive over dusty, ill-kept roads, from the railway.

So Davie decided how to use his money. He bought a small motor char-a-banc, and employed a driver, and next summer he had obtained his first foothold on the ladder of success.

"She's not coming back, Mother," he told her lightly one night, over the winter fire. "I'll have to go to meet her. I'll have to build my own ships and my bridges to get there. Sir Joseph was a great engineer, you know. He built many bridges."

His mother smiled as she rolled out the oatcake, and if the smile was sad, it was at any rate touched with pride. "Go on, my brave laddie," she said. "Go build your bridges, but ye'll need a muckle pile o' stones. Your arms are equal to it, Davie, so go on."

Five years later, the long-expected letter came. No, it was only a card from Sir Joseph, addressed to Davie's mother, saying that they were motoring through, and could she find them rooms for the night. If not, they would go to the next hotel.

Davie was in the garden when the car drew up, and out of it stepped Sir Joseph, Lady Carnell, Miss Margaret, and a youth—clearly a soldier. She was a young woman now, but just the same, thank God—just the same! Tea was waiting for them in the cottage parlor, but Margaret stayed behind to speak to Davie.

"How the village has changed,' 'she said. "I hoped it would never change, David. I hoped to find it just as it used to be when we were children."

"Yes," said David, "it has changed a little, Miss Margaret." And that was all he could find to say.

"All those new villas on the hill-top!" she went on. "The hideous clubhouse, where there used to be nothing but just wild whins and birches, where the woodcock twisted in and out. The old wood gone, and the sawmill stuck in its place. I'm glad, however, that the new village is out of sight of the old village."

At that he smiled. "Yes," he agreed, "we've kept the old village unaltered. When I built the new village, I insisted upon its standing apart."

She regarded him in utter astonishment. "You built it!" she said slowly. "Are all those new houses yours?"

He nodded. "Yes," he answered. "And the saw-mill is mine.' '

"But how did you do it, David?" she asked, regarding him with frank admiration, as he saw the curls about her forehead, just as they used to be.

He went over to the gate, and standing under the lilac tree, pointed out to sea. "You see that island, Miss Margaret?" he said. "At one time it used to seem like a fairy island, a place of far-off dreams, so distant was it. If Sir Joseph had wanted to go there, he wouldn't have gone by sailing boat. He would have hired more modern means, a racing motor boat if possibe, and that's why he was so successful a man. I've tried to follow in his steps, on the advice of a little girl.' '

She thought, then she laughed a trifle nervously. "So you are successful, Davie?" she asked.

"In my own small way, Miss Margaret," he answered, "but I've a good many bridges to build yet. The scope seems unlimited. Those new boats in the harbor are my new fleet, that grey petrol launch plies between here and the island. They are all mine, and, as you say, things have changed a little since last you were here. The people of this village are better off, and happier."

"That's a great thing for a young man to have achieved," she said, regarding him steadily. "So now you no longer go down at daybreak to your lobster pots? I have always thought of you doing that."

"Yes," he answered, "every daybreak."

"Still alone?" she asked.

[Continued on page 48]

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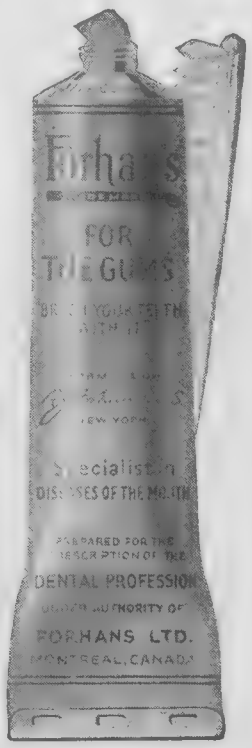

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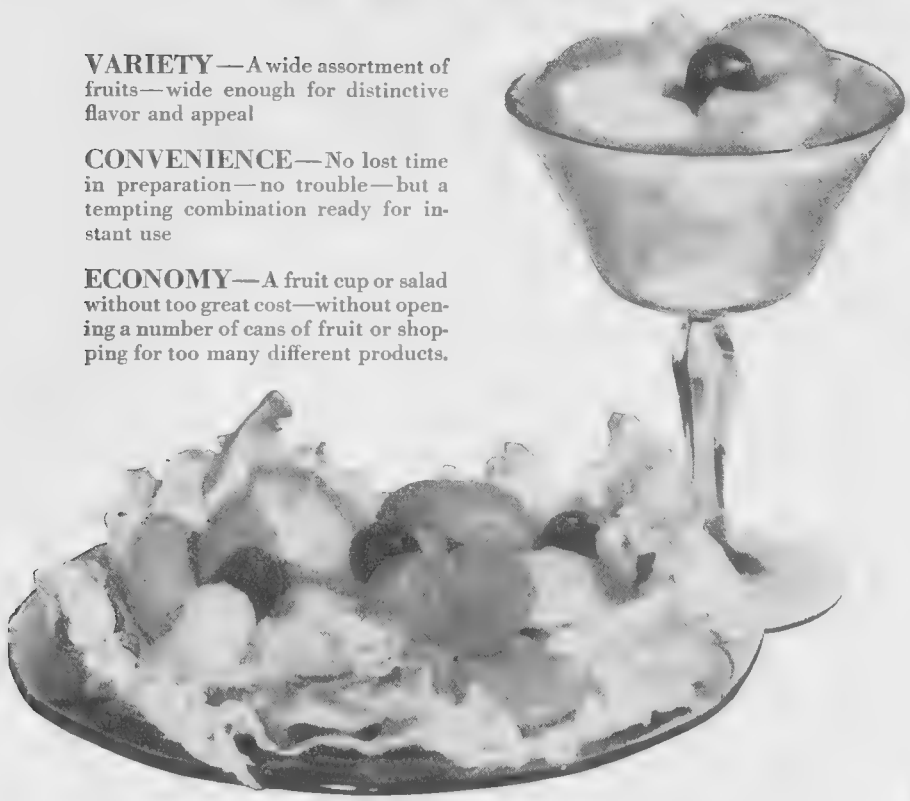

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Del Monte

Fruits for Salad

Tides

Continued from page 47

He shook his head, and his smile was somewhat cynical, though to her it still brought back childish visions of the greatness of the sea, and of the great men who go down to the sea. "Never alone," he answered. "There is always a little sunburnt Princess sitting where she used to sit, and trying to dive her hand into the lobster pots as I haul them up. She is always there, and I see the sand of the shore sprinkled over her face and the spray sprinkling in her hair. So you are going to be married, Miss Margaret?" he added quickly, aware of the hot blood thundering in his temples.

"Yes," she answered, then, with one of her quick glances—"how did you know?"

"I saw your hand the instant you came," he told her. "I wish you every happiness."

A YEAR later Davie ceased to tend his lobster pots. Another part of the world seemed to want him, and he took his old mother away. For both of them it was a strange life, but she was old enough now to appreciate its comforts and its conveniences, and he was too busy to care much about his environment. After all what did it matter—chimney pots or the open sea? for he had his ships and his bridges to build, and he rose with extraordinary rapidity. Before very long his vesels were plying the high seas, a bustling dockyard, above which the flame arcs flared at night time, bore his name—a name now familiar to the ship-owners of the world as one whose methods were worth observing. Each month saw the cable net further spread, dragging the glancing sea-trout of commerce into its meshes, and from the steamship it was but one industrial step to the railway. To him it was all so easy, and before he had reached the prime of life, the red-haired, freckle-faced sailor boy was one of the most successful and powerful men of his day. A few years later he gained another distinction.

Of her he saw no more, but a certain press clippings agency kept him advised of her movements. The family had lost their money; the old Baronet was now a poor man, living in seclusion on a small estate in the Lowlands. She was married, of course, and had one little daughter, but now, in the zenith of his success, the news reached him that her husband had met a soldierly fate in a far-off part of the world. He waited another eighteen months, poor fool, then summoning his courage, he decided to call upon her in London. She would at least be interested to hear of his life.

As the limousine rolled through the lighted streets, Davie sat with his red, freckled face between his hands, looking into space, and in his eyes one might have seen something which was once written in the eyes of a sailor-boy who sat thus at sunset, his gaze upon a little sleeping girl, whose fingers held the edge of his old sea jacket. When the car stopped, he dismissed his chauffeur, saying that he preferred to walk back to the hotel. In the shadows of the dark portico he—thrice hardened business man of the world—found himself trembling, so he waited, inhaling the night air, ere he rang the bell. An old maid-servant answered the summons.

"Your mistress is expecting me," he said, and he was shown into a little room, full of the fragrance of rose leaves, and those sweet, dainty things which belong only to the homes of great ladies. She joined him immediately.

"Sir David!" she said, shaking his hand. "How funny to have to call you that!" But as she spoke she saw that the red hair was touched with silver, that the broad shoulders stooped a little, though the stoop did not detract from their virile vigor.

"Please don't," he answered. "It seems just as funny to me as it would seem to you if I called you Miss Margaret."

"David, then," she answered, "and you may call me Margaret."

They talked for a time of conventional things. "Time has dealt kindly with you, Margaret,' 'he said at length. "Your little girl must be growing up now. I've often wondered if she is anything like the little girl whom I used to take fishing."

She was quite unembarrassed. She seemed to take it as a matter of course from this big-bodied creature of the sea. "People say she is much like I used to be," she told him. "College is the next difficulty. It is quite a problem when one is so poor, but do you know, I rather like being poor. One comes to love the constant struggle, like you men of the sea who love the storms."

"I have seen plenty of them," he said. "I would like to be a sailor-boy again, whose work lies in the harbors. You used to tell me, Margaret, that you would love to live in a seaman's cottage."

"I think it is coming to that," she asserted, with her old, easy laugh—that laugh which to him still bore the ripple of the seas he had heard but once. "My people lost their money, you know, and I married a poor man. Very shortly I'm about to marry another poor man—even poorer than the last." She sat back among the cushions of the dainty room, tossed him a cigarette, and lit one herself.

The face of the sailor did not change as her last utterance sank into his mind and seemed to go down, down, into the deep.

" Is that so?" he said at length.

Margaret meditatively watched awhiff of smoke rising from her newly lighted cigarette.

"Yes, we were engaged last week. He is just a sailor-boy—an engineer on one of our Cannon liners. He is due for promotion very shortly, and when he gets it we are to be married. But do tell me about yourself," she prattled on. "You have achieved much in the great and manly worth of things, David, that one feels almost afraid of you. It must be nice to be so rich that you can buy—just anything."

"Anything" he answered, "but not everything, Margaret." And as he spoke the realization came to him that, successful in all else, he had failed in the only thing that really mattered; a brave man in other ways, he had fallen short where cowards often win. For twenty years and more, by all the ways of life, his love had lived, like those rough-hewn pillars of the quays to which great ships are tied. "Yes, Margaret," he said, "I suppose I have been succesful. I have built my ships and my bridges, but I would like you to know just this—that I was only the builder. Behind me always was a great engineer—the Princess of a boy's dreams."

He rose and flicked the cigarette into the grate. "I have something to give you," he told her, groping into his tail pocket. "I've kept it, hoping you would return some day to use it, but now that hope is gone. Here it is."

It was only her fishing-line, carefully oiled and wrapped on its spool. Margaret's eyes were downcast, for somehow it brought to her a sense of poignance.

"You have kept it all these years," she said.

He nodded. His hand was upon the door. "All those years," he echoed. "I hope those to come will find you very happy."

"You are going, Davie?" she asked. "I hoped you would stay and discuss old times.

He made her a bow of old-world courtesy. "Thanks," he answered, "but that is not possible. If you will tell your engineer friend to call upon me at wharf No. 7, I may be able to throw some thing good in his way."

And Sir David went from the house with yet another purpose to achieve.

No Defence

Continued from page 26

Dyck noticed how her wide skirts flicked against the flowers that bordered the path, and how her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she walked—a spirit, a regnant spirit of summer she seemed. But in her face there was no summer, there was only autumn and winter, only the bright frost of purpose. As she came, her mother turned as though to leave Dyck Calhoun. She called to her to wait, and Mrs. Llyn stood still, anxious. As Sheila came near she kept her eyes fixed on Dyck. When she reached them she held out the paper to him.

"It is wonderful," she said quietly, "that which you have written, but it does not tell all; it does not say that you did not kill my father. You are punished for a crime, and we must abide by it, even though you did not kill Erris Boyne. It is the law that has done it, and we cannot abash the law."

"We shall meet no more then!" said Dyck with decision.

Her lips tightened, her face paled. "There are some things one may not do, and one of them is to be openly your friend—at present."

He put the letter carefully away in his pocket, his hand shaking, then flicking an insect from the collar of his coat, he said gently, yet with an air of warning: "I have been telling Mrs. Llyn about the Maroons up there"—he pointed toward Trelawney—"and I have advised your going back to Virginia. The Maroons may rise at any moment, and no care is being taken by Lord Mallow to meet the danger. If they rise, you, here, would be in their way, and I could not guarantee your safety. Besides, Virginia is a better place—a safer place than this," he added with a meaning.

"You wish to frighten me out of Jamaica," she replied with pain in her voice. "Well, I will not go till I have put this place in order and brought discipline and good living here. I shall stay here in Jamaica till I have done my task. There is no reason why we should meet. This place is not so large as Ireland or America, but it is large enough to give assurance we shall not meet. And if we meet, there is no reason why we should talk. As for the Maroons, when the trouble comes, I shall not be unprepared." She smiled sadly. "The governor may not take your advice, but I shall. And remember that I come from a land not without its dangers. We had red Indians and black men there, and I can shoot."

He waved a hand abruptly and then made a gesture—such as an ascetic might make—of reflection, of submission. "I shall remember every word you have said, and every note of your voice will be with me in all the lonely years to come. Good-bye—but no, let me say this before I go: I did not know that Erris Boyne was your father until after he was dead. So if I killed him, it was in complete ignorance. I did not know. But we have outlived our friendship, and we must put strangeness in its place. Good-bye—God protect you!" he added, looking into Sheila's eyes.

She looked at him with sorrow. Her lips opened, but no words came forth. He passed on out of the garden, and presently they heard his horse's hoofs on the sand.

"He is a great gentleman," said Mrs. Llyn.

Her daughter's eyes were dry and fevered. Her lips were drawn. "We must begin the world again," she said brokenly. Then suddenly she collapsed and sank upon the ground. "My God—oh, my God!" she said.

TWO months went by. In that time Sheila and Dyck did not meet, though Dyck saw her more than once in the distance at Kingston. Yet they had never met since that wonderful day at Salem, when they had parted, as it might seem, forever. Dyck had had news of her, however, for Darius Boland had come and gone between the two plantations, and had won Michael Clones' confidence. He knew more, perhaps, than he ever conveyed to Dyck, who saw him and talked with him, gave him advice as to the customs of Jamaica, and let him see the details in the management of Enniskillen.

Yet Dyck made no enquiries as to how Mrs. Llyn and Sheila were; first because he chose not to do so, and also because Darius Boland, at one time or another, would of his own accord tell what Mrs. Llyn and Sheila were doing. One day Boland brought word that the governor had, more than once, visited Salem with his suite; that he had sat in judgment on a case in Kingston concerning the estate of Salem, and had given decision in its favor; and that Mrs. Llyn and Sheila visited him at Spanish Town and were entertained at King's House at second breakfast and dinner—in short, that Lord Mallow was making hay in Salem Plantation. This was no surprise to Dyck. He had full intuition of the foray the governor would make on Sheila, her estate and wealth.

Lord Mallow had acted with discretion, and yet with sufficient passion to warrant some success. He was trying to make for himself a future which might mean the control of a greater colony even. If he had wealth, that would be almost a certainty, and he counted Sheila's gold as a guarantee of power. He knew well how great effect could be produced at Westminster and at the Royal Palace by a discreet display of wealth. He was also aware that no scandal could be made through an alliance with Sheila, for she had inherited long after the Revolutionary War and with her skirts free from responsibility. England certainly would welcome wealth got through an Irish girl inheriting her American uncle's estates. So, steadily and happily, he pressed his suit. At his dinner-parties he gave her first place nearly always, and even broke the code controlling precedence when his secretary could be overruled. Thus Sheila was given honor when she did not covet it, and so it was that one day at Salem when the governor came to court her she was able to help Dyck Calhoun.

"Then you go to Enniskillen?" Lord Mallow said to Darius Boland, as he entered the plantation, being met by the astute American.

"Sometimes, your honor," was the careful reply.

"I suppose you know what Mr. Calhoun's career has been, eh?"

"Oh, in a way, your honor. They tell me he is a good swordsman."

The governor flushed. "He told you that, did he?"

"No, no, your honor, never. He told me naught. He does not boast. He's as modest as a man from Virginia. He does not brag at all."

"Who told you, then?"

"Ah, well, I heard it in the town! They speak of him there. They all know that Kingston and Spanish Town, and all the other places, would have been French by now, if it hadn't been for him. Oh, they talk a lot about him in Kingston and thereabouts."

"What swordsmanship do they speak of that was remarkable?"

"Has your honor forgotten then? Sure, seven years is a poor limit for a good memory." The blow was a shrewd one, for Darius Boland knew that Phœnix Park must be a galling memory to his honor. But Darius did not care. He guessed why the governor was coming to Salem, and he could not shirk having his hand in it. He had no fear of the results.

"Aye, seven years is a poor limit," he repeated.

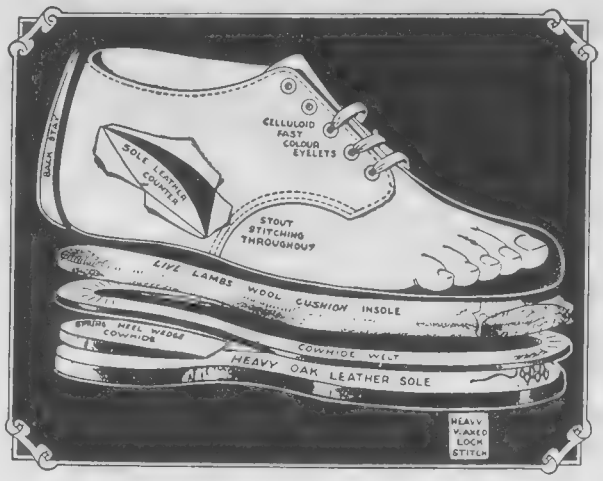
The governor showed no feeling. He had been hit, and he took it as part of the game. "Ah, you mean the affair in Phœnix Park?" he said with no apparent feeling.

Darius tossed his head a little. 'Wasn't it a clever bit of work? Didn't he get fame there by defeating one of the best swordsmen—in Ireland?"

Lord Mallow nodded. "He got fame, which he lost in time," he answered.

"You mean he put the sword that had done such good work against a champion into a man's bowels, without by your leave, or will you draw and fight?" [Continued on page 50]

Let Your Children's Feet Breathe Properly



Only Hurlbuts are Properly Insulated Against the Acid Tanned Leather

Hyperdrosis
A painful and annoying skin irritation of the feet, created by excessive perspiration, which in turn is caused by shoes which do not allow the feet to breathe freely and naturally.

LEATHER could not be leather if it were not tanned—but in the tanning process a great many chemicals are used. If your child's foot comes in direct contact with the sole leather of the shoe—it draws out these chemicals which proceed to tan, or embalm, the skin of the child's foot—closing the pores—scalding and burning the skin.

Hurlbut Shoes protect the feet. They are the only shoes in the world insulated against the acid effects of leather. In Hurlbut shoes—underneath the insole—there is, firstly, a layer of pure virgin wool (piano felt)—and then the insole itself is of Sea-Island Duck. The little feet come in contact only with this sterilized insole. Hurlbut Cushion Sole Shoes thus not only protect from jar and shock, but provide a perfect anti-acid insulation.

"Karess" Patent Leather One Strap

Consider these further exclusive features of Hurlbuts

Hurlbuts are the only shoes in the world made without any tacks, nails or rivets. Hurlbuts allow the foot to grow naturally—no cramping of bones or muscles. Hurlbuts have a pear-shaped heel—free from chafing. Hurlbuts range of sizes ensures perfect fitting (97 sizes and width combinations).

97
Sizes and Width Combinations

Hurlbut Selected upper leathers are deep black ebony patent, tropical brown calf, jet black velvet calf, finest black or brown kid.

GENUINE WELT PATENTED HURLBUT TRADE MARK REGISTERED

There is no substitute for Hurlbut. Do not accept any footwear without this Trade Mark and seal printed on sole and innner sole.

Hurlbut Prices the same from Atlantic to Pacific—from Mexico to Alaska. Hurlbuts shipped duty free to all points in United States.

HURLBUTS
"PUSSY FOOTS"
Sizes 2 to 6 Widths D & E
Strap Styles.....$2.00
Oxford Styles.....$2.25
Lace and Button Boots....$2.50

HURLBUTS
Sizes 5 to 7½ Widths A to E
Strap Styles.....$3.25
Oxford Styles.....$3.50
All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels.

HURLBUTS
Sizes 8 to 10½ Widths A to E
Strap Styles.....$3.75
Oxford Styles.....$4.00
All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels.

HURLBUTS
Sizes 11 to 2 Widths A to E
Strap Styles.....$4.75
Oxford Styles.....$5.00
All with Rubber Heels.

HURLBUT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION SOLE
Shoes for Children

The Only Guaranteed Tackless Insulated Anti-Acid Shoes Available

If your dealer cannot supply HURLBUTS send your order to HURLBUT CO. LTD., PRESTON, ONTARIO, for the only genuine HURLBUT ACID-FREE FOOTWEAR manufactured, and see that the Hurlbut name and Trade Mark is on the sole and insole.

304-A

"I feel so deliciously comfortable"

BABY gurgles its appreciation after you have used Johnson's Baby Powder on its chafed skin. Made of the most expensive Italian talc, it is pure, exquisitely soft and soothing.

Used with Johnson's Baby Soap it will keep your baby's skin in perfect condition.

Johnson's Baby Powder

A Johnson & Johnson Product
MADE IN CANADA

Paris designed them for the Fashion-Wise

. . . THE NEW

Peter Pan FABRICS

Warm days are coming when you must look fresh and charming the whole day through. Then, with the wisdom of fashion-wise moderns, you will dress in lovely Peter Pan . . . the season's smartest fabrics, so light and sheer, so gay and colorful.

The beauty of the Paris designs will captivate you . . . they make it so easy to create a complete summer wardrobe of smart dresses for every occasion. And Peter Pan is just perfect for those gay, new lounging and beach pyjamas.

Remember . . . neither summer suns nor constant tubbings can ever fade Peter Pan. Here is the famous guarantee: "We will replace any garment made of genuine Peter Pan if it fades," Sold at better class department and dry goods stores.

30 SAMPLES FREE

Mail the coupon a once for 30 of the newest Paris designs.

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED,
34 West Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me 30 Samples of Peter Pan Fabrics—FREE

Name.....
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City.....Prov..... WH. 6

No Defence

Continued from page 49

"Something like that," answered the governor sagely.

"Is it true you believed he'd strike a man that wasn't armed, sir?"

The governor winced, but showed nothing. "He'd been drinking—he is a heavy drinker. Do you never drink with him?"

Darius Boland's face took on a strange look. Here was an intended insult to Dyck Calhoun. Right well the governor knew their relative social positions.

Darius pulled at the hair on his chin reflectively. "Yes, I've drunk his liquor, but not as you mean, your honor. He'd drink with any man at all; he has no nasty pride. But he doesn't drink with me."

"Modest enough he is to be a good republican, eh, Boland?"

"Since your honor puts it so, it must stand. I'll not dispute it, me being what I am and employed by whom I am."

Darius Boland had a gift of saying the right thing in the right way, and he had said it now. The governor was not so dense as to put this man against him, for women were curious folk. They often attach importance to the opinion of a faithful servant and let it weigh against great men. He had once lost a possible fortune by spurning a little terrier of the daughter of the Earl of Shallow, and the lesson had sunk deep into his mind. He was high-placed, but not so high as to be sure of success where a woman was concerned, and he had made up his mind to capture Sheila Llyn, if so be she could be caught flying, or settled, or sleeping.

"Ah, well, he has drunk with worse men than republicans, Boland. He was a common sailor. He drank what was given him with whom it chanced in the fo'castle.' '

Darius sniffed a little, and kept his head. "But he changed all that, your honor, and gave sailormen better drink than they ever had, I hear. In Jamaica he treats his slaves as though they were men and not Mohicans."

"Well, he'll have less freedom in future, Boland, for word has come from London that he's to keep to his estate and never leave it.

Darius looked concerned, and his dry face wrinkled still more. "Ah, and when was this word come, your honor?"

"But yesterday, Boland, and he'll do well to obey, for I have no choice but to take him in hand if he goes gallivanting."

"Gallivanting—here, in Jamica! Does your honor remember where we are?"

"Not in a bishop's close, Boland."

"No, not in a bishop's close, nor in an archdeacon's garden. For of all places on earth where they defy religion, this is the worst, your honor. There's as much religion here as you'll find in a last year's bird's nest. Gallivanting—where should he gallivant?"

The governor waved a contemptuous hand. "It doesn't need ingenuity to find a place, for some do it on their own estate. I have seen it.' '

Darius spoke sharply. "Your honor, there's naught on Mr. Calhoun's estate that's got the taint, and he's not the man to go hunting for it. Drink—well, suppose a gentleman does take his quantern, is it a crime? I ask your honor, is that a crime in Jamaica?"

"It's no crime, Boland; nevertheless, your Mr. Calhoun will have to take his fill on his own land from the day I send him the command of the London Government."

"And what day will that be, your honor?"

To be questioned by one who had been a revolutionary was worse than distasteful to the governor. "That day will be when I find the occasion opportune, my brave Boland," he said sourly.

"Why 'brave,' your honor?" There was an ominous light in Darius' eye.

"Did you not fight with George Washington against the King of England—against King George? And if you did, was that not brave?"

"It was true, your honor," came the firm reply. "It was the one right good thing to do, as we proved it by the victory we had. We did what we set out to do. But see, if you will let a poor man speak his mind, if I were you I'd not impose the command on Mr. Calhoun."

"Why, Boland?"

Darius spoke courageously. "Your honor, he has many friends in Jamaica, and they won't stand it. Besides, he won't stand it. And if he contests your honor, the island will be with him."

"Is he popular here as all that?" asked the governor with a shrug of his shoulders.

"They don't give their faith and confidence to order, your honor," answered Darius with a dry inflection.

The burr in the voice did not escape the other's attentive ear. He swung a glance sharply at Darius.

"What is the secret of his popularity—how has it been made?" he asked morosely.

Darius' face took on a caustic look. "I've only been in the island a short time, your honor, and I don't know that I'm a good judge, but I'll say the people here have a great respect for bravery and character."

"Character! Character!" sniffed the governor. "Where did he get that?"

"Well, I don't know his age, but it's as old as he is—his character. Say, I'm afraid I'm talking too much, your honor. We speak our minds in Virginia; we never count the cost."

The governor waved a deprecating hand. "You'll find the measure of your speech in good time, Boland, I've no doubt. Meanwhile, you've got the pleasure of hunting it. Character, you say. Well, that isn't what the judge and jury said."

Darius took courage again. Couldn't Lord Mallow have any decency?

"Judge and jury be damned, your honor," he answered boldly. "It was an Irish verdict. It had no sense. It was a bit of ballyhack. He did not kill an unarmed man. It isn't his way. Why, he didn't kill you when he had you at his mercy in Phœnix Park, now, did he, governor?"

A flush stole up the Governor's face from his chin. Then he turned to Boland and looked him straight in the eyes. "That's true. He had me at his mercy, and he did not take my life."

"Then why do you head the cabal against him? Why do you take joy in commanding him to stay on his estate? Is that grateful, your honor?"

The Governor winced, but he said: "It's what I am ordered to do, my man. I'm a servant of the Crown, and the Crown has ordained it."

Again Darius grew stronger in speech. "But why do you have pleasure in it? Is nothing left to your judgment? Do you say to me that if he keeps the freedom such as he has enjoyed you'd punish him? Must the governor be as ruthless as his master? Look, your honor, I wouldn't impose that command—not till I'd taken his advice about the Maroons, anyway. There's trouble brewing, and Mr. Calhoun knows it. He has warned you through the provost-marshal. I'd heed his warning, your honor, or it may injure your reputation as a ruler. No, I'd see myself in nethermost hell before I'd meddle with Mr. Calhoun. He's a dangerous man when he's moved."

"Boland, you'll succeed as a schoolmaster, when all else fails. You teach persistently."

"Your honor is clever enough to know what's what, but I'd like to see the Maroons dealt with. This is not my country, but I've got interests here, or my mistress has, and that's the same to me . . . Does your honor travel often without a suite?"

The governor waved a hand behind him. "I left them at the last plantation and rode on alone. I felt safe enough till I saw you, Boland."

He smiled grimly, and a grimmer smile stole to the lean lips of the manager of Salem. "Fear is a good thing for forward minds, your honor," he said with

respect in the tone of his voice and challenge in the words.

"I'll say this, Boland, your mistress has been fortunate in her staff. You have a ready tongue."

"Oh, I'm readier in other things, your honor, as you'll find on occasion. But I thank you for the compliment in a land where compliments are few. For a planter's country it has few who speak as well as they entertain. I'll say this for the land you govern, the hospitality is rich and rare."

"In what way, Boland?"

"Why, your honor, it is the custom for a man and his whole family to go on a visit to a neighbor, perhaps twenty or forty miles away, bring their servants—maybe a dozen or more—and sit down on their neighbor's hearthstone. There they eat his food, drink his wine, exhaust his fowl-yard and debilitate his cook till all the resources of the place are played out, then with both his hands round his friend's neck the man and his people will say adieu, and go back to their own accumulated larder and await the return visit. The wonder is Jamaica is so rich, for truly the waste is harmful. We have the door open in Virginia, but not in that way. We welcome, but we don't debauch."

The governor smiled. "As you haven't old friends here, you should make your life a success—ah, there is the open door, Boland, and your mistress standing in it. But I come without my family, and with no fell purposes. I will not debilitate the cook; I will not exhaust the fowl-yard. A roasted plantain is good enough for me."

Darius' looks quickened, and he jerked his chin up. "So, your honor, so. But might I ask that you weigh carefully the warning of Mr. Calhoun. There's trouble at Trelawney. I have it from good sources, and Mr. Calhoun has made preparations against the sure risings. I'd take heed of what he says. He knows. Your honor, it is not my mistress in the doorway, it is Mrs. Llyn; she is shorter than my mistress."

The governor shaded his brow with his hands. Then he touched up his horse. "Yes, you are right, Boland. It is Mrs. Llyn. And look you, Boland, I'll think over what you've said about the Maroons and Mr. Calhoun. He's doing no harm as he is, that's sure. So why shouldn't he go on as he is? That's your argument, isn't it?' '

Boland nodded. "It's part of my argument, not all of it. Of course, he's doing no harm; he's doing good every day. He's got a stiff hand for the shirker and the wanton, but he's a man that knows his mind, and that's a good thing in Jamaica."

"Does he come here—ever?"

"He has been here only once since our arrival. There are reasons why he does not come, as your honor kens, knowing the history of Erris Boyne."

A quarter of an hour later Darius Boland said to Sheila: "He's got an order from England to keep Mr. Calhoun to his estate and to punish him, if he infringes the order."

Sheila started. "He will infringe the order if it's made, Boland. But the governor will be unwise to try and impose it. I will tell him so.' '

"But, mistress, he should not be told that this news comes from me."

"No, he should not, Boland. I can tempt him to speak of it, I think. He hates Mr. Calhoun, and will not need much prompting."

SHEILA had changed since she saw Dyck Calhoun last. Her face was thinner, but her form was even fuller than it had been when she bade him good-bye, as it seemed to him, forever, and as it first seemed to her. Through anxious days and nights she had fought with the old passion; and at last it seemed the only way to escape from the torture was by making all thought of him impossible. How could this be done? Well, Lord Mallow would offer a way. Lord Mallow was a man of ancient Irish family, was a governor, had ability, was distinguished looking in a curious, lean, way; and he had a real gift with his tongue. He stood high in the opinion of the big folk at Westminster, and had a future. He had a winning way with women—a subtle, perniciously attractive way with her sex, and to herself he had been delicately persuasive. He had the ancient gift of picturesqueness without ornamentation. He had a strong will and a healthy imagination. He was a man of mettle and decision.

Of all who had entered her field outside of Dyck Calhoun he was the most attractive; he was the nearest to the possible husband which she must one day take. And if at any day at all, why not now when she needed a man as she had never done—when she needed to forget? The sardonic critic might ask why she did not seek forgetfulness in flight; why she remained in Jamaica where was what she wished to forget. There was no valid reason, save a business one, why she should remain in Jamaica, and she was in a quandary when she put the question. There were, however, other reasons which she used when all else failed to satisfy her exigeant mind. There was the question of vessels to Virginia or New York. They were few and not good, and in any case they could have no comfortable journey to the United States for several weeks, at least for, since the Revolutionary War, commerce with the United States was sparse.

Also, there was the question of Salem. She did not feel she ought to waste the property which her Uncle Bryan had nurtured with care. In justice to his memory and in fairness to Darius Boland she felt she ought to stay—for a time. It did not occur to her that these reasons would vanish like a mist—that a wilful woman would sweep them into the basket of forgetfulness and do what she wished in spite of reason; that all else would be sacrificed, if the spirit so possessed her. Truth was that, far back in her consciousness, there was a vision of better days and things. It was as though some angel touched the elbow of her spirit and said: "Stay on, for things will be better than they seem. You will find your destiny here. Stay on."

So she had stayed. She was deluding herself to believe that what she was doing was all for the best; that the clouds were rising; that her fate had fairer aspects than had seemed possible when Dyck Calhoun told her the terrible tale of the death of her father, Erris Boyne. Yet memory gave a touch of misery and bitterness to all she thought and did. For twenty-five years she had lived in ignorance as to her paternity. It surely was futile that her mother should have suffered all those years, with little to cheer her, while her daughter should be radiant in health and with a mind free from care or sadness. Yet the bitterest thing of all was the thought that her father was a traitor and had died sacrificing another man. When Dyck had told her first, she had shivered with anger and shame—but anger and shame had gone. Only one thing gave her any comfort—the man who knew Erris Boyne was a traitor, and who could profit by telling it, held his tongue for her own sake, kept his own counsel, and went to prison for four years as the price of his silence. He was now a neighbor and he loved her, and, if the shadow of a grave was not between them, would offer himself in marriage to her. This she knew beyond all doubt. He had given all a man can give—had saved her and killed her father—in ignorance had killed her father; in love had saved herself. What was to be done?

In a strange spirit Sheila entered the room where the governor sat with her mother. She had reached the limit of her powers of suffering. Soon after her mother had left the room, the governor said:

"Why do you think I have come here today?" He added to the words a note of sympathy, even of passion in his voice.

"It was to visit my mother and myself, and to see how Salem looked after our stay on it, was it not?"

"Yes, to see your mother and yourself, but chiefly the latter. As for Salem, it looks as though a master-mind had been at work; I see it in everything. The slaves are singing. Listen!"

He held up a finger as though to indicate attention and direction:

[Continued on page 52]

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Halifax, N. S., 138 Granville St.
Moncton, N. B., 822 Main St.
New Glasgow, N. S., 26 George St.
St. John, N. B., 45 Germain St.
Sydney, N. S., 365 Charlotte St.
Yarmouth, N. S., Main St.
St. Johns, Newfoundland, 202 Water St.

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Belleville, 279 Front St.
Brantford, 201 Colborne St.
Cornwall, 228 Pitt St.
Ft. William, 115½ S. May St.
Hamilton, 199 King St., E.
Kitchener, 12-14 Young St.
London, 122 Dundas St.
North Bay, 26 Main St., E.
Ottawa, 106 Bank St.
Oshawa, 46 King St.
Owen Sound, 753 Second Ave., E.
Peterboro, 174 Hunter St.
Sault Ste. Marie, 358 Queen St.
Stratford, Ontario St.

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St. Catherines, 269 St. Paul St.
Timmons, 25½ Third St.
Toronto, 252 Yonge St.
Windsor, 502 Ouellette Ave.

Quebec

Chicoutimi, 108 Racine St.
Hull, 197 Principal St.
Levis, 82 Cote du Passage
Montreal, 700 St. Catherine St., W.
Quebec, 223 St. John St.
Riviere du Loup, 325 Lafontaine St.
St. Hyacinthe, 61A St. Francois St.
St. Jerome, 286 Labelle St.
St. Johns, 133 Richelieu St.
Sherbrooke, 63 Wellington St.
Thetford Mines, 345 Notre Dame St.
Three Rivers, 102 Des Forges St.
Verdun, 4717 Wellington St.

Saskatchewan

Moose Jaw, 353 No. Main St.
North Battleford, 1144 King St.
Prince Albert, 1013 Central Ave.
Regina, 1835 Hamilton St.
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Swift Current, 116 Central Ave.
Weyburn, 140 Main St.
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No Defence

Continued from page 51

One, two, three,
All de same;
Black, white, brown,
All de same;
All de same.
One, two, three——

They could hear the words indistinctly.

"What do those words mean?" asked Sheila. "I don't understand them."

"No more do I, but I think they refer to the march of pestilence or plague. Numbers, color, race, nothing matters, the plague sweeps all away. Ah, then, I was right," he added. "There is the story in other words. Listen again."

To clapping of hands in unison, the following words were sung:

New-come buckra,
He get sick,
He tak fever,
He be die;
He be die.
New come buckra——

"Well, it may be a chant of the plague, but it's lacking in poetry,' 'she remarked. Doesn't it seem so to you?"

"No, I certainly shouldn't go as far as that. Think of how much of a story is crowded into those few words. No waste, nothing thrown away. It's all epic, or that's my view, anyhow," said the governor. "If you look out on those who are singing it, you'd see they are resting from their labors; that they are fighting the ennui which most of us feel when we rest from our labors. Let us look at them."

The governor stood up and came to the open French windows that faced the fields of sugar-cane. In the near distance were clumps of fruit-trees, of hedges of lime and flowering shrubs, rows of orange trees, mangoes, red and purple, forbidden-fruit and grape-fruit, the large scarlet fruit of the acqui, the avocado-pear, the feathering bamboo, and the Jack-fruit tree, with its enormous fruit-like pumpkins. Parrots were chattering in the acacia and in the Otaheite plum tree, with its bright pink blossoms like tassels, and flanking the negro huts by the river were flowers of grenadilla fruit. Around the negro huts were small, individual plantations kept by the slaves, for which they had one day a fortnight, besides Sundays, free to work on their own account. Here and there also were patches of "ground-fruit," as the underground vegetables were called, while there passed on their way to the open road leading to Kingston wains loaded with sugar-casks, drawn by oxen, and in two cases by sumpter mules.

"Is there anything finer than that in Virginia?" asked the governor. "I have never been in Virginia, but I take this to be in some ways like that state. Is it?"

"In some ways only. We have not the same profusion of wild fruits and trees, but we have our share—and it is not so hot as here. It is a better country, though."

"In what way is it better?" the governor asked almost acidly.

"It is better governed."

"What do you mean by that? Isn't Jamaica well governed?"

"Not so well that it couldn't be improved," was Sheila's reply.

"What improvements would you suggest?" Lord Mallow asked urbanely, for he was set to play his cards carefully today.

"More wisdom in the governor," was her cheerful and bright reply.

"Is he that lacking in wisdom?"

"In some ways, yes."

"Will you mind specifying some of the things?"

"I think he is careless."

"Careless—as to what?"

Sheila smiled. "He is indifferent to good advice. He has been told of trouble among the Maroons, that they mean to rise; he has been advised to make preparations, and he makes none, and he is deceived by a show of loyalty on the part of the slaves. Lord Mallow, if the free Maroons rise, why should not the black slaves rise at the same time? Why do you not act?"

"Is everybody whose good opinion is worth having mad?" answered the governor. "I have sent my inspectors to Trelawney. I have had reports from them. I have used every care—what would you have me to do?"

"Used every care? Why don't you ensure the Maroons' peaceableness by advancing on them? Why don't you take them prisoners? They are enraged that two of their herdsmen should be whipped by a negro-slave under the order of one of your captains. They are angry and disturbed and have ambushed the roads to Trelawney, so I'm told."

"Did Mr. Calhoun tell you that when he was here?"

"It was not that which Mr. Calhoun told me the only time he came here. But who Erris Boyne was. I never knew till, in his honor, he told me, coming here for that purpose. I never knew who my father was till he told me. My mother kept it from me all my life."

The governor looked alert. "And you have not seen him since that day?"

"I have seen him, but I have not spoken to him. It was in the distance only."

"I understand your manager, Mr. Boland, sees him."

"My manager does not share my private interests—or troubles. He is free to go where he will, to speak to whom he chooses. He visits Enniskillen, I suppose—it is a well-managed plantation on Jamaican lines, and its owner is a man of mark."

Sheila spoke without agitation of any kind; her face was firm and calm, her manner composed, her voice even. As she talked, she seemed to be probing the centre of a flower which she had caught from a basket at the window, and her whole personality was alight and vivifying, her good temper and spirit complete. As he looked at her, he had an overmastering desire to make her his own—his wife. She was worth hundreds of thousands of pounds; she had beauty, ability and authority. She was the acme of charm and good bearing. With her he could climb high on the ladder of life. He might be a really great figure in the British world—if she gave her will to help him, to hold up his hands. It had never occurred to him that Dyck Calhoun could be a rival, till he had heard of Dyck's visit to Sheila and her mother, till he had heard Sheila praise him at the first dinner he had given to the two ladies on Christmas Day.

On that day it was clear Sheila did not know who her father was; but stranger things had happened than that she should take up with, and even marry a man imprisoned for killing another, even one who had been condemned as a mutineer, and had won freedom by saving the King's navy. But now that Sheila knew the truth there could be no danger! Dyck Calhoun would be relegated to his proper place in the scheme of things. Who was there to stand between him and his desire? What was there to stay the great event? He himself was a peer and high placed, for it was a time when the West Indian Islands were a centre of the world's fighting, where men like Rodney had made everlasting fame; where the currents of world controversy challenged, met and fought for control.

The West Indies was as much a cockpit of the fighting powers as ever Belgium was; and in those islands there was wealth and the power which wealth buys; the clash of white and black and colored peoples; the naval contests on the sea; the horrible masacres and enslavement of free white peoples, as in St. Domingo and Grenada; the dominating attacks of people fighting for control—peoples of old empires like France and Spain, and new empires like that of Britain. These were a centre of colonial life as important as had been the life in Virginia and New York and the New England States and Canada — indeed, more important than Canada in one sense, for the West Indies brought wealth to the British Isles, and had a big export trade. He lost no time in bringing matters to an issue.

No Defence

Continued from page 52

He got to his feet and came near to her. His eyes were inflamed with passion, his manner was impressive. He had a distinguished face, become more distinguished since his assumption of governorship, and authority had increased his personality.

"A man of mark!" he said. "You mean a marked man. Let me tell you I have an order from the British Government to confine him to his estate; not to permit him to leave it; and, if he does, to arrest him. That is my commanded duty. You approve, do you not? Or are you like most women soft at heart to bold criminals?"

Sheila did not reply at once. The news was no news to her, for Darius Boland had told her; but she thought it well to let the governor think he had made a new sensational statement.

"No," she said at last, looking him calmly in the eyes. "I have no soft feelings for criminals as criminals, none at all. And there is every reason why I should be adamant to this man, Dyck Calhoun. But, Lord Mallow, I would go carefully about this, if I were you. He is a man who takes no heed of people, high or low, and has no fear of consequences. Have you thought of the consequences to yourself? Suppose he resists, what will you do?"

"If he resists I will attack him with due force."

"You mean you will send your military and police to attack him?" The gibe was covered, but it found the governor's breast. He knew what she was meaning.

"You would not expect me to do police work, would you? Is that what your President does? What your great George Washington does? Does he make the state arrests with his own hand?"

"I have no doubt he would if the circumstances were such as to warrant it. He has no small vices and no false feelings. He has proved himself," she answered boldly.

"Well, in that case," responded Lord Mallow irritably, "the event will be as is due. The man is condemned by my masters, and he must submit to my authority. He is twice a criminal, and —"

"And yet a hero and a good swordsman, and as honest as men are made in a dishonest world. Your admiralty and your Government first pardoned the man, and then gave him freedom on the island which you tried to prevent; and now they turn round and confine him to his acres. Is that pardon in a real sense? Did you write to the Government and say he ought not to be free to roam, lest he should discover more treasure-chests and buy another estate? Was it you?"

The governor shook his head. "No, not I. I told the government in careful and unrhetorical language the incident of his coming here, and what I did, and my reason for doing it—that was all."

"And you being governor they took your advice. See, my lord, if this thing is done to him it will be to your own discomfiture. It will hurt you in the public service."

"Why, to hear you speak, mistress, it would almost seem you had a fondness for the man who killed your father, who went to jail for it, and——"

"And became a mutineer," intervened the girl flushing. "Why not say all? Why not catalogue his offences? Fondness for the man who killed my father, you say! Yes, I had a deep and sincere fondness for him ever since I met him at Playmore over seven years ago. Yes, a fondness which only his crime makes impossible. But in all that really matters I am still his friend. He did not know he was killing my father, who had no claims upon me, none at all, except that through him I have life and being; but it is enough to separate us forever in the eyes of the world, and in my eyes. Not morally, of course, but legally and actually. He and I are as far apart as winter and summer; we are parted forever and ever and ever."

Now at last she was inflamed. Every nerve in her was alive. All she had ever felt for Dyck Calhoun came rushing to the surface, demanding recognition, reasserting itself. As she used the words, "ever and ever and ever," it was like a Cordelia bidding farewell to Lear, her father, forever, for there was that in her voice which said: "It is final separation, it is the judgment of Jehovah, and I must submit. It is the last word."

Lord Mallow saw his opportunity, and did not hesitate. "No, you are wrong, wholly wrong," he said. "I did not bias what I said in my report—a report I was bound to make—by any covert prejudice against Mr. Calhoun. I guarded myslf especially"—there he lied, but he was an incomparable liar—"lest it should be used against him. It would appear, however, that the new admiral's report with mine were laid together, and the Government came to its conclusion accordingly. So I am bound to do my duty."

"If you—oh, if you did your duty, you would not obey the command of the Government. Are there not times when to obey is a crime, and is not this one of them? Lord Mallow, you would be doing as great a crime as Mr. Dyck Calhoun ever committed, or would commit, if you put this order into actual fact. You are governor here, and your judgment would be accepted—remember it is an eight weeks' journey to London at the least, and what might not happen in that time! Are you not given discretion?"

The governor nodded. "Yes, I am given discretion, but this is an order."

"An order!" she commented. "Then if it should not be fulfilled, break it and take the consequences. The principle should be—Do what is right and have no fear."

"I will think it over," answered the governor. "What you say has immense weight with me—more even than I have words to say. Yes, I will think it over—I promise you. You are a genius—you prevail."

Her face softened, a new something came into her manner. "You do truly mean it?" she asked with lips that almost trembled.

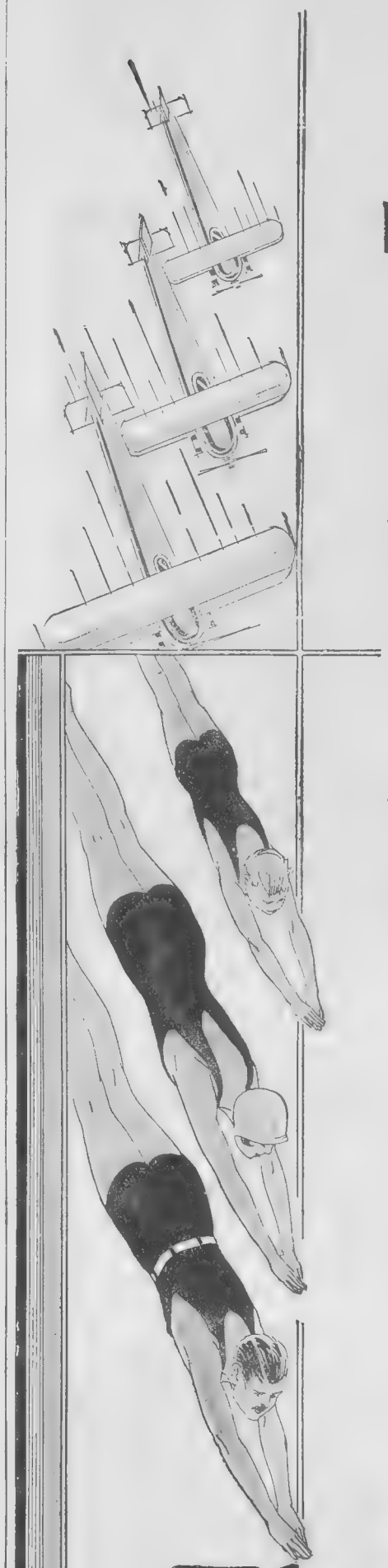
It seemed to her that to do this thing for Dyck Calhoun was the least that was possible, and it was perhaps the last thing she might ever be able to do. She realized how terrible it would be for him to be shorn of the liberty he had always had; how dangerous it might be in many ways; and how the people of the island might become excited by it—and troublesome.

"Yes, I mean it," answered Lord Mallow. "I mean it exactly as I say it."

She smiled. "Well, that should be your recommendation for promotion," she said happily. "I am sure you will decide not to enforce the order, if you think about it. You shall be promoted, your honor, to a better place," she repeated, half satirically.

"Shall I then?' 'he asked with a warm smile and drawing close to her. "Shall I? Then it can only be by your recommendation. Ah, my dear, my beautiful dear one," he hastened to add, "my life is possible henceforward only through you. You have taught me by your life and person, by your beauty and truth, by your nobility of mind and character how life should be lived. I have not always deserved your good opinion nor that of others. I have fought duels and killed men; I have aspired to place; I have connived at appointment; I have been vain, overbearing and insistent on my rights and privileges; I have played the dictator here in Jamaica; I have not been satisfied save to get my own way; but you have altered all that. Your coming here has given me a new outlook. Sheila, you have changed me, and you can change me infinitely more. I who have been a master wish to become your slave. I want you—beloved, I want you for my wife."

He reached out as though to take her hand, but she drew back from him. His thrilling words had touched her, as she seldom had been touched, as she had never been touched by anyone save the man that must never be hers; she was submerged for [Continued on page 54]



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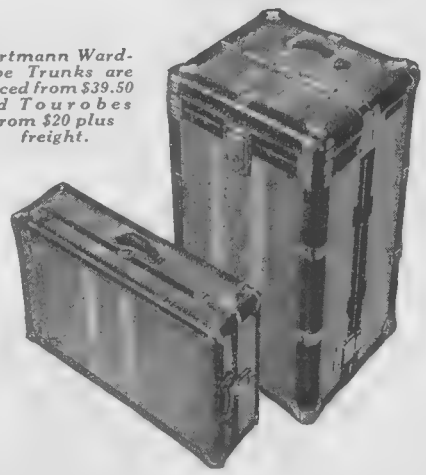

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No Defence

Continued from page 53

the moment in the flood of his eloquence, and his yielding to her on the point of Dyck's imprisonment gave fresh accent to his words. Yet she could not, she dared not say yes to his demand.

"My lord," she said, "oh, you have stirred me! Yet I dare not reply to you as you wish. Life is hard as it is, and you have suddenly made it harder. What is more, I do not, I cannot believe you. You have loved many. Your life has been a covert menace. Oh, I know what they said of you in Ireland. I know not of your life here. I suppose it is circumspect now; but in Ireland it was declared you were notorious with women."

"It is a lie," he answered. "I was not notorious. I was no better and no worse than many another man. I played, I danced attendance, I said soft nothings, but I was tied to no woman in all Ireland. I was a frolicsome and adventurous, but no more. There is no woman who can say I used her ill or took from her what I did not——"

"Atone for, Lord Mallow?"

"Atone—no. What I did not give compensation for, was what I was going to say."

The situation was intense. She was in a place from which there was no escape except by flight or refusal. She did not really wish to refuse. Somehow, there had come upon her the desire to put all thought of Dyck Calhoun out of her mind by making it impossible for her to think of him; and marriage was the one sure and complete way—marriage with this man, was it possible? He held high position, he was her fellow-countryman and an Irish peer, and she was the daughter of an evil man, who was, above all else, a traitor to his country, though Lord Mallow did not know that. The only one she knew possessed of the facts was the man she desired to save herself from in a final way—Dyck Calhoun. Her heart was for the moment soft to Lord Mallow, in spite of his hatred of Dyck Calhoun. The governor was a man of charm in conversation. He was born with rare faculties. Besides, he had a knowledge of humanity and of women. He knew how women could be touched. He had appealed to Sheila more by ability than by aught else. His concessions to her were discretion in a way. They opened the route to her affections, as his place and title could not do.

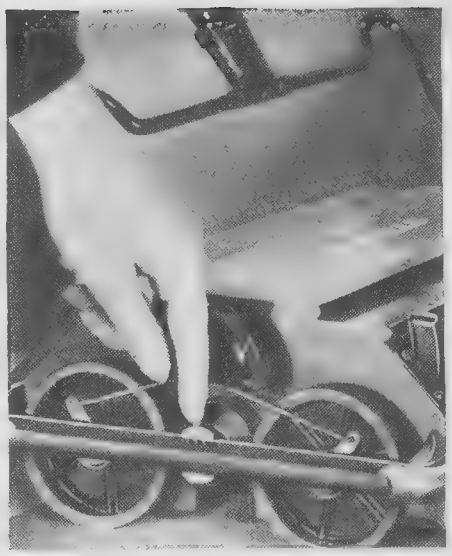
"No, no, no, believe me, Sheila, I was a man who had too many temptations—that was all. But I did not spoil my life by them, and I am here a trusted servant of the Government. I am a better governor than your first words to me would make you seem to think."

Her eyes were shining, her face was troubled, her tongue was silent. She knew not what to say. She felt she could not say yes—yet she wanted to escape from him. Her good fortune did not desert her. Suddenly the door of the room opened and her mother entered.

"There is a member of your suite here, your honor, asking for you. It is of most grave importance. It is urgent. What shall I say?"

"Say nothing. I am coming," said the governor. "I am coming now."

THAT night the Maroons broke loose upon Jamaica, and began murder and depredation against which the governor's activities were no check. Estates were invaded, and men, women and children killed, or carried into the mountains and held as hostages. In the middle and western part of the island the ruinous movements went on without being stayed; planters and people generally railed at the governor, and said that through his neglect these dark things were happening. It was said he had failed to punish offences by the Maroons, and this had given them confidence, filling them with contempt and disdain. They had one advantage not possessed by the government troops and militia—they were masters of every square rod of land in the middle and west of the island. Their plan was to raid, to ambush, to kill without mercy and to excite the slaves to rebel. [Continued on page 55]



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No Defence

Continued from page 54

The first assault and repulse took place not far from Enniskillen, Dyck Calhoun's plantation, and Michael Clones captured a Maroon who was slightly wounded.

Michael challenged him thus: "Come, now, my blitherin' friend, tell us what's your trouble — why are you risin'? What's your grievance? You don't do this without cause—what's the cause?"

The black man, naked except for a cloth about his loins, and with a small bag at his hip, slung from a cord over his shoulder, showed his teeth in a stark grimace.

"You're a newcomer here, massa, or you'd know we're treated bad," he answered. "We're robbed and trod on and there's no good word kept with us. We asked the governor for more land and he moved us off. We warned him against having one of our head young men flogged by a slave in the presence of slaves —for we are free men, and he laughed at us. So, knowing a few strong men can bring many weak men to their knees, we rose. I say this—there's plenty weak men in Jamica, men who don't know right when they see it, and no dash to follow it. So we rose, massa, and we'll make Jamaica sick before we've done. They can't conquer us, for we can hide and ambush here, and shoot those that come after us. We hide, one behind this rock and one behind that, never more than two or three together, and we're safe. But the white soldiers come all together and beat drums and blow horns, and we know where they are, and so we catch 'em and kill 'em. You'll see, we'll capture captains and generals, and we'll cut their heads off and bury them in their own guts.' '

He made an ugly grimace, and a loathesome gesture, and Michael Clones felt the man ought to die. He half drew his sword, but, thinking better of it, he took the Maroon to the Castle and locked him up in a slave's hut, having first bound him and put him in charge of one he could trust. But as he put the man away, he said:

"You talk of your people being able to hide and men not being able to find you; but did you ever hear of bloodhounds that can smell you and hunt you down, and chew you up. Did you never hear of them?"

The man's face wrinkled like a rag, for there was one thing the native fears more than all else and that is the tooth of the hound. But he gathered courage, and said: "The governor has no hounds. There ain't none in Jamaica—we know dat—all of us know dat—all of us know dat, masa."

Michael Clones laughed, and it was not pleasant to hear. "It may be the governor has not bloodhounds, and would not consent to their being brought into the island, but my master is bringing in hounds himself—a lot with their drivers from Cuba, and your Maroons will have all they can do to hide. Sure, d'ye think everywan in the island is as foolish as the governor? If you do, y'are mistaken, and that's all there is to say."

"The hounds not here—in de island, massa!" declared the Maroon questioningly.

"Mebbe not, Sambo, but they'll be here within the next few hours, and then where will you and your pals be? You'll be caught between sharp teeth—nice, red, sharp bloody teeth; and you'll make good steak—better than your best olio, my Sambo.' '

The native gave a moan—it was the lament of one whose crime was come tête-à-tête with its own punishment.

"That's the game to play," said Michael to himself as he fastened the door tight on the man. "The hounds will settle this fool rebellion quicker than aught else. Mr. Calhoun's a wise man, and he ought to be governor here. Criminal? As much as the Angel Gabriel! He must put down this rebellion—no wan else can. They're stronger, the Maroons, than they've ever been. They've planned this with skill, and they'll need a lot of handlin'. We're safe enough here, but down there at Salem—well, they may be caught in the bloody net, for this thing is a dirty, black business. Bedad, that's sure."

A few moments afterwards he met Dyck Calhoun.

"Michael," said Dyck, "things are safe enough here, but we've prepared! The overseers, bookkeepers and drivers are loyal enough. But there are others not so safe or well prepared. I'm going to Salem—riding as hard as I can, with six of our best men. They're not so daft at Salem as we are, Michael. They won't know how to act or what to do. Darius Boland is a good man, but he's only had Virginian experience, and this is different. A hundred Maroons are as good as a thousand white soldiers in the way the Maroons fight. There are thousands of them, and they can lay waste this island, if they get going. So I propose to stop them. The hounds are only just outside the harbor, Michael. The ship Vincent, bringing them, was sighted by a sloop two days ago, making slowly for Kingston. She should be here before we've time to turn around. Michael, the game is in our hands, if we play it well. Do you go down to Kingston and——"

He detailed what Michael was to do on landing the hounds, and laid out plans for the immediate future.

"They're in danger at Salem, Michael, so we must help them one way or another. I think the hounds will settle this whole wretched business, though."

Michael told him of his prisoner, and what effect the statement about the hounds had had. A look of purpose came into Dyck's face.

"Michael, there is no other way. A hound is as fair as a gun, and hounds shall be used here in Jamaica. The governor can't refuse their landing now. The people would kill him if he did. It was I proposed it all."

"Look, sir, who's that?" asked Michael, as they saw a figure riding under the palms not far away.

It was very early morning, and the light was dim yet, but there was sufficient to make even far sight easy. Dyck shaded his forehead with his hand.

"It's not one of our people, Michael. It's a stranger."

As the rider came on he was stopped by two of the drivers of the estate. Dyck and Michael saw him hold up a letter, and a moment later he was on his way to Dyck, galloping hard. Arrived, he dropped to the ground and saluted Dyck.

"A letter from Salem, sir," he said, and handed it over to Dyck.

Dyck nodded, broke the seal of the letter and read it quickly. Then he nodded again and bade the man eat a hearty breakfast and return with him on one of the Enniskillen horses, as his own would be exhausted.

"We're going down to help protect Salem, my man," said Dyck.

The man grinned. "That's good," he answered. "They knew naught of the rising when I left. But the governor was there yesterday, and he'd protect us."

"Nonsense, fellow, the governor would go straight to Spanish Town where he belongs, when there is trouble. That much he knows of his duty, I'll say."

When the man had gone, Dyck turned to his servant. "Michael," he said, "the news in the letter came from Darius Boland. He says the governor told him he had orders from England to confine me here at Enniskillen, and he meant to do it. Well, we'll see how he does it. If he sends his marshals to me, we'll make Gadarene swine of them."

There was a smile at his lips, but it was contemptuous, and the lines of his forehead told of resolve. "Michael," he added, "we'll hunt Lord Mallow with the hounds of our good fortune, for this war is our war. They can't win it without me, and they shall not. Without the hounds it may be a two years' war—with the hounds it can't go beyond a week or so."

"If the hounds get here, sir! But if they don't?" [Continued on page 58]

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Cast of Characters: Your Dentist *and* You

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D.D.S.: "What's the matter?"

YOU: *"Well, sometimes they're tender when I brush my teeth. And once in a while they bleed a little. But my teeth seem to be all right. Just how serious is a thing like this?"*

D.D.S.: "Probably nothing to bother about. But, just the same, I've seen people with white and flawless teeth get into serious trouble with their gums."

YOU: *"That's what worries me. Pyorrhea —gingivitis—trench mouth—all those horrible-sounding things! Just a month ago a friend of mine had to have seven teeth pulled out."*

D.D.S.: "Yes, such things *can* happen.

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D.D.S.: "Soft food? Yes, that's to blame for most of the trouble. You see, our gums get no exercise from the soft, creamy foods we eat. Circulation lags and weak spots develop on the gum walls. That's how these troubles begin. If you lived on rough, coarse fare your gums would hardly need attention."

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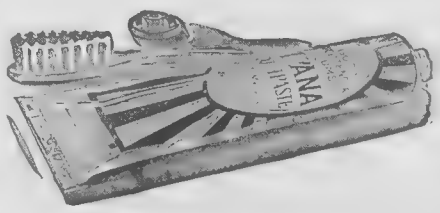

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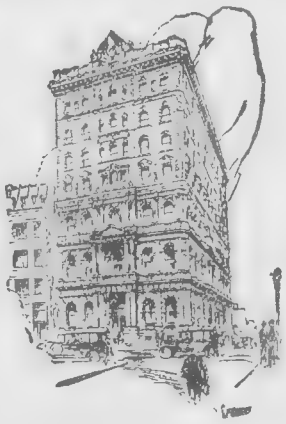

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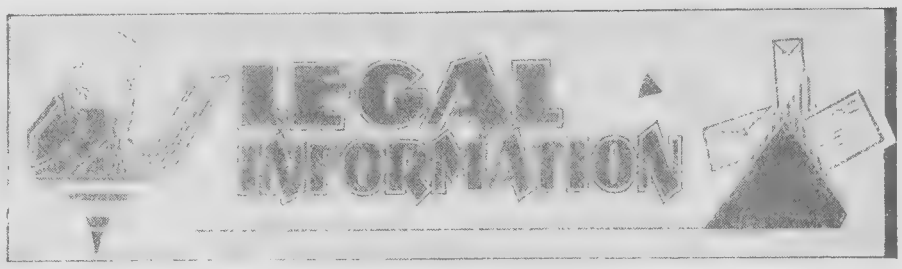

A BUILDING contractor entered into an agreement with a woman to sell her a dwelling house in one of the western cities. She inspected the premises and told the builder that she would like to rent the house and live in it for the winter before purchasing it in order to ascertain whether or not it was a warm house. The building contractor thereupon guaranteed that it was a "good warm house." She then decided to purchase, and after she had been in the house three months, she complained that the house was not warm and asked the contractor to cancel the agreement.

This he refused to do and she was forced to sue him in the courts. The evidence showed that the place could not be kept warm with a fire-place, furnace and wood cook-stove. The husband took the temperatures of the various rooms and the court held that the house could not be considered a warm house in accordance with the guarantee.

The court held that the contractor, having undertaken to make a representation of a most material nature, he was presumed by the other parties to have a special knowledge as to whether the house was warm or not. Such a statement would not be regarded as a mere opinion or judgment, but as an absolute warranty. The court thereupon cancelled the agreement and ordered the contractor to pay back the initial payment less a rent of $40.00 a month for three months of occupation.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. I am greatly interested in your legal column and would appreciate it very much if you could inform me through your paper just what claims a widow has on her children. A woman (widow) with three children, came to this country about 19 years ago. Of these children two boys married.

(a) gets a good salary and has a wife and two children.

(b) has a fair salary and also has a wife and two children.

(c) is single and lives at home paying only for board and room ($7 per week).

The mother has no income and is dependent entirely on the children. (b) allows her a house rent free. (c) pays the $7 a week. Now what claim has she on (a) who does nothing. Can she compel (a) to make her an allowance. She is over 70 years of age but has not been here long enough to get the old age pension.—F. McC. S.

A. The laws of Manitoba are of no particular assistance to a widowed woman in obtaining maintenance from her children. The laws are designed really to assist a wife in obtaining maintenance from her husband for herself and her children, but there is no law to compel children to support their parents. If a child has charge of a parent, then the provisions of the criminal code can be invoked in a case where the parent through age or illness or otherwise is unable to withdraw from the care of the child, and if the child neglects or refuses to provide the necessaries of life so that the health of the parent is likely to be seriously affected, then the parent can bring an information in the criminal courts to prosecute the child for such neglect. If (a) does not actually take charge of the parent, he cannot be prosecuted and he is not liable civilly for maintenance.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. Would you be so kind as to advise me re the following through your column in the Western Home Monthly at the earliest possible issue.

1. What constitutes a school?

2. If more than one person is required do they require to be certificated in their respective callings?

3. Can an individual or individuals give a diploma without themselves being certificated?—"Fideles."

A. 1. The word "school" is not defined in the Saskatchewan Schools Act so that it must be interpreted according to its natural meaning, namely as any place where instruction in any subject is usually given.

2. You do not state what sort of a school you are interested in. If you mean a public school instituted under the Statutes of the Province of Saskatchewan then every teacher must be a person holding a legal certificate of qualification, which we understand to mean qualifications which have been approved under the regulations issued by the Minister of Education. If you intend the term "school" to apply to any sort of institution for giving instruction, then a person may give instruction in any subject without any certificate.

3. As to your third question, a diploma can be issued by any institution. The value of the diploma depends upon the purpose for which it is issued and the standing of the institution which issues it.

Atlee, Alta.

Q. After landing in this country in 1927 I worked on a dairy farm for six months at $50.00 per month, then I left to go harvesting. Now this man could not pay me up and asked if I would accept so much at short intervals when he collected it for the milk, so I agreed and he dealt fair with me. Then I decided to come down here, which is about fifty miles away. I wrote to him and he refuses to pay any money to me and also refuses to give me a note, so I put it in the hands of a lawyer and he said he would get it for me, that was in January, 1929. The last letter he wrote he said he intended to sue him, but since I have discovered they are good friends so I am writing to ask what he intends to do with the case. Now I left the job as stated and he wanted me to go back after harvesting so there was no trouble between us. The amount he owes me is $125.00.

If you will kindly give me your opinion and advice I will be much obliged.—W.B.

A. We do not see any reason why you should be unable to collect your arrears of wages.

You state that you placed the collection in the hands of a solicitor. You realize that a solicitor cannot collect money from a debtor who has none, but the solicitor should be able to tell you definitely whether he can collect or not, and if you are not satisfied with his reports you can terminate his retainer and employ another solicitor to act for you.

It would appear to us that if your case was properly handled you could probably collect your wages in small instalments.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. I would appreciate information regarding the International Research Institute, 406 Canada Building, Winnipeg, and advice relating to a business transaction I have had with them.

Last year I received a letter from them stating that they were giving sets of the International Encyclopedia to certain individuals on condition that they give an unbiased opinion as to the merits of the Encyclopedia. Later their salesman called giving particulars. He informed me that the Encyclopedia was entirely free on the conditions mentioned, but if I so wished I could secure the Loose Leaf Extension Service, as well as have the privilege of asking two questions each month. These questions would be answered by qualified members of their staff, and the service was to extend over a period of ten years.

[Continued on page 70]

THE outstanding event of the past month has been the introduction of the Budget by the King Government and the subsequent determination of the Government to hold a Dominion election late in July or early in August. The Budget as introduced by the Minister of Finance has met with, as might be expected, a varying degree of acceptance. Probably the outstanding change is the increased duty on iron and steel products, a duty imposed for the purpose of giving assistance to the steel industries of Lake Superior and Nova Scotia. The Nova Scotia industry is particularly well pleased with the bounty of 49½c a ton on Canadian bituminous coal used in smelting operations; whereas on the other hand the Algoma interests received with pleasure the announcement of increased duties on structural steel, a business which in the past has been monopolized largely by American interests. On the other hand there has been a considerable reduction in the tariff on electric vacuum cleaners and domestic refrigerators, washing machines and wringers, a reduction which will undoubtedly be pleasing to many a housewife.

Much emphasis has been laid on the reduction of the British Preference, particularly with reference to gas, coal, oil and other lighting fixtures, electric telegraph and telephone apparatus, guns and rifles. It is a considerable question, however, if the results will be of any especial importance. For years the British producers have enjoyed a preference in different lines but they do not seem to have made any great efforts to increase the sale of their products. The proposed reduction, however, has the effect of offering a market to the Britisher if he wishes to develop it. The result will depend largely upon his reaction to this offer.

The dairy interests have been greatly delighted by the termination of the New Zealand-Canadian Trade Treaty and the imposition of a duty on butter. For some time past butter makers have bitterly complained of the loss which they have been sustaining through the importation of New Zealand butter, which was admitted without a duty sufficiently high to protect the Canadian producer. It is felt that with this protection those interested in dairy products, whether as farmers or manufacturers, will greatly benefit and that the corresponding increase in their wealth will be reflected on the community at large.

Fruit and vegetable growers, though not having their demands granted in full, have been partially satisfied by an increase in duties. The sales tax has been cut in half, a welcome boon to manufacturers and an apparent indication that in the near future it will be abolished in its entirety and the consequent loss be made up by an increase in the income tax. The reduction on tea grown in the British Empire is welcome.

The subject of countervailing duties has given rise to a considerable amount of discussion. The idea behind this aspect of the budget is that if at any time any foreign country should place duties upon articles introduced into that particular country the Minister of Finance in this country will have the right to forthwith increase the duty on that same type of article when introduced into this country. At present, for instance there is a duty of five to six cents per dozen on tins coming from the United States. American duties on soups entering into that country are higher but their imports of this article is negligible. If the Canadian Minister wished he could immediately increase the duty on American soups so as to make both rates the same, in which case, it is believed that the American authorities would lower their rates at once. Time alone will tell as to the outcome of the working out of such a novel proposal.

Apart from the budget the next item of interest would seem to be the general financial condition of the country which apparently has not greatly improved since we last wrote on this subject. The price of wheat continues low and there seems to be little in sight to cause prices to rise higher. The drought in some of the American States has been relieved and conditions on the whole look good. In Western Canada they are not altogether propitious owing to the dry nature of the soil, but the recent rains have helped materially a soil needing moisture and have altered the picture considerably. The acreage sown apparently exceeds that of last year and it is evident that farmers have not succumbed to the cry of lessened acreage. Present indications are that we shall have a large carry-over unless something radical happens in the next month.

The Bank of Montreal in its recent monthly letter points out the following facts in connection with the mining industry:

"The mining industry has been establishing new records despite the fact that development plans have to some extent been retarded. Car loadings of ore in the first quarter of the year were in excess of any preceding period; gold production in Ontario has been greater and the output of copper, nickel, zinc and lead is large. In the fiscal year, ending March 31st, the value of copper exported increased over ten million dollars and of nickel exported one million, one hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars over the preceding year. An unfavorable feature, however, is the dropping of copper from eighteen to fourteen cents at which price it has stood for a year.

"In its bearing upon business the announced reconstruction of the capital structure of the British Empire Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries promises helpful influence by taking the concern out of the hands of a receiver and affording greater scope to the management of the important coal and steel industries which constitute the largest market for labor in Nova Scotia."

Answers to Enquiries.

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Q. A few friends are investing their money with the "Investors Syndicate Ltd,.' but before putting anything in this I would appreciate your opinion of this concern. I understand there are branches in most cities, at which regular payments are made by investors and on these deposits five per cent interest is allowed. Is this a good sound proposition and are the deposits made by investors secure?—M.H.

A. The Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis is an American organization. We do not make a practice of following the operations of American companies, but the information which we have regarding this concern is not unfavorable. The company has been in business for a number of years and is apparently making progress. The money which the company receives upon the sale of its investment certificates is invested in first mortgage real estate loans. Naturally the success of the organization depends upon the efficiency of the management. This type of enterprise has been moderately successful, and as long as the management operates along conservative lines the certificates should prove a satisfactory investment. You should be prepared to carry your payments through to maturity.

We would point out that you can purchase first class Canadian industrial or government bonds on the instalment plan from any broker or banker so that we cannot see where there is any particular advantage in investment with the Investors Syndicate, as its certificates have not the ready market and collateral value which bonds of the strong Canadian companies would give you.

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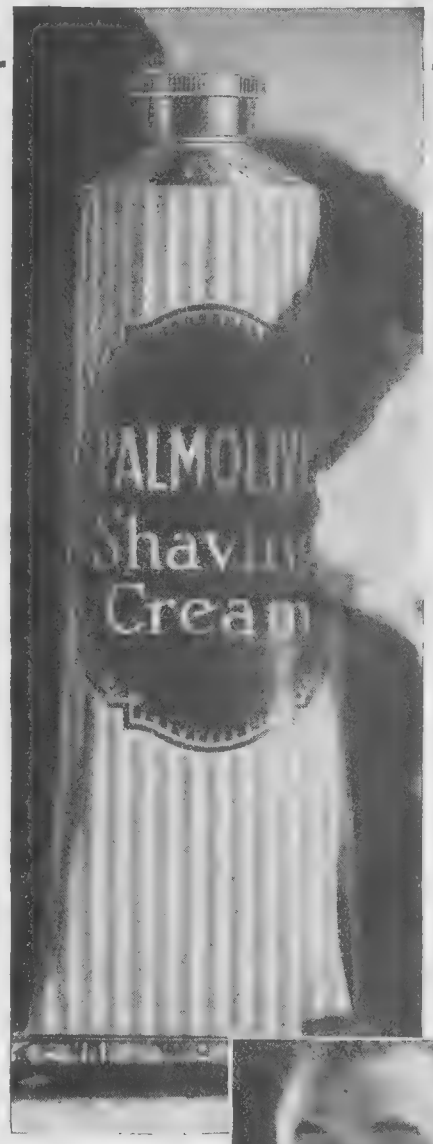

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1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
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No Defence

Continued from page 55

Dyck laid his hand upon the sword at his side. "If they don't get here, Michael, still the war will be ours, for we understand fighting, and how to do it, and the governor does not. Confine me here, will he? Well, if he does, he'll be a better man than I have ever known him, Michael. No, he'll not confine me here. In a few hours I shall be at Salem, to do what he could not do, and would not if he could. His love is as deep as water on a roof; no deeper. He'll think first of himself, and afterwards of the owner of Salem or any other. Come, let me show you what I mean to do when once we've got Salem free from danger. Come and have a look at my chart.'"

Some hours later Dyck Calhoun, with his six horsemen, was within a mile or so of Salem. They had ridden hard in the heat and were tired, but there was high spirit in the men, for they were behind a trusted leader, as they knew full well—a man who ate little, but who did not disdain a bottle of Madeira or a glass of brandy, and who made good every step of the way he went—watchful, alert, careful, determined. They trusted him and they cared little what his past had been. Jamaica was not a heaven for the good, but it was a haven for many who had been ill-used elsewhere; where each man, as though he were really in a new world, was judged by his daily actions and not by any history of a hidden or an open past. As they came across country, Dyck always ahead, they saw how he responded to every sign of life in the bush, how he moved always with discretion where ambush seemed possible. They knew how on his own estate he never made mistakes of judgment; that he held the balance carefully, and that his violences, rare and tremendous, were not outbursts of an unregulated nature. "You can't fool Calhoun," was a common phrase in the language of Enniskillen, and there were few in the near surrounding country who would not have upheld the truth of it.

Now, today, he was almost moodily silent, reserved and watchful. None knew the eddies of life which struggled for mastery in him, nor of his horrible disappointments. None knew of his love for Sheila. Yet all knew that he had killed — or was punished for killing — Erris Boyne. None of them had seen Sheila, but all had heard of her, and the governor's courtship of her, and all wondered why Dyck Calhoun should be doing what the governor clearly should do, if the governor were a real man.

Somehow, in spite of the criminal record with which Dyck Calhoun's life was stained, they had a respect for him they did not have for Lord Mallow. Dyck's life in Jamaica was clean; and his progress as a planter had been free from black spots. He even kept no mistress, and none had ever known him to have to do with women, black, brown or white. He had never gone a-Maying, as the saying was, and his only weakness or fault—if it was a fault—was a fondness for the bottle of good wine, which was ever open on his table, and for tobacco in the smoking-leaf. Today he smoked incessantly and carefully. He threw no loose ends of burning tobacco from cigar or pipe into the loose dry leaves and stiff-cut ground. Yet they knew the small clouds that floated away from his head did not check his observation. That was proved beyond peradventure when they were within sight of the homestead of Salem on an upland well wooded. It was in apparently happy circumstances, for they could see no commotion about the homestead; they saw men with muskets evidently keeping guard — yet too openly keeping guard, as they all thought, and so some said to each other.

Presently Dyck reined in his horse, and stretched out a hand to detain them. Each man listened attentively and watched the wood ahead of them, for it was clear Dyck suspected danger there. For a moment there seemed doubt in Dyck's mind what to do, but when it was up he had decided.

[Continued on page 59]

Have You Any Legal Problems?

REMEMBER the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you.

No Defence

Continued from page 58

"Ride slow for Salem," he said. "It's Maroons there in the bush. They are waiting for night. They won't attack us now. They're in ambush—of that I'm sure. If they want to capture Salem, they'll not give alarm by firing on us, so if we ride on they'll think we haven't sensed them. If they do attack us, we'll know they are in good numbers, for they'll be facing us as well as the garrison of Salem. But keep your muskets ready. Have a drink," he added and handed round his horn of liquor. "If they see us drink, and they will, they'll think we've only stopped to refresh, and we'll be safe. In any case, if they attack, fire your muskets at them and ride like the devil. Don't dismount and don't try to find them in the rocks. It's no good. They'll catch us that way, as they've caught others in the past. It's a poor game fighting hidden men. You see, I want to get them in the open down below, and that's where they'll be before we're many hours older.' '

With this he rode on slightly ahead, and presently put his horse at a gentle canter which he did not increase as they neared the place where the black men ambushed. Every man of the group behaved well. None showed nervousness, even when one of the horses, conscious of hidden Maroons in the wood, gave a snort and made a sharp movement out of the track in an attempt to get greater speed.

That was only for an instant, however. Yet every man's heart beat faster as they came to the place where evidently the ambush was. Indeed, Dyck saw a bush move, and had a swift glimpse of a black hideous face which quickly disappeared, however. After they had passed the spot of danger there was a cry almost from the lips of all save Dyck; but his imperturbable coolness kept them steady. They even gossiped of idle things loud enough for the hidden Maroons to hear. Though every heart beat harder, no face showed suspicion or alarm, as they passed, while all felt the presence of many men in the underbrush. Only when they had absolutely passed the place, did they realize the fullness of the danger through which they had gone. Dyck talked to them presently without turning round, for to do that might have roused suspicion, and while they were out of danger now, there was the future and Dyck's plan, which he now unfolded.

"They'll come down into the open before it's dark," he said quietly, "and when they do that, we'll have 'em. They've no chance to ambush in the cane-fields now. We'll get them in the open, and wipe them out. Don't look round. Keep steady, and we'll ride a little more quickly soon.

A little later they cantered gently to the front door of the Salem homestead.

The first face they saw there was that of Darius Boland. It had a look of trouble. Dyck explained: "We thought you might not have heard of the rise of the Maroons. We have no ladies at Enniskillen. We are prepared for the revolt, and we're safe enough there, as things are. You ladies must go at once to Spanish Town, unless——"

"Unless they stay here! Well, they would not be unwise, for though the slaves under the old management might have joined the Maroons, they will not do so now. We have got them that far. But Mr. Calhoun, the ladies aren't here. They rode away into the hills this morning, and they've not come back. I was just about sending a search party for them. I did not know of the rise of the Maroons."

"In what direction did they go?" asked Dyck with anxiety, though his tone was even.

Darius Boland pointed. "They went slightly northwest, and if they go as I think they meant to do, they would come back the way you came in."

"They were armed?" Dyck asked sharply, for thought of the ladies arriving by the route he came by made him fearful.

"Yes, they were armed," was the reply. "Miss Llyn had a small pistol. She learned to carry one in Virginia, and she has done so ever since we came here."

"Listen, Boland," said Dyck with some alarm. "Up there in the hills by which we came are Maroons hidden, and they will invade this place tonight. We were ready to fight them, of course, as we came, but it's a risky business, and we wanted to get them all if possible. It wouldn't have been possible if we had charged them there, for they were well ambushed. My idea was to let them get into the open between there and here, and catch them as they came. It would save our own men, and it would probably do for them. If Mrs. and Miss Llyn come back that way, they will be in much greater danger than we were, for the Maroons were coming here to capture the ladies and hold them as hostages; and they would not let them pass, as they did us. In any case, the risk is immense. The ladies must be got to Spanish Town, for the Maroons are desperate. They know we have no ships of the navy here now, and they rely on their raiding powers and the governor's weakness. They have placed their men in every part of the middle and western country, with orders what to do, and they came upon my place last evening and were defeated. Several were killed and one taken prisoner. The trouble is they can't be marched upon like an army. Their powers of ambush are too great. They must be run down by bloodhounds. It's the only way."

"Bloodhounds — there are no bloodhounds here!" said Darius Boland. "And if there were, wouldn't pious England make a fuss?"

Dyck Calhoun was about to speak sharply, but he caught a glimpse of sarcasm in Darius Boland's face, and he said: "I have the bloodhounds. They're outside the harbor now, and as soon as they're landed I intend to use them."

"If the governor allows you!" remarked Darius Boland sarcastically. "He does not like you or your bloodhounds. He has his orders, so he says."

Dyck made an impatient gesture. "I will not submit to his order. I have earned my place in this island, and I will see he does not have his way . . . But we must wait no longer. The ladies must be brought to Spanish Town, and placed where the governor's men can protect them."

"The governor's men! Protect them! They might as well stay here; we can surely protect them."

Dyck Calhoun looked around. "Perhaps, for you have skill, Boland, and you are cautious, but I put it to you, is it fair for ladies to stay in this isolated spot while there are murderers about? Therefore, when the ladies come back, they must be sent without delay to Spanish Town. Can't you see?"

Darius Boland bowed. "What you say goes always," he remarked, "but tell me, sir, who will take the ladies to Spanish Town?"

Dyck Calhoun frowned. He read the inner meaning of Darius Boland's words. They did not put him out of self-control, however. It was not a time to dwell on such things. It was his primary duty to save the ladies.

"Come, Boland," he said sharply, "I shall start now. Wherever the ladies are, we must find them. What sort of a country is it through which they pass over there?" He pointed.

"Bad enough in some ways. There's an old monastery of the days of the Spaniards up there"—he pointed—"or the ruins of one, and it is a pleasant place to rest. I doubt not they rested there, if——"

"If they reached it!" remarked Dyck with crisp inflection. "Yes, they would rest there—and it would be a good place for ambush for the Maroons, eh?"

"Good enough from the standpoint of the Maroons," he replied, his voice slightly choked.

"Then we must go there. It's a damnable predicament—no, you must not come with me! You must keep command here." [Continued on page 60]

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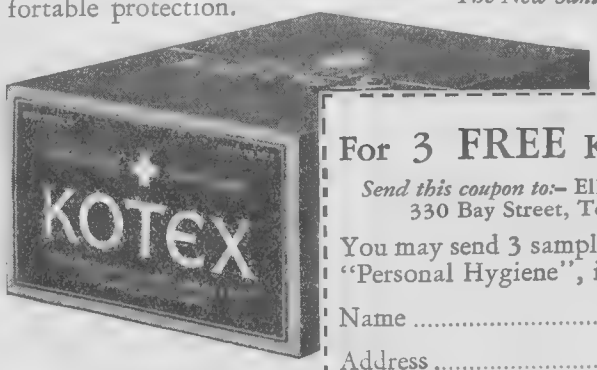

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

No Defence

Continued from page 59

He hastily described the course to be followed by those of his own men who remained to defend, and then said: "Our horses are fagged. If you can loan us four I'll see they are well taken care of, and are returned, in kind, or cash. I'll take three of my men only, and loan you three of the best. We'll fill our knapsacks and get away, Boland."

A few moments later, Dyck Calhoun and his three companions, with a guide added by Boland, had started away up the road which had been ridden by Mrs. Llyn and Sheila. One thing was clear, the Maroons on the hill did not know of the absence of Sheila and her mother, or they would not be waiting. He did not like the long absence of the ladies. It was ominous at such a time.

DYCK and his small escort got away by a road unseen from where the Maroons were, and when well away put their horses to a canter and got into the hills. Once in the woods, however they rode alertly, and Dyck's eyes were everywhere. He was quick to see a bush move, to observe the flick of a branch, to catch the faintest sound of an animal origin. He was obsessed with anxiety, for he had a dark fear that some ill had happened to the two. His blood almost dried in his veins when he thought of the fate which had followed the capture of ladies in other islands like Haiti or Grenada. His soul revolted at it.

It did not seem possible that these beautiful and devoted women should have fallen into the outrageous hands of savages. He vexed his soul with torturing thoughts. He knew the girl was armed, and that before harm might come to her she would end her own life and her mother's also; but suppose she was caught from behind, and that the opportunity of suicide should not be hers—what then?

Yet he showed no agitation to his followers His eyes were, however, intensely busy, and every nerve was keen to feel. Life in the open had developed in him the physical astutenes of the wild man, and he had all the gifts that make a supreme open-air fighter. He sensed things; but with him it was feeling, and not scent or hearing; his senses were such perfect listeners. He had the intense perception of a delicate plant, whose wonderful warnings which only come to those who live close to nature, who study from feeling the thousand moods and tenses of living vegetables and animal life. He was a born hunter, and it was not easy to surprise him when every nerve was aching with premonition. He saw the marks of the hoofs of Sheila's and her mother's horses in the road, knowing them by the freshness of the indentations. An hour, two hours passed, and they then approached the monasterial ruin of which Boland had spoken. Here, suddenly, Dyck dropped to the ground, for he saw unmistakable signs of fright or hurry in the hoof-marks.

He quickly made examination, and there were signs of women's feet and also a bare native foot, but no signs of struggle or disturbance. The footprints, both native and white, were firmly placed, but the horses' hoof-prints showed agitation. Presently the hoof-marks became more composed again. Suddenly one of Dyck's supporters exclaimed he had picked up a small piece of ribbon, evidently dropped to guide those who might come searching. Presently another token was found in a loose bit of buckle from a shoe. Then suddenly, upon the middle of the road was a little pool of blood and signs that a body had lain in the dust.

"She shot a native here," said Dyck to his companions morosely, yet coolly.

"There are no signs of a struggle," remarked the most observant.

"Well, we must go carefully here, for they may have been imprisoned in the ruin. You stay here, and I'll go forward," he added, with a hand on his sword. "I've got an idea they're here. We have one chance, my lads, and let's keep our heads. If anything should happen to me, [Continued on page 61]

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PLANTERS
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1728

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention Western Home Monthly

No Defence

Continued from page 60

have a try yourselves, and see what you can do. The ladies must be freed, if they're there. There's not one of you that won't stand by me to the last, but I want your oath upon it. By the heads or graves of your mothers, lads, you'll see it through. Up with your hands!"

Their hands went up. "By our mothers' heads or graves!" they said in low tones.

"Good!" he replied. "I'll go on ahead. If you hear a call, or a shot fired, come forward swiftly."

An instant later he plunged into the woods to the right of the road, by which he would come upon the ruins from the rear. He held a pistol as he stole carefully yet quickly forward. He was anxious there should be no delay, but he was equally anxious not to be rash. At last without meeting anyone he came near to the ruins. They showed serene in the shade of the trees.

Then suddenly he saw come from the ruins a Maroon of fierce yet not cruel appearance, who laid a hand behind his ear, and looked steadfastly towards that part of the woods where Dyck was. It was clear he had heard something. Dyck did not know how many Maroons there might be in the ruins, or near it, and he did not attack. It was essential that he find out the strength of his foe; and he remained quiet. Presently the native turned as though to go back into the ruins, but changed his mind, and began to make a tour of the stony, ruined building. Dyck waited, and presently he saw more natives come from the ruins, and after a moment another three. These last were having an argument of some stress, for they pulled at each other's arms and legs and even caught at the long cloths of the head-dresses they wore.

"They've got the ladies there," thought Dyck, "but they've done them no harm yet." He waited some moments longer to see if more natives were coming out, then said to himself: "I'll make a try for it now. It won't do to run the risk of going back to bring my fellows up. It's a fair risk, but it's worth taking."

With that he ran softly forward to the entrance of the ruins from which he had seen the men emerge. Looking in he saw only darkness. Then suddenly he gave a soft call, the call of an Irish bird-note which all people in Ireland—in the west and south of Ireland—know. If Sheila was alive and in the place she would answer it, he was sure. He waited a moment, and there was no answer. Then he called again, and in an instant, as though from a great distance, there came the reply of the same note, clearer and more bell-like than his own.

"She's there!" he said, and boldly entered the place.

It was damp and dark, but ahead was a break in the solid monotony of ruined walls, and he saw a clear stream of light beyond. He stole ahead, got over the stone obstructions, and came on to a biggish room which had once been a refectory. Looking round it he saw three doors—one evidently led into the kitchen, one into a pantry, and one into a hall. It was clear the women were alone, or someone would have come in answer to his call. Who could tell when they would come? There was no time to be lost. With an instinct, which proved correct, he opened the door leading into the old kitchen, and there, tied, and with pale faces, but in no other sense disordered, were Sheila and her mother. He put his fingers to his lips, then hastily cut them loose from the ropes of bamboo, and helped them to their feet.

"Can you walk?" he whispered to Mrs. Llyn. She nodded assent, and braced herself. "Then here," he said, "is a pistol. Come quickly. We may have to fight our way out. Don't be afraid to fire, but take good aim first. I have some men in the wood beyond where you shot the native," he added to Sheila. "They'll come at once if I call, or a shot is fired. Keep your heads, and we shall be all right. They're a dangerous crew, but we'll beat them this time, I think. Come as quickly as you can."

Presently they were in the refectory, and a moment after that they were over the stones, and near the entrance of the ruins, and then a native appeared, armed and running in. Without an instant's hesitation Dyck ran forward, and as he entered, put his sword into the man's vitals, and he fell, calling out as he fell.

"The rest will be on us now," said Dyck, "and we must keep going."

He was about to issue from the place when three more natives appeared, and he shot two without waiting. Catching a pistol from Sheila he aimed at the third native and wounded him, but did not kill him. The man ran into the wood surrounding the monastery. Presently more Maroons came—a dozen or more, and rushed for the entrance. They were met by Dyck's fire, and now also Sheila fired and brought down her man. Dyck fired again and wounded another, and with great skill loaded again, but at that moment three of the Maroons, in a whirlwind of rage, rushed down into the ruins.

It was dark and they were astonished to see that Dyck was there, and they were more astonished to receive—first one and then another—his iron in their bowels. The third man made a stroke at Dyck with his lance, and did no more than gash Dyck's left arm. Then he turned and fled out into the open, and was met by a half-dozen others. They were all about to rush the entrance when suddenly four shots behind them brought three of them down, and the rest fled into the wood shouting. In another moment Dyck and the ladies were in the open, and making for the woods, the women in front, the men behind, loading their muskets as they ran, and alive to the risks of the moment.

The dresses of the ladies were stained and soiled with dust and damp, but otherwise they seemed little the worse for the adventure, save that Mrs. Llyn was shaken, and her face was ashen gray.

"How did you know where we were, and why did you come?" she said, after they had mounted and had got under way, having secured the horses which Sheila and her mother had ridden.

Briefly Dyck explained how, as soon as he had dealt with the revolt of the Maroons at his own place, he came straight to Salem to protect her and Sheila.

"I knew you were unused to the ways of the country and to our sort of native here, and I felt sure you would not refuse to take help—even mine at a pinch. But tell me what happened to you?" he added, turning to Sheila.

Sheila was distressed at seeing him, for it was only yesterday she had determined to cut him wholly out of her life by assenting to marry Lord Mallow. Yet here he was, and she could scarcely bear to look into his face. He was shut off from her by every fact of human reason. These were days when family feeling was deeper, when the traditions of family life were more intense than now; when to kill one's own father was not so bad as to embrace, as it were, him or her who had killed that father. Sheila felt if she were normal she ought to feel abhorrence against Dyck; yet she felt none at all, and his saving them had given a new color to their relations. If he had killed her father, the traitor, he had saved themselves from death or freed them from a shameful captivity which might have ended in black disaster. She was distressed, but she kept herself in hand, and did not show confusion. She was well poised, carried herself with courage.

"We had not heard of the rising of the Maroons," she said. "The governor was at Salem yesterday and a message came from his staff to say he was needed to deal with a critical incident, and would he come at once. His staff were not at Salem, but at the next plantation nearer to Spanish Town. Lord Mallow went. If he suspected the real trouble he said naught to us, but was gone before you could realize it. The hours went by, night came and passed, then my mother and [Continued on page 63]

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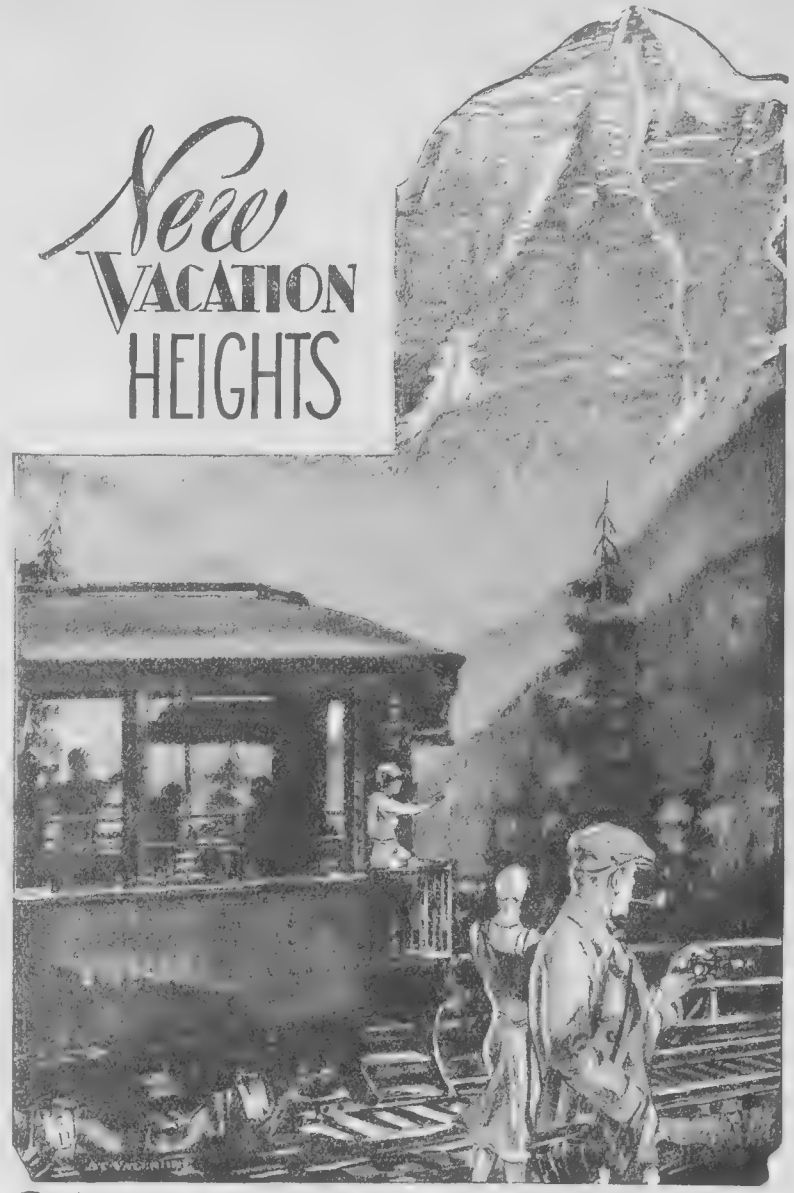

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Home Comfort in the Summer Time

Continued from page 30

effect that may be had with them; your own paint-pot (the new lacquers cover well and are exceedingly easy to use) will give you a new color scheme as often as you want one—or will bring the odd pieces you may dedicate to outdoor use from the house, into harmony with one another. The patchy porch has gone —no matter in what way the furnishings are recruited, they must be brought smartly and attractively into kinship with paint and covering fabrics.

Lounging chairs are an essential to summer comfort. Make the rest-time as restful as it can be! The swing-couch, the good old hammock, low and comfortable cushioned chairs, all contribute their share. But lacking all else, or if one has perhaps no more than a furnished room with a wee balcony or the use of a corner of the garden, I know of nothing that will contribute as much real relaxation as a long steamer-chair with a little canopy top that may be pushed back or drawn forward for protection against sun or breeze. These chairs, because they fold up for easy transportation, are invaluable if you are spending a summer at the beach or woodland. Isn't there an irresistible invitation about even the pictured one I have shown you? I saw these priced at five dollars and seventy-five cents, and thought how many people might derive infinite enjoyment from their possession and how varied their usefulness, from fashionable resort to a nook just outside the kitchen door, where the busy housemother might shell peas or string beans for the dinner, do her mending beyond the heat of the range while her cakes were baking, or tuck in a half-hour of complete restfulness with the morning paper or a new book. Nor must I forget that there are tiny deck-chairs for the small folk, too, from a dollar and a quarter up.

FLOOR coverings are of interest when the porch or balcony provides a more or less complete out-door room. Here we emphasize an idea which should be general in the way of choosing of any of this outdoor equipment—the practical side must always be kept to the fore. Fortunately, this presents no difficulty, for we have plenty of fade-proof fabrics, stout things to combat a reasonable amount of weather; paints that are made for outside use; and floor coverings that are quickly rid of the tracks of even muddy feet.

Linoleums and oilcloths in suitable designs are of course greatly used. Most ideal and attractive, are the tile patterns—some of them amazingly faithful reproductions of soft-hued tiles and mosaics. Then there are grass mats and washable fibre rugs that are both practical and good-looking.

Cushions are important. Fresh coverings in chintz or any bright washable material will give them new life each season, and make them contribute their share to the colorful and effective scheme that you work out with all your outdoor furnishings. If you cannot have an actual garden as a background for them, you will just have to create the illusion of one, with gaily-flowered cretonne coverings, potted plants, even brackets to hang against the house wall and fill with trailing vines and flowers. Window boxes fitted on the porch railing, can be a riot of brilliant bloom; a tall pedestal in each corner of a big porch can be surmounted with an urn or jar gay with color.

In short—to the ingenious, all things are possible; and amongst the most desirable of all possibilities at this season of the year, there is the delightful spot that invites you to enjoy the softness and beauty of the out-of-doors and to gather the health and the vision and the joy that are in this one instance to be found only outside the walls of even the most-loved home.

for tired sore muscles . . .

BANISH the discomfort of tired, strained, aching muscles . . . rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. This famous penetrating liniment goes straight to the cause — congestion. It arouses circulation, breaks up the congestion and prevents stiffness. Being a highly efficient antiseptic and germicide as well, Absorbine, Jr., safeguards you against infection. It is not greasy and does not stain skin or clothes. Always keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet.

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BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

No Defence

Continued from page 61

I, this morning, made up our minds to take a ride to the monastery, and then round by the road you travelled by, back to Salem."

"There are Maroons now on that hill above your place. They were in ambush when we passed today, but we took no notice. It was not wise of us to invite trouble. Some of us would have been killed, but——"

He then told what had been in his mind, and what he thought might be the outcome—the killing or capture of the whole group, and safety for all at Salem. His words went to the farthest corners of Sheila's nature.

When he had finished, she continued her story. "We rode for an hour unchallenged, and then came the Maroons. At first I knew not what to do. We were surrounded before we could act. I had my pistol ready, and there was the chance of escape—the faint chance—if we drove our horses on; but there was also the danger of being fired at, and who could tell what a terrible end might have been to the event! So we sat still on our horses, and I asked them how they dared to assault white ladies. I asked them if they had never thought what vengeance the governor would take. They did not understand my words, but they grasped the meaning, and one of them, the leader, who understood English, was inclined to have reason. As it was, we stopped what might have been our murder by saying it would be wiser to hold us as hostages, and that we were Americans. That man was killed—by you. A shot from your pistol brought him down as he rushed forward to enter the ruins. But he took care of us as we went forward, and when I shot one of his followers for laying his hand upon me in the saddle—he caught me by my leg under my skirt—he would allow no retaliation. I knew boldness was the safe part to play.

"But in the end we were bound with ropes as you fund us, while they waited for more of their people to come, those, no doubt, you found ambushed on the hill. As we lay in the kitchen, bound as you saw us, the leader said to us we should be safe if he could have his way, but there were bad elements among the Maroons, and he could not guarantee it. Yet he knew the Government would pay for our release, would no doubt give the land for which they had asked with no avail. We must, therefore, remain prisoners. If we made no efforts to escape, it would be better for us in the end. 'Keep your head steady, missy, try no tricks, and all may go well; but I have a bad lot to control, and they may fly at you.' That was the way he spoke. It made our blood run cold, for he was one man, with fair mind, and he had around him men, savage and irresponsible. Black and ruthless, they would stop at nothing except the sword at their throats or the teeth in their flesh."

"The teeth in their flesh!" said Dyck with a grim smile. "Yes, that is the only way with them. Naught can put the fear of God into them except bloodhounds, and that Lord Mallow will not have. He has been set against it until now. But this business will teach him. He may change his mind now, since what he cares for is in danger—his place and his ladies!"

Mrs. Llyn roused herself to say; "No, no, Mr. Calhoun, you must not say that of him. His place may be in danger, but not his ladies. He has no promise of that. . . . And see, Mr. Calhoun, I want to say that, in any case, you have paid your debt, if you owe one to us. For a life taken you have given two lives—to me and my girl. The account is squared, if it were ever in doubt. Believe me, I speak as one who has a right to say it! Erris Boyne was naught to me, naught at all, but he was my daughter's father, and that made everything difficult. I could make him cease to be my husband, and I did; but I could not make him cease to be her father."

"I had no love for Erris Boyne," said Sheila, with an effort, for she felt choked. Misery was heavy on her. "None at all, but he was my father—and there is nothing more to say."

"See, all's well still at Salem," said Dyck, waving a hand forward as though to change the talk. "All's as we left it."

There in the near distance lay Salem, serene. All tropical life about seemed throbbing with life and soaking with leisure.

"We were in time," he added. "The Maroons are still in ambush. The sun is beginning to set, though, and the trouble may begin. We shall get there about sundown, safe, thank God!"

"Safe, thank God — and you," said Sheila's mother.

(Continued next month)

Shadowland

Continued from page 24

little in this picture and does it very pleasingly. A very clever touch in her performance is her German accent which is heavy at the beginning of the picture, (for Sarah is a German immigrant) and which gradually fades as years presumably have passed and Sarah has grown proficient in the English language.

Reviewed in Recent issues.

Out of the ordinary Films:

"The Taming of the Shrew"—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in a delightful version of the Shakespearean comedy.

"The Rogue Song"—Lawrence Tibbett baritone star of the Metropolitan Opera Company sings rousingly.

"Song o' My Heart"—John McCormack, famous tenor, sings many songs in this charming picture of old Ireland.

Other good films are: "The Virginian,' "Son of the Gods" (with Richard Barthelmess); "The Forward Pass' (a story of college life and a big football game); "The Greene Murder Case" (thrilling gruesome and cleverly done mystery play); "The Trespasser" (Gloria Swanson is as alluring as ever and does some sauve acting); "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" (amusing comedy).

Jerome Carver

Nostalgia

By Blanche Adcock

It is Spring again in the great west land;
Wide are the spaces, and free and grand,
With a tang in the air like a magic wand.
Green are the prairies, studded with gold
Of the buffalo bean—a wealth untold—
And the shooting-stars will again unfold
In June.

But my heart goes back to an olden time
To other scenes in another clime,
And memory pictures them sublime;
To the Eastern skies and the Eastern Hills,
Murmuring maples, rippling rills,
Scented valleys where sunlight spills
In June.

Smell of smoke in the air, dew-damp,
Nighthawk's zoom, and fire-fly's lamp,
Chorus of frogs in the hemlock swamp,
Twinkling stars in the heaven's blue,
A crescent moon hung up askew:
These are the things that come back to you
In June.

You can leave a stone in the dishwater all day

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Most soaps are like that . . . they may last, but this lasting quality is deceptive. It means rubbing and rubbing to get suds.

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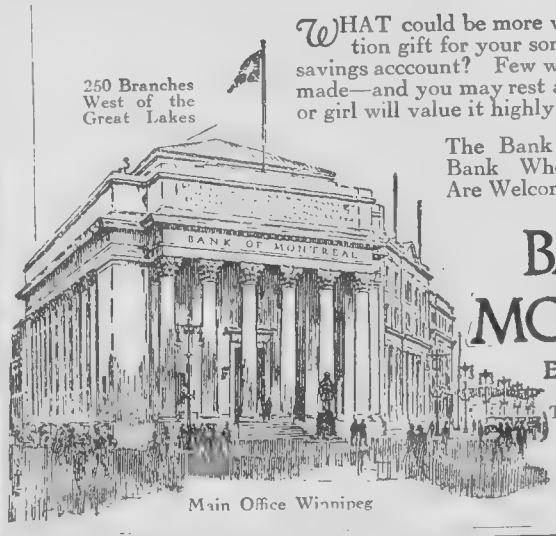

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By Gertrude Dutton

When Economy Cuts the Cake

By Marjorie Elliott Wilkins

EVERY girl wants a wedding—a real one with a veil, and bridesmaids, and a reception afterwards. But, alas, my poor sister, there are many of us who find that such items, are expensive. And while the veil, and the bridesmaids are expensive luxuries, it is the caterer who often spoils one's dreams, because the wedding reception does cost a lot unless most of the preparations can be done at home. Fortunately, it can be done, but it generally turns out most successfully in those families where there have been several weddings to provide experience. Otherwise, it is well to follow the experience of those who know.

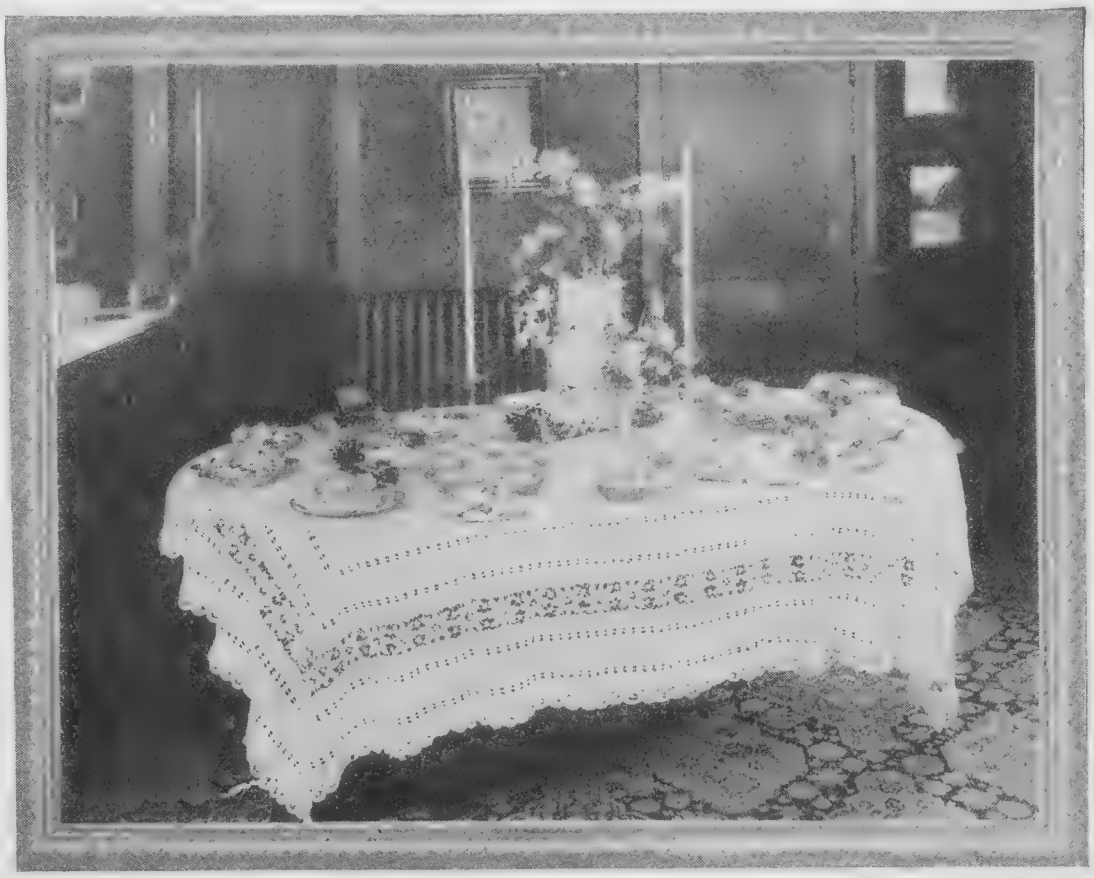
Unless it can be done on a sumptuous scale, there isn't much to be gained from spending money on decorations for the reception room. Palms and ferns may be rented from a local florists' at from fifty cents to two or three dollars each. One or two of these and some bunches of garden flowers placed high enough to be out of the way, are quite sufficient. Because, as soon as the room becomes crowded, no one notices the decorations.

However, any economy in the reception room can be utilized very easily in the dining room. The average home cannot manage a "sit-down' meal for even a small breakfast. Which is no particular cause for lament, because guests do enjoy a chance to roam about and chat. That is why either a buffet or a plate supper is so popular. Each method offers delightful scope for decoration. The cake may centre the dining table, and if this is the case, is usually topped with a floral decoration, flanked by two or four small vases of dainty blossoms. If, however, the cake has a special place of honor on a side table, a bowl of cut flowers may be used on the main table. Most June gardens have a wealth of suitable flowers. Sprays of blossoms from the apple, peach, plum, or cherry trees are very lovely and fragrant. Lilac and snowballs offer the traditional white, together with white iris. Even roses or peonies may be ready. Tall, lighted candles add charm to the whole.

Because twenty-five guests are about the limit for an average home, the following menus, have been worked out accordingly. It will be a simple matter to double the amounts throughout, if necessary. A small note-book is almost as indispensable as the bride herself. Into it should go the list of guests, the menu, the shopping list, and a memo of any cutlery, china, glass, or linen which might have to be borrowed. To avoid confusion and to be sure there are enough, everything should be counted. The day previous serviettes and linen may be laid out, plates may be piled with their paper doilies ready. Sandwiches may be cut and done up in plenty of waxed paper. The coffee should be put into cheesecloth bags, and the lemons and oranges squeezed for the punch. Everything for the salads should be prepared and put on ice. The cakes should be made and iced. Small cakes which will keep should be done any time within a week before the day of the wedding. As much as possible preparations should not be left for the actual day.

With the buffet luncheon everything is placed on the table or side-board, and either the guests help themselves or are served by assistants. With the plate luncheon or supper, which is very suitable at an evening wedding, everything for each guest is put on a plate in the kitchen. Each serving includes a salad, usually in a paper cup, bread and butter or sandwiches, an ice, also in a little paper container, and some little cakes. This is a very simple and quick manner of serving a large number of people.

The suggested menus, two each for buffet luncheon and plate suppers, are planned with four thoughts in mind. To be tasty and appetising; easily handled by the guests; dishes which will not cause confusion in the kitchen by requiring the same utensils; with a thought to economy. No recipe is given for plain ice-cream, because it can be bought practically as cheaply as it can be made, and is usually better. Too, no recipes are included for little cakes, because most households have their favorites. Little cakes, or cut cake with firm icing are preferable, because they are easily handled. And, these menus could, if necessary, be served without the assistance of a maid. It would help tremendously, however, to have a woman in the kitchen, who had a little written list of instructions, and who would wash up the dishes as they came from the dining room.



A Buffett Wedding Breakfast is popular for the average small home.

Buffet Luncheon No. 1

Veal and Chicken Patties
Thin Bread and Butter — Assorted Sandwiches
Pineapple Sorbet
Small cakes — Petit Fours
Nuts and Candies
Coffee — Punch

Buffet Luncheon No. 2

Eggs and Cress Rolls
Minced Ham Sandwiches
Fancy Sandwiches
Ice Cream
Petit Fours
Assorted Little Cakes
Nuts (salted assorted)
Coffee — Punch

Plate Luncheon No. 1

Lobster Salad
Cress Rolls
Bread and Butter
Strawberry Water Ice
Macaroons
Sugar Cookies
Nuts — Candies
Coffee — Punch

Plate Luncheon No. 2

Jellied Salmon on
Cress Sandwiches
Buttered Rolls
Olives
Mocha Cakes
Small Assorted Cakes
Coffee — Punch

Eggs and Cress Rolls

50 small finger rolls
12 eggs
1½-2 cups salad dressing
Pepper Cress

Hard boil the eggs. When cool, mash well. Combine with salad dressing to make a creamy mixture. Split and butter the rolls and fill with the mixture. Sprinkle with pepper cress, and replace top of roll.

Petit Fours

Make a plain good cake, not more than an inch thick. When quite cool, cut with fancy cutters. Then make a butter icing. This may be colored and flavored to taste. Place each piece of cake on the prongs of a fork, over the icing bowl. Then, using a spoon, pour the icing over the cake. Place on waxed paper to dry. The sides may be rolled in chopped burnt almonds or walnuts, or browned cocoanut before the icing has quite dried, for a change. [Continued on page 66]

Keen's Mustard, for cream or oil mayonnaise . . . Keen's Mustard for French or Russian dressings . . . Keen's Mustard always, to add its piquant deliciousness to all the other ingredients and blend them into the perfect salad dressing.

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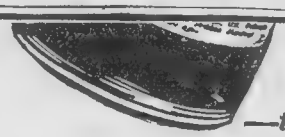

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Or else each cake may be garnished with a piece of angelica, a bit of maraschino cherry, colored cocoanut (this is done by drying and crumbling shredded cocoanut, and tinting with a small amount of vgetable dye) violets or rosebuds When cash cake is dry, place in a petit four case. These may be procured from any stationers for a few cents a hundred.

Pineapple Sorbet

1½ quarts full milk
1½ lbs. granulated sugar
3 smalls tins crushed pineapple and juice
2 large lemons

Dissolve the sugar in lemon juice. Add pineapple, and then the milk gradually. Freeze. Garnish with chopped or diced pineapple. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Veal and Chicken Patties

4 c. cooked diced veal
2 c. cooked diced chicken
6 tbsp. fine bread crumbs
2 tsp. salt
4 eggs
½ tsp. cayenne
4 tsp. lemon juice
4 tsp. tomato catsup
1 c. stock
25 pastry cases

Combine the dry ingredients with lemon juice and catsup. Heat over a double boiler. Stir in the well-beaten eggs. A cup of diced celery, green peas, chopped mushrooms, or a quarter of a cup of finely diced red peppers may be added for additional flavor. Serve in pastry cases on lettuce leaf or cress. Both filling and cases should be hot. Garnish with strips of red or green pepper, olives, or a spoonful of any piquant jelly.

Lobster Salad

4 c. diced celery
2 scant cups salad dressing (preferably oil dressing)
10 c. diced lobster meat
2 large heads of crisp lettuce

Combine the lobster meat with the celery and the salad dressing. To prepare the lettuce easily and to prevent the leaves from breaking, cut out the core, and run cold water into the heart. Serve the salad on lettuce leaves. Garnish with radish roses. These are made by cutting small radishes down in six of eight sections from the top, pealing back the skin. Submerge in very cold water to allow the petals to curl.

Strawberry Ice

1¾ c. sugar
1 scant cup clear corn syrup
10 tbsp. lemon juice
2 c. fresh mashed strawberries
3¾ tbsp. commercial pectin
1 c. cold water

Cook sugar, corn syrup and pectin till a soft ball forms in cold water, or to 230°F. Remove from heat, and add lemon juice and strawberries. Add water and allow mixture to stand till cold. Freeze, using eight parts of ice to one of salt. Serve in sherbet glasses, and garnish with ripe strawberries, which have been dipped in lemon juice and then in granulated sugar. This may be done the day previous and the berries placed in the ice box.

Jellied Salmon and Water Cress

2 tbsp. salt
2 tbsp. mustard
4 tbsp. sugar
8 eggs or 12 yolks
1 c. vinegar
3 c. sweet milk or cream
10 tbsp. gelatine
1 c. cold water
4 pound cans salmon (of 8 cups flaked salmon)

Make salad dressing of seasonings, sugar, eggs and milk, and add vinegar. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve gelatine in hot dressing, stirring constantly. Add salmon and place in moistened moulds, preferably individual. Chill and unmould, and serve on a bed of cress. Garnish with strips of red pepper or pimento.

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Coffee for Twenty-Five Persons

½ lb. fresh, finely ground coffee — 1¼ gallons boiling water
1 tsp. salt

Place the coffee and salt, together with the crushed shell of one egg in loose cheesecloth bags. Drop into the boiling water, and boil 15 to 20 minutes. Remove bag.

Punch for Twenty-Five

2 doz. lemons — 6½ c. water
8 oranges — 6½ c. sugar

Make a syrup of the water, sugar and the finely shaved rind of 2 oranges and 2 lemons. Boil for 10 minutes. Cool and add fruit juice. Strain. This may be diluted to taste with water and ice, or carbonated water and ice. For a variation use half and half pineapple juice and the syrup, and dilute to taste. Ginger ale may also be used. This amount allows for very generous servings.

The Story of Asparagus

ONE inevitably thinks of asparagus as a vegetable of delicacy, since it is usually rather expensive during the short season when it may be served fresh, and since the canned is served delicately with vinaigrette sauce on a bed of tastefully arranged lettuce leaves, or combined with other ingredients in a sauce which is deliciously smooth and delicate, or it is included in creamed chicken, or other rich creamed main dishes, as the succulent bit, which, above all the other foods, adds distinction and delicacy to the dish!

Belongs to the Lily Family

ASPARAGUS is a perennial plant of the lily family, native to Europe and Western Asia. During the two thousand years of its cultivation as food it has changed in size, growing much larger. In its wild state the asparagus plant grew very tiny stalks, but they were highly prized as food. It is said that asparagus was a favorite vegetable of the ancient Romans, and that in some parts of the world the seeds have been largely used for coffee.

An asparagus bed will continue to produce for a century, but it is at its best between the third and the sixth year. For commercial purposes its productivity is generally limited to ten years, as the stalks grow smaller and smaller unless the ground is very heavily fertilized. Although asparagus is still considered delicious beyond the ordinary vegetable, its extensive cultivation has changed it from a vegetable only available to the well-to-do, into one available to everybody. It is fully as popular canned as fresh, indeed a great majority of people prefer it canned, since, unless asparagus is eaten very soon after it is picked, it looses the delicate flavor which makes it so universally liked, and since the canned asparagus retains to a much greater degree that delicate, fresh flavor, so distinctive of this vegetable.

How Asparagus is Grown

FROM the growers' point of view there are three types of asparagus. The white or purple asparagus which grows above ground, the green which also grows above ground, and the white, most delicate of all which grows below ground. This latter is accomplished by planting the roots very deep, so that most of the stalk grows below ground, though there is a type of asparagus now which is grown above ground and which is nearly white. California and New Jersey lead in the production of asparagus.

The Food Value of Asparagus

The food value of asparagus is worth considering, although its special value is that it acts as a tonic for the kidneys. It contains two and one-tenth per cent of protein, which is as much, if not more, than any vegetable except corn and peas, two-tenths per cent of fat, and three and three-tenths per cent of carbohydrate value. On the mineral side asparagus is rather rich, as it contains calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, chlorine, sulphur and iron. There is not much to say for asparagus on the vitamin side, since there is no evidence that the vegetable contains vitamin A and C, and there is a question about vitamin B.

Asparagus and Peas on Toast: Look over and break a bunch of asparagus into short pieces, boil in salted water and drain. Heat a can of peas, drain and season and mix lightly with the asparagus. Pile on buttered toast and pour over melted butter or Hollandaise Sauce.

Asparagus au Gratin: Heat one can asparagus tips, then drain. Arrange in alternate layers with four hard-cooked, sliced eggs in a buttered casserole. Make a cheese sauce of four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, the juice of asparagus with enough milk added to make two cups, one-fourth cup grated cheese, one-half teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Pour over asparagus and cover with buttered crumbs. Brown in a hot oven. 400 degrees for ten to fifteen minutes. Serves 6.

Asparagus Timbales: Drain one can of asparagus tips, then cut in very thin slices and drain again. Beat one egg slightly and add to asparagus together with one-half cup milk, two tablespoons melted butter, three-fourths teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-half teaspoon onion juice and two teaspoons chopped pimiento. Put in well-greased molds and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven 300 degrees for thirty to forty minutes or until a knife comes out clean. Unmold and serve with a white sauce with chopped parsley added. Serves 6.

Cream of Asparagus Soup: Drain one can of asparagus tips. Cut off tips and reserve. Add one slice onion to rest to stalks and asparagus juice and simmer until very soft. Pass through a colander. Make a white sauce of three tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, two cups milk, three tablespoons grated cheese, three-fourths teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Add to asparagus pulp together with one cup thin cream and tips. Reheat and serve garnished with one hard-cooked, riced egg over top. Serves 8.

Asparagus Omelet: Make a French omelet of four eggs, four tablespoons milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper and a few grains of paprika. Put all together in a bowl and beat just enough to mix yolks and whites. Melt two tablespoons butter in a skillet and pour in mixture. As it cooks on the bottom, turn gently from side to side and lift with a spatula so uncooked part runs onto the bottom of pan. Be careful not to mix up like scrambled eggs. When done spread with hot, well-seasoned asparagus tips cut in small pieces. Fold over onto hot platter. About two tablespoons grated cheese may be sprinkled on with the asparagus. Serves 6.

Scotch Woodcock: Make a sauce of four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, two cups milk, juice from one can asparagus tips, one teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Add four hard-cooked, chopped eggs and asparagus tips cut in one inch pieces. Add one chopped pimiento and serve on toast. Serves 8.

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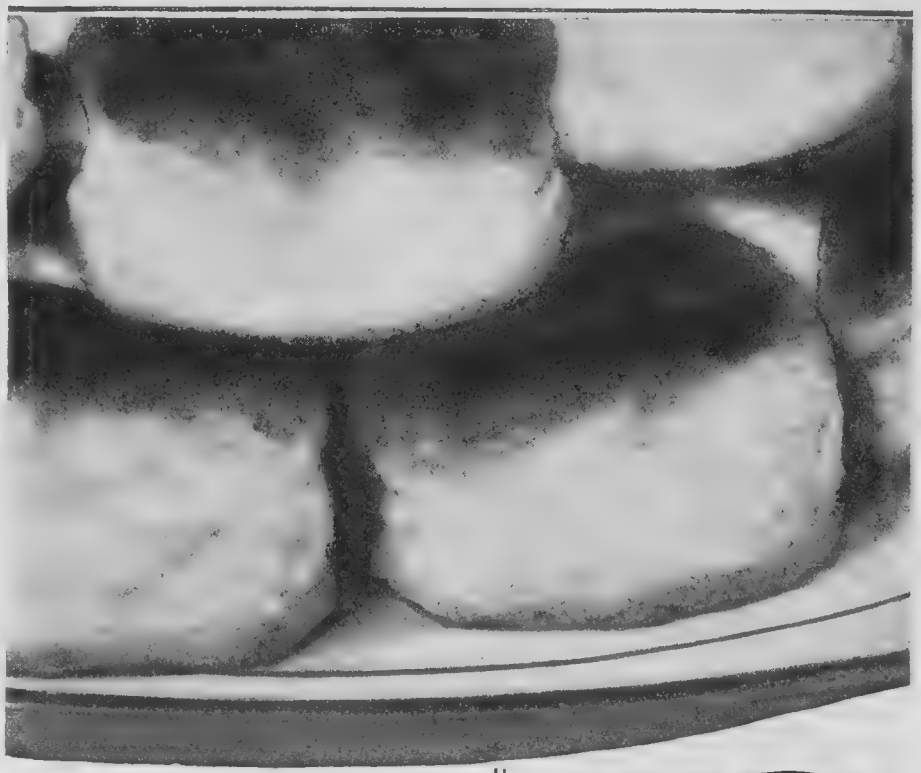

Vary your daily menus with hot biscuits if you want to please the whole family.

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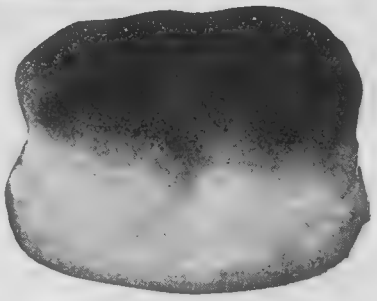

Try this Recipe for Biscuits

4 cups flour — 2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt — 2 cups milk (or enough to make a soft dough)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

Sift together two or three times, flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, then add the milk to make a very soft dough. Do not roll out, but drop into well-buttered tins, and bake in a hot oven.

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Crab and Asparagus Salad: Shred one 6½-ounce can of crabmeat and marinate in French dressing for an hour, together with one-half can of asparagus tips cut in inch pieces. Add one-third cup chopped walnuts and fork lightly in one-half cup shredded and crisped lettuce. Mix with mayonnaise and serve at once. Serves 6.

Jellied Asparagus and Pepper Salad: Soften one tablespoon gelatin in four cups cold water. Add enough water to the asparagus juice of one can to make one cup. Add one bay leaf, one sprig celery tops and boil for three minutes. Strain over gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add one and one-half finely-diced peppers, one boiled carrot and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Arrange asparagus tips, tip end down, around the edge of a fluted mold. Pour gelatin mixture in centre and chill. Serve, unmolded, on lettuce garnished with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Asparagus and Cream Cheese Salad: Drain canned asparagus tips and marinate in French dressing for at least one hour. Moisten cream cheese with cream and shape in tiny carrot forms. Dust with or roll in paprika, entirely covering the carrot. Put a sprig of parsley in for the carrot top. Arrange several stalks of asparagus and two tiny carrots on each individual lettuce bed.

Asparagus and Pear Salad: Drain juice from canned pears and canned asparagus tips. Marinate the asparagus in French dressing for an hour. On individual salad plates garnished with lettuce, place half a pear. On each side of it place several stalks of asparagus thrust through green pepper rings. Pour a little more French dressing over and serve very cold.

Asparagus, Pear and Cheese Salad: Arrange lettuce on individual plates. Cut two canned pears in halves lengthwise and place like petals, radiating from centre. Place a stalk of asparagus between each section of pear, making a flower. Along the centre of each pear section put a long, thin strip of pimiento. In the centre of the flower put a small ball of cream cheese rolled in minced parsley. Pour French dressing over all.

Egg and Asparagus Salad: Cut six hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise and remove yolks. Mash yolks and one cup canned asparagus tips with a fork. Add two teaspoons lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one fourth teaspoon celery seed, three tablespoons chopped nuts and pile lightly in the whites. Serve on lettuce garnished with more asparagus tips and a few more nuts sprinkled over the top. Serves 6.

Tasty Vegetable Dishes

New Cabbage

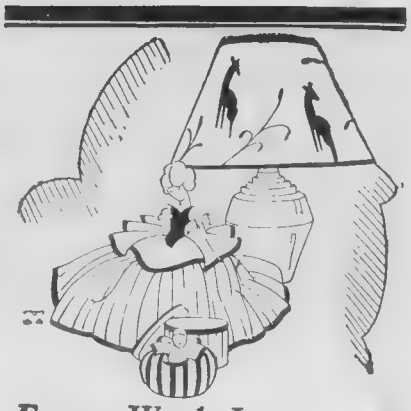
Let the new cabbage stand in salted cold water for a few minutes, to remove any insects which may be in it. Cook in an uncovered kettle, with just enough salted water to cover, for 10 or 12 minutes. Drain, chop, put in a vegetable dish and either dot with butter, or pour over it, a white sauce. Do not cook for more than 12 minutes or it will become tough, dark in color and indigestible.

Spinach

Wash the spinach very thoroughly, discarding the stems unless very tender, and cook like Swiss chard greens. Served on a platter with carefully poached eggs, this makes a delicious main dish.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes

Select firm ripe tomatoes, one for each person. Cut a slice from the stem end, and scoop out the seeds and pulp. Sprinkle the inside of the tomatoes with salt, and turn upside down to drain. Drain the juice from the pulp, season, and add cooked corn to the pulp, refill the tomato cups with the mixture, cover the tops with buttered crumbs, and bake till tender—which will require about 20 minutes.



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3-30

WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO *The* Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

Things a Little Girl Should Know

By a Trained Nurse

IF I had a daughter, I would teach her these articles of association with life:

That nature will keep book with her, through all the span of years called life; and the years will yield her much as she gives unto them. Deficits will have to be met—with big interest, possibly; and extravagance of time and strength may lead to serious consequences.

That her body contains that which is sacred and cannot live without a religion. It is a law of all things animate to acknowledge their obligation to a Supreme Being. Without a religion, she must surely die.

That an antidote for many of life's ills is industry. Indolence is the parent of mischief and unhappiness. I should also want my girl to understand that no work is degrading, no task is menial; there is all honor in earning one's daily bread—and, further, that Nature will retaliate by atrophying faculties she does not use.

That there will be shadow as well as sunshine on her journey, and Fate may even deal her hard blows; but she must go forward fearlessly. Her body and soul will react, strengthened in purpose and ennobled in character. Disillusionments and disappointments are only the "growing pains" of self-reliance and courage.

That the specific of unloveliness is beautiful thoughts. Real and true beauty comes from within and will develop as it is cultivated.

That partial paralysis of the soul may result from divorce. Marriage is still a divine institution and its ties can never be fully undone in any earthly court of annulment. Her soul will be crippled by a violation of those promises she made to God and will never soar again.

That success is a stimulant that must be taken carefully; defeat is a counteracting agent to temper her purpose.

That kindness is an emollient that can be administered always, in thought as well as by look and action. Be generous. Give of yourself from heart and soul.

That modesty and courtesy are her greatest accomplishments; for them there is no substitute.

That happiness should be congenital —her birthright. Its rays will light the darkest and roughest part of life's journey to the very end, and will reflect on others all the way.

That bitterness, jealousy and envy, if allowed to flourish, will become incurable and will eat out and destroy that which is beautiful as surely as a cancer will destroy the physical.

That the greatest and cheapest of all disinfectants and vitalizers is sunshine. Live in the light. Mind and body will be dwarfed and a prey to all microbes of destruction if kept in the dark.

That there is no disgrace in growing old. Be worthy of your years. At all times be sympathetic. Sympathy and understanding of your fellowmen will be one of your greatest stimulants toward the "well done, good and faithful" end.

And, last—which should have been first—I would teach her how to pray. The Great Physician understands and diagnoses all. "There are more things wrought by prayer than ever this world dreams of."

Do You Read the Daily News?

By F. J. Atkinson

IN THESE days of modern newspaper methods an education can be had by any person who can read.

By reading your daily newspaper information can be gleaned from the four corners of the earth.

The wonders of the world can be learned of by your own fireside.

Newspapers no longer need to print bunk to fill up the paper.

Things are happening around us, and in far countries today, that we would never learn of if it was not for the newspaper.

Every home should have a newspaper delivered daily; every mother and father should teach their children to make a habit of reading the daily paper.

Teachers should also encourage it. I know my teacher used to make a practice of asking the children in the morning if they had noticed any unusual happenings in the paper of the night before; the children naturally got the habit of reading the paper in the evening so that they would be as well informed as their classmates.

Two youths I can quote as direct contrasts are high school students, both rather well known to me.

I asked one of them, rather sporty boy he is, if he had heard of the market crash in Wall Street. "No" he said "but did you hear of the baseball strike?"

This youth reads the sporting page and the comic strip.

Asking several questions of the other boy I found he was rather well informed. He could talk at length on the business and political happenings of the day, and could also tell you who was likely to capture next year's baseball pennant.

I investigated and found that his parents had two daily papers delivered to their home, as well as one weekly and one monthly magazine.

You will find that a person who reads at least one newspaper a day is never lacking in conversation, he or she is never bored, (by not knowing what it is all about) when current events are being discussed.

Recently, while having lunch with a friend, we ran into a group of his acquaintances. After a while conversation began to lag; I brought up the subject of the state of finance in America since the stock crash. It seems some of them had heard vague bits about it. I also mentioned the payment of eighteen millions of dollars to the States by Great Britain as part of her war debt. None of them had heard of that. I also mentioned the state of the brokerage houses in Canada, some of them had heard of that, being business men.

When we left the group my friend turned to me; "For gosh sake Fred, where do you get all the information?"

I asked him if he read the newspapers; "Well once in a while when I can find time," he said.

We can all find time to read the paper. Fifteen or twenty minutes a day can be spared by any person, no matter in what walk of life. As for the cost, it is very small. Papers are very cheap now, and magazines also. A good weekly or monthly magazine costs from two to three dollars a year, and who cannot afford three dollars for a liberal education?

Contrary to what some who read this article may be expecting, I am not advertising for a newspaper or magazine. I am writing this merely to pass on the benefit of my experience to others.

FIFTH REASON

Why I always drink Salada

"I like their idea of packing their tea in aluminum packages because it's the best way to keep tea fresh."

Everywoman

"SALADA" TEA

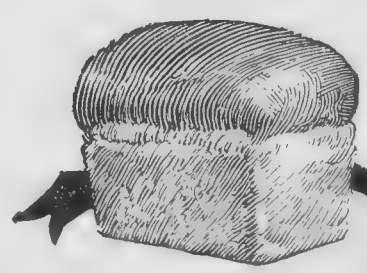
'Fresh from the gardens'

When Sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, Remember to State Size.

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

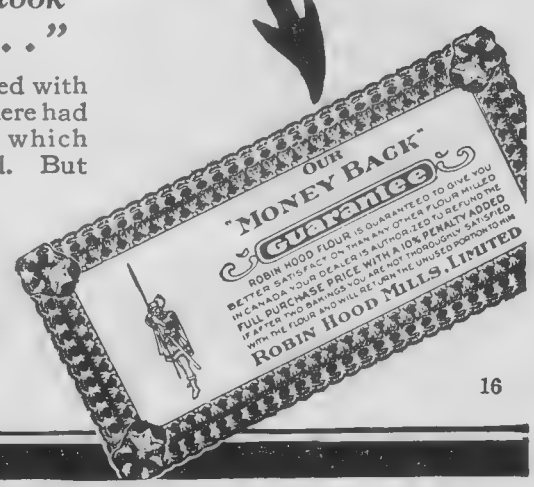
ROBIN HOOD FLOUR

No strings to this money-back guarantee. Read it.



"Your bread took first prize . . ."

No wonder Jane flushed with pride at the news. There had been another loaf which seemed a close second. But when the judges cut them open one was white and pasty; the other — the winner, made with ROBIN HOOD FLOUR—was creamy, rich and full of nutrition.



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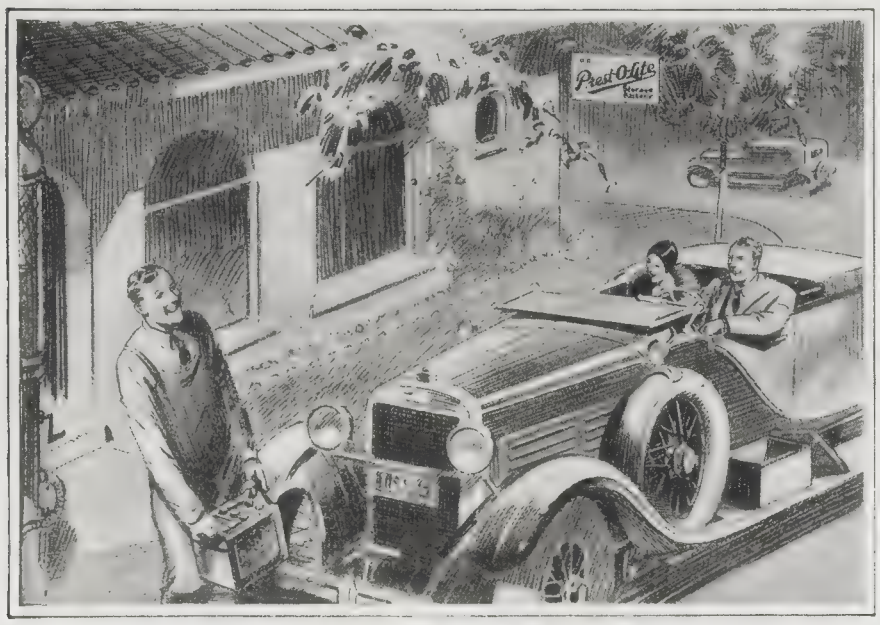

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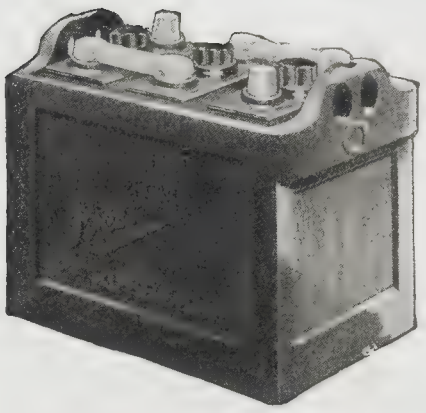
Riding in a car that a king's ransom could not have bought a few years ago—greater speed, higher power, finer motors—always ready for the road. Truly luxurious transportation.

Progress moves with the minute-hand! Prest-O-Lite has always built good batteries. Today Prest-O-Lite keeps pace with these better motor cars with the most efficient storage battery ever built.

Major chemical and mechanical improvements have recently been made—outstanding electro-chemists have brought amazing changes.—You get them all in the new Prest-O-Lite storage batteries, because the Prest-O-Lite organization has the foresight and equipment to keep in the lead.

The Prest-O-Lite Dealer organization stretches across Canada from Coast to Coast—Service wherever you go.



Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Co. Limited
Vancouver TORONTO Winnipeg

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery
—right for every car

Legal Information

Continued from page 56

For this service there was to be a charge of $89.50. It was represented that several outstanding citizens were purchasers, and in the light of this I was impressed with the desirability of the service and signed the agreement to pay the amount, $9.50 cash and the balance $5.00 per month.

I learned later that the men referred to had neither purchased the Encyclopedia nor the service. I might add that the Encyclopedia is inferior and the service very unsatisfactory. I have sent questions and no answers have been received.

As a result of the misrepresentation and unsatisfactory service I do not feel like making further payments. I have already paid $45.00. Would there be any grounds for forcing them to refund the money received on condition that I return the Encyclopedia? Your advice in this matter will be very much appreciated.—J.F.

A. We are of the opinion that the manner in which the Encyclopedia was sold to you would entitle you to cancel the whole contract and require repayment of the moneys which you have paid. You would have to return the books, but you would be entitled to repayment of your money.

We understand that a great deal of litigation has resulted from the contracts made with the International Research Bureau or Institute, and that nearly all purchasers seem to be dissatisfied with the result of their purchase. We would advise you not to make any further payments on account of your contract. In some cases the contract has been complicated by being sold to discount companies. Such a case is at present before the Manitoba Court of Appeal for decision as to whether the discount company is in any better position to collect than the original vendor. We would suggest that you watch for any report upon the result of the case before the court and govern yourself in accordance with the decision of that court.

A Product of the Farm

Continued from page 34

I started back at his words.

Mother gave a groan as she exclaimed, "Oh, Father, we should have thought of a turkey for the wedding breakfast!"

"Hull-o-o!"

At this exclamation from Dennis I leaned over and looked in and saw a large, white envelope, a small black book, a big chunk of dirty-looking rock and what appeared to be a lot of new brass coins.

Dennis, with a man's courage, dug his hand in and brought up—you would never guess—a handful of gold crowns! I did likewise. We turned them over in wonderment. We looked into the bag again. There were many more handfuls. We glanced simultaneously at the old couple. They were sitting back in their chairs with hands folded complacently in their laps.

Dennis put both hands in and lifted out what appeared to me to be a chunk of rock mixed with discolored rusty-looking marble. He turned it around slowly, all the time whistling softly then he spoke with a kind of awe in his voice:

"Found it yourself, Father?"

"No son, Mother found it. I was busy blasting out stumps. Mother picked up this chunk and brought it to me."

Then waxing warm he exclaimed with glistening eyes: "Do you know boy, then and there I dug out several dollars worth of gold with my old jack-knife!"

Mother then stooped and took the envelope and the little book out of the bag and handed them to Dennis.

"You've staked out a claim for me, thanks Dad, that was good of you!" cried Dennis, "and what is this— a bank book—and all that money to my credit! But, Dad, have you kept any for Mother and yourself?"

"More than we could use in three life times, lad!" said he.

"Now, hand over that loose money to Kathleen, she won the guess and she is to choose the wedding present herself," he added.

But my joy was submerged under the thought still rankling in my mind—that I should be the laughing stock of all the people at the wedding. I felt it would be a matter of bitter humiliation to have this incongruous looking couple mingling with my fashionable guests. To tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I felt that my parents and myself were vastly superior to them, and that I was conferring an honor on them by marrying their son. I was puzzling my brain as to what course I should take to keep them away when I heard, with relief, the old man say:

"No, my dear boy, no! We should feel like fish out of water at a fashionable wedding. It is thirty years since we lived like real civilized beings and we could not fall into the conventions again at such short notice."

"We had no time to get fitted out with proper clothes at Vancouver. I had arranged with my bankers by letter to have things ready. We just called at the bank and dumped the stuff into the old carpet bag and caught the boat with about half a minute to spare."

"Our object in going to Seattle is to find that man, Pearson, who sold us the land, and settle our score with him."

"What do you intend to do to him, Dad? Prosecute him as you once vowed you would do?" said Dennis.

"Why, no, son! Not at all! For many years I have borne bitter hate in my heart towards him. It was through my exposure of his methods of misrepresentation that he was compelled to leave the country."

"Now, son, if I had been a true Christian I would have tried hard to forget what I thought all along was an injury. The good Lord has made me feel pretty humble. I am going to find him and ask him to forgive and forget my attempts at revenge. Mother and I have talked it over and we are going to ask him to accept a further commission on the sale of the land which has turned out to cover a gold mine. We have a marked cheque with us for ten thousand dollars. When we have handed this over to him we will feel happy and contented. Then we will go North again and our cup will be full and flowing over, knowing that our son's happiness is assured."

"I found out today in Vancouver that the man I am looking for lives in Seattle. He goes under his two Christian names, having discarded his surname of Pearson. He has also shortened his first name, Roscoe. He is known as Ross Wilway.

Here I tumbled down from my pedestal of superiority, right to the very ground—humbled, shamed, contrite!

I drew my chair near to the old couple and clasping a hand of each of them, I exclaimed with unaffected and genuine warmth:

"Come right home with me, and please, please stay to our wedding. I am Ross Wilway's daughter!"

Impressive ...
in every phase of performance

THE Pontiac Big Six is a fast car, exceptionally powerful and swift in acceleration. These qualities are assured by a 60-horsepower engine with advanced features that include a carburetor of latest design with accelerating pump . . . 200 cubic inch piston displacement, the largest of any six at its price . . . and automatic spark control which enables the engine to operate with perfect reliability at all speeds.

Even when you drive the Pontiac Big Six at sustained high speeds, it is never pushed beyond a point at which it is smooth and almost vibrationless. For the powerful engine now rests on rubber supports and, in addition, develops its maximum horsepower at very moderate engine speed.

The Pontiac Big Six also has a new roller bearing steering system making it easier to drive . . . improved four wheel brakes which increase its safety . . . and powers of endurance seldom equalled except by much more costly cars.

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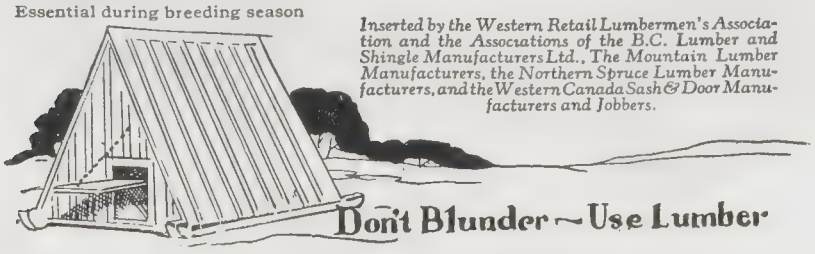

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Don't Blunder—Use Lumber

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Makes Her Look 40

Now *Comb* Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY Hair is a tragedy no one need endure. Simply comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray vanish. Kolor-Bak is the clean, colorless, scientific liquid so many hundreds of thousands of women and men have already used. Gently and easily imparts the color, leaving the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. As easy to use as combing your hair. Don't risk messy, greasy preparations. The one bottle of Kolor-Bak does for blonde, auburn, brown, black.

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Kolor-Bak

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A WORD TO THE WISE! ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

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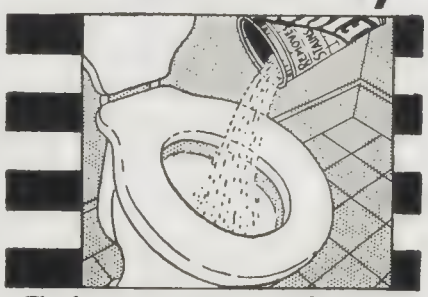
◆ The Western Home Monthly

A Bathroom Necessity



Flusho is a positive, quick-acting remover of toilet bowl stains.

A weekly application is sufficient to ensure a spotless, healthy surface of all parts of the bowl.

Demand this Canadian product from your grocer. M-4

FLUSHO

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS

Princess Mary at Home

Continued from page 14

of possible finds and bargains. Of course, marriage did relieve Princess Mary of many formal tasks which fell to her lot. She no longer figures in all the Court functions; she may now stroll abroad without ladies-in-waiting with her; she even revelled in walking quite alone in the early days of her novel wedded liberty. We ordinary folk, who enjoy privacy at will, cannot realize the fierce light that beats upon the throne of a thousand years, and all its "blood" relations.

OUR young royal matron rises at eight o'clock, and after a nursery visit, goes down to breakfast with her husband. Then come her letters—not only from friends and relatives—but from strangers, beggars and cranks. Every communication is carefully read; and where the Princess herself can give no aid, she will often pass on the appeal to a person of influence, or to some organized body. This man asks for the price of his passage to Montreal or Sydney; that girl once opened a factory door for Princess Mary, and now expects in return a pension for life! It is both an interesting and a tedious mail-bag and takes time and tact to deal with.

Walks and drives now occupy the morning. Luncheon is a simple meal. Tea is delightful in an old-world gallery full of "period" furniture and lovely china. Here one often meets men and women of high rank, who seek the Princess' patronage for societies, hospitals and organizations of every kind. And even refusals must be softened with regret and smiles, and other suggestions offered. The tradition of courtesy in our royal family is as deep as that of duty and public service.

Princess Mary and her soldier-spouse are well mated, with many tastes in common—books and music, works of art, horses, fox-hunting and the open air. She is rather older than her years; he, much younger than his, and with that as popular a "squire" and as fine a horseman as there is in all England. Her love of children is a real passion derived from her mother, the Queen. And her hospital training at the Babies' Hospital was of real use when her first boy, George, came to gladden them both. They ardently desired a son. And all through the winter of 1922, Princess Mary and her mother made preparations for the event. The day and night nurseries were done in blue, instead of the pink that is to welcome a girl-child. And the boy's name was of his mother's choosing. King George and the Prince of Wales had hoped for a girl. But a boy it was, and with him came an avalanche of felicitations from all over the world. Most touching of all, was a pair of tiny shoes sent by a humble mother, whose own babe had been nursed by Princess Mary in the Great Ormonde Street Hospital . . . "I treasure them still" (the poor soul wrote) "though I've lost my darling child. And now I pass them on to your little son with my love. May he live to gladden you, as mine would have done had God spared him to me!"

Neither little George (now Viscount Lascelles) nor his brother Gerald are brought up "by rule." Said the Duchess of York once to her sister-in-law: "I suppose you waited eagerly for their first word?" To which Princess Mary replied: "I waited still more eagerly for the first real smile. For I do want my children to grow up with sunny tempers." What a time it was, with Queen Mary giving advice, and the King himself urging that baby woes should be rocked into peace—"I used to do that myself when my own children cried," His Majesty explained to the nurse of young George Lascelles.

Of course, the ever-popular "Dave" (the Prince of Wales) was on the spot to share the joy of uncleship. Unluckily, he soon had the baby bundle upside down, and the mother had to rescue her loudly-protesting son. Today, a jolly sight at Harewood or Chesterfield House is "Uncle Dave" on all fours in the nursery, giving jungle demonstrations of savage beasts encountered on H.R.H.'s various African safaris.

When the second child was due, another "Mary" was hoped-for, and confident preparations made to this end. But Gerald now joined George, and their mother it was who, in due time, began to teach them the alphabet by means of letter-blocks. "H" was for "Horse," of course; but so fascinating was the accompanying picture to the elder boy, that he declined to pass on to the next letter—until it was presented to him as "I"—and "I" am going to ride it!"

Their mother devotes much of her time to the training of these youngsters; and from them she exacts obedience and truthfulness as the first principles of nursery discipline. Yet time must needs be found for unescapable public affairs. Princess Mary is President of the Yorkshire Federation of Maternity and Child Welfare centres. For, like her mother, the Queen, she is absorbed in the care of babies. Then there are hospitals to help, and birthdays beyond number to remember. Old haunts of girlhood are not forgotten in the new life. Thus Sandringham is full of happy memories, and these stir again as our Princess enters the model dairy in which her mother takes such delight, or the antique Dutch garden which her jovial grandfather laid out as a surprise for Queen Alexandra, when that lovely woman was absent on the Continent.

At long last, Princess Mary found she could indulge in her passion for foreign travel. This began in earnest in 1928 with a tour of Egypt, from Cairo up to Luxor and beyond to the Second Cataract—not forgetting a visit to the Oriental haremlik of King Fuad, where shy Queen Nazli talked in French with her royal guest from London. What fun it was, shopping in mysterious bazaars of Luxor for ivory and silverware; dining with Egypt's King, and sleeping in a fairy houseboat on the Nile, while all the temples and wonders of Tutankhamen drifted by like a moonlit dream! And after Egypt, the Holy Land, then back to tell travel-tales to little George and Gerald in the quiet of Chesterfield House. Now the Princess wants to see vast India, from the "ramps of Himalay" down to the languid seas that break upon Ceylon's perpetual summer.

As to her clothes, Princess Mary undoubtedly launched out after her marriage, when she felt freedom upon her in so many ways. I need hardly say that she is a good talker, of well-stored mind, with an intimate knowledge of current books and topics of the day. And such is her faculty for putting people at their ease, that the Queen always had her daughter present when guests were expected who might be too self-conscious in the Royal presence.

ALREADY the two boys have post-office savings accounts — as their mother used to have in the St. James's Street Post Office, where I often saw the King's daughter coming in to withdraw or deposit a modest "fiver" or so. The little Viscount will probably enter the Army; his brother inclines to the sister service. It is good to see this young mother and her boys strolling down old Harewood's single street, the Princess in country garb with a favorite dog at her heels. This is the life she loves. She is first of all the Earl of Harewood's wife, as well as the mother of two growing lads and a Yorkshire grande dame besides. In the second place only does she regard herself as Princess and daughter of the King. She adores a garden; did she not design one of her own for the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London? And even in her flower-borders the "Princess Mary" blue appears, for the first spring shades of forget-me-not and hyacinth to deep summer azure of delphinium, lupin and borage.

Both she and her husband are deep Yorkshire "patriots"; the Earl's library included every known book on Engand's largest county, winding up with the "History of Harewood," published in 1895. Of the [Continued on page 74]

FIFTY YEARS OF CONSTANT ENTERPRISE

THESE NEW BIRDS

Brown bear feeding on the hill-side, caribou grazing on the plain, moose thrashing through the evergreens—know these new birds and their stacatto song. For each month alert young men fly many thousands of miles—keep watch and ward over our forests and fisheries, map untrodden wildernesses, speed in battle array to combat forest fire.

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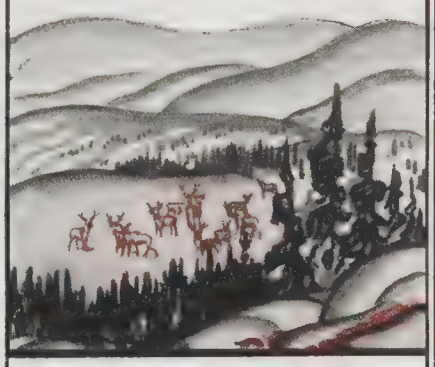

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To be envied for the fair freshness of your skin . . loveliness that is without a hint of artificiality . . Bourjois of Paris has created for your type, the most exquisite of all face powders . . Ashes of Roses.

Fragrant as a flower-filled garden . . finer than falling dew . . Ashes of Roses face powder lends new beauty to curving lips and sparkling eyes . . the allurement of youthful loveliness.

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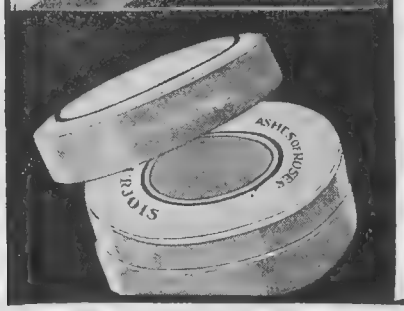

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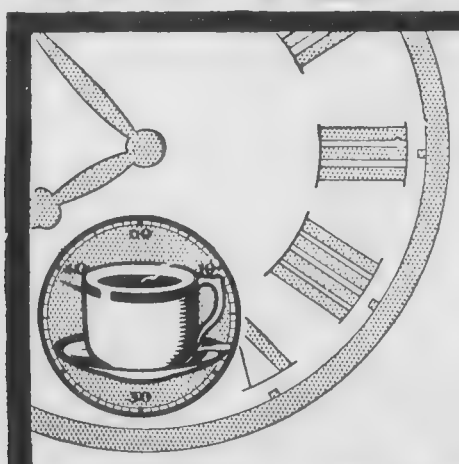


Inside a minute!

Less than a minute to prepare a most delicious cup of Coffee—if you use "Camp"! No waiting, no straining, no grounds — sheer goodness!

"CAMP" COFFEE

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW.

Have You Thought of a Holiday?

It is the real vacation period of the year, when Spring has rejuvenated nature to all her glory. It is season when

The Western Home Monthly

proves to be a boon companion. Canada's Greatest Magazine caters to the whole family and will just fit into that holiday mood.

Princess Mary at Home

Continued on Page 72

Harvard racing stables I have no room to write. The Earl is a member of the classic Jockey Club, as his late father was for over fifty years. He is also Master of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds, which date back to Queen Anne. And "Yorkshire-ism" carries with it extra duties for the Princess. Thus, a recent public function in the famous steel city of Sheffield entailed a tour of thirty miles of cheering streets!

COURT precedence rates Princess Mary immediately after the Queen herself. She is, therefore, an important asset to the London season, which may be said to start on Derby Day and last till well on in June. Dinners, receptions and balls call for the Princess' presence almost every day during these crowded weeks. But it is as hostess at Chesterfield House that she is best seen. The ballroom here is famous, looking out on Hyde Park. The Harewood (and Clanricarde) millions make money no object in entertaining. At a musical party one may see the great Pablo Casals at his 'cello; Kreisler or Kubelik with a violin, and Cortot or Moscovitch making the piano "sing" divinely with the music of Chopin or Debussy.

To watch Princess Mary receiving her guests is, indeed, a social lesson. Has she not had a life-long training from her Queen-Mother, who is admittedly the most perfect hostess in all Europe!

By the way, when Royal guests are to be present, a list of all other persons invited is shown to them beforehand, so that the hostess' choice cannot afterwards be objected to. This is an invariable rule, and the prudence of it is obvious enough. At Princess Mary's "At Homes," I have known over two hundred persons present. Such an affair is that given to the officers and ladies of the Royal Scots Regiment, of which their royal hostess is Colonel-in-Chief. In such events, Princess Mary herself selects the items of music for the military band, and superintends all the catering and comfort-arrangements of the guests. I have hinted that her marriage, though lightening her "Princess" duties, by no means dispensed with them all. Thus the Red Cross and the League of Mercy; the Mothers' Union and the "Not Forgotten" (Soldiers) Association; the Home Arts and Industries, the British Legion and many other social and service bodies all look for moral and material aid to Princess Mary. Add to this such trying events as the launch of Australia's warship, the "Canberra" and Britain's hugest colossus the "Rodney," and one begins to realize that the royal "Countess of Harewood" is a lady of many interests, ripened by training and contacts as those of her eldest brother has been.

As a child, the Prince of Wales had a perfect mania for homage and salutes. His sister still teases "Dave" about the days when he would run out past a file of sentres, just for the delight of seeing grown men stiffen up to salute a mere babe! Yet the Prince today is surely the truest democrat in all England. As for his sister and her husband, their character is best summed up by Postmaster Murphy, of Portunna, in Ireland, where the two were often seen blackberrying like any carefree tourist around the hoary old ivy-clad castle: "Just nice plain people," was Mr. Murphy's verdict . . . "An'—let me tell ye—a lesson to other people in this counthry!"

Restless

By Dadye Harvey Hill

O Gypsy heart of me,
Pity the soul of me,
Tossing in doubt over Life's questing Sea;
Longing for rest for me—
Striving for best for me—
O Gypsy heart of me
Free me—I pray!

3-in-One
3 Oils in 1

This well known oil is exactly what its famous name implies—three oils in one—*animal, mineral* and *vegetable.* By blending these three fine oils, of different characteristics, the quick penetration and excellent lubrication of 3-in-One is obtained.

3-in-One immediately penetrates the tightest bearings of fine tools and all other kinds of light mechanisms—small motors, lathes, etc. Here it dissolves the gummy grease, with its accumulation of grit and bits of worn metal, *and works this harmful mass right out of the bearing.*

And combined with all this is 3-in-One's great characteristic of "staying put" and providing wear resisting lubrication of the highest order.

Rust prevention is another 3-in-One property that is of immense value to tool users. Keeps tools new looking.

Sold everywhere by good hardware, drug, grocery and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

Three-In-One Oil Co.
260 Second Ave., Ville St. Pierre, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

FREE SAMPLE
Also Dictionary of Uses. A postal request will bring both.

She looks 20 years younger

"I have taken Kruschen Salts for 7 years, and enclose my photo at 50, to ask your opinion of my record. I have been married 30 years, have 3 sons, 29, 25, 19; also 2 grandsons, 6 and 20 months. I put down my youthful appearance to Kruschen Salts taken each morning. I should never think of starting the day without taking them.

"I am 5ft. 5in. in height, weight 119 pounds. I can assure you my husband is very proud of me." Mrs. A. R.

Original letter on file for inspection.

To preserve your youthful charm you must preserve your health. Charm and beauty are mainly a matter of health, so are vitality and vigour. All will be yours if you pin your faith in the "little daily dimeful." Start to-morrow, and you will feel years younger before you are many days older.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c. a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the Western Home Monthly.

"Rowdy"

Continued from page 18

of the Rockies and is subject to sudden rises which greatly change its character in a short time. One of these rises had occurred after the band had crossed at Edmonton. They were driven into the water at Fort Saskatchewan but were not inclined to swim to the further shore. Campbell rode into the river to start them across. In some way he got into trouble. His partner Nolan rode in to assist him. Both men were drowned while spectators on the river banks saw their efforts but could not help them. All the horses, including those ridden by Campbell and Nolan, reached the shore safely. Months afterwards the body of Campbell was found near Victoria settlement, sixty miles down-stream. Nolan's body was never found.

The Mounted Police officer in command of the post, Col. Jarvis, took charge of the horses and they were disposed of as opportunity offered for the benefit of heirs, should claims on their behalf be made. It is quite possible that Campbell and Nolan had only a limited equity in the horses. Walla Walla was a remote and isolated settlement, and horses had very little cash value there at that time. It is a fact that in those days it was not uncustomary to sell horses merely on the word of the buyer, without written documents of any kind. Those were days when truly a man's word was his bond—and generally it was good. Whether Campbell and Nolan had bought on such terms was never known, so far as I am aware.

AMONGST the horses disposed of was a big awkward sorrel of about 16 hands and 1,200 pounds weight. He had the size and appearance and was offered for sale as a useful farm horse. Tom Labelle was farrier sergeant of "G" Division R.N.W.M.P. Besides having the intimate knowledge of horses that goes with the calling of veterinary, he was a horse enthusiast, and liked them fast. Whether he saw more in the big sorrel than was apparent to others is not clear. At any rate, he was the purchaser, and before long, under capable management, the horse began to show entirely unlooked-for speed. In recognition of his unstylish appearance he was given the name "Rowdy." In the following summer when Sergeant Labelle's engagement with the police had expired he decided to strike for the Red River, taking Rowdy with him—a trip of only 900 miles—no doubt in the hope that some of the dead game sports of the prairie capital would estimate Rowdy's speed by his appearance and so become separated from some part of their surplus cash. But when he reached the Victoria settlement sixty miles down the river from Fort Saskatchewan he had changed his mind and there sold the horse to John Sinclair, Hudson Bay officer in charge of Victoria Post. The price was $40.00; a good price in those days. Labelle went on to Winnipeg, but returned to Edmonton in the following year, where he still resides.

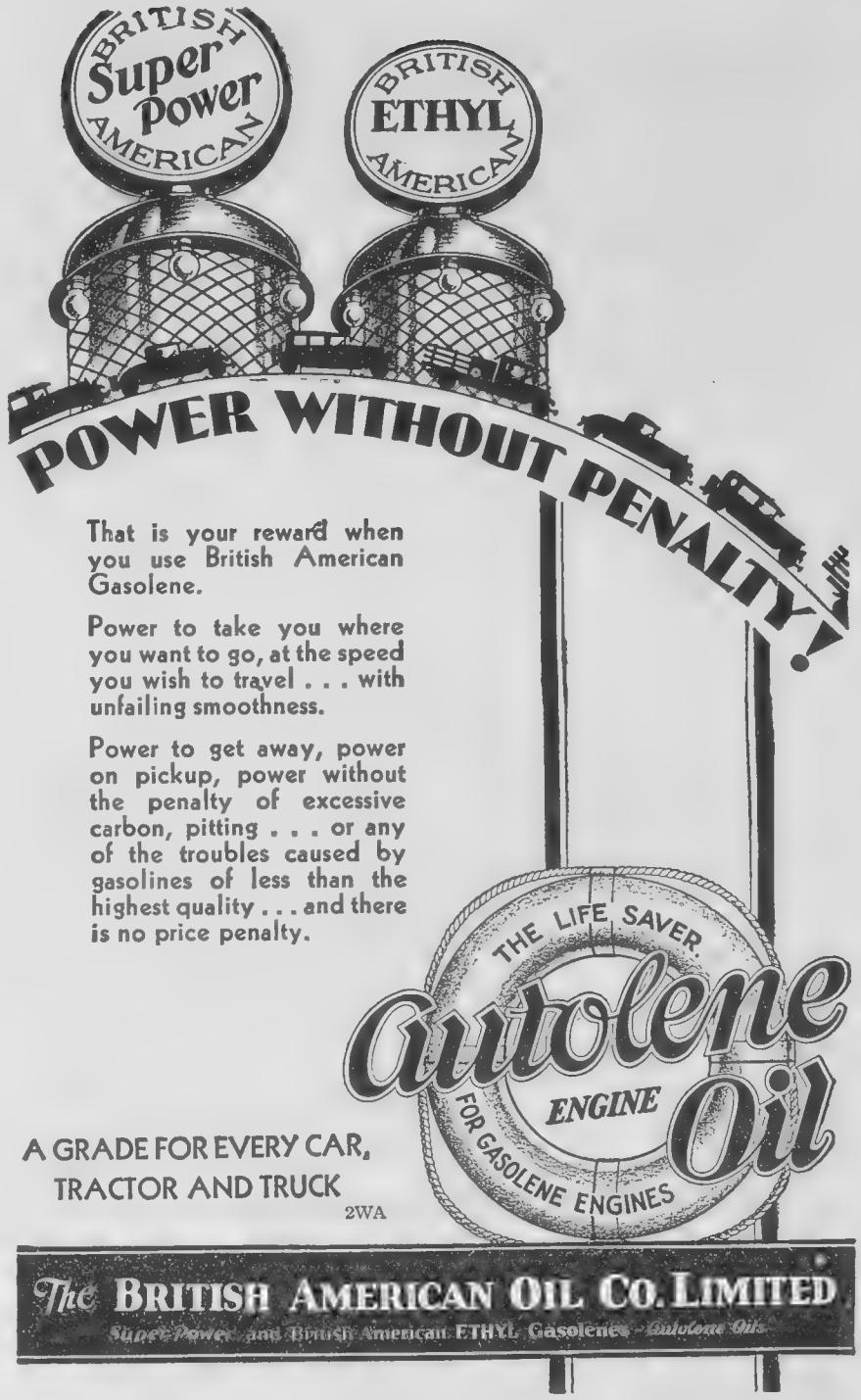
Sinclair was a man of some means. Although not a sport, he enjoyed the prestige of being the owner of a good horse. The country was full of the racing spirit. Every owner of a buffalo runner of repute looked upon Rowdy's successes as a challenge that must be met. Races came thick and fast, with the uniform result that Rowdy won. By the spring of 1878 his fame had reached Calgary and MacLeod; respectively 200 and 300 miles distant. By this time Sinclair had retired from the H.B.C. and taken up residence at Edmonton. One day in early summer there appeared a challenger from the south. Fred Kenouse of MacLeod arrived with a horse that had cleaned up everything on four legs in that part of the country. Specifically he came to make a matched race with Rowdy. He was accompanied as backer-in-chief by D. W. Davis, manager of the I. G. Baker store at Calgary, then a trading and police outpost from MacLeod. Davis afterward sat for Alberta in the Dominion parliament from 1887 to 1896. As manager of an important post of a great trading concern, a rival of the Hudson Bay Company, Davis' association with Kenouse gave the latter a measure of prestige that he could not have had of himself.

THE Kenouse horse was not so large as Rowdy but plainly was built for speed. He was a handsome sorrel with white face and feet. He had a clear record of victory in the south country over horses that it might fairly be assumed were better than those defeated by Rowdy. The presence and backing of such an important person as Davis was evidence that confidence in his speed had sound foundation. In addition both Davis and Kenouse had come prepared to back their judgment in cash to an extent that to the less sophisticated residents of the North seemed to be without limit, an impression that the speech and manner of the visitors rather tended to emphasize. Both men had been colorful figures in the activities in the region that centred on Fort Whoop-up in what is now Southern Alberta. Activities that had only come to an end four years earlier with the advent of the Mounted Police.

It was time for a heart-searching by the owner of Rowdy and his friends. Matters had taken a turn that had never been within their contemplation. For a time the tendency was to take the challenge lying down. But the visitors had come to make a race and a race they were bound to have. To realize the situation it is necessary to recall that not only were Edmonton and MacLeod 300 miles apart but they were at opposite poles in other matters besides distance. The Hudson Bay Company was still the dominating factor at Edmonton. Its trade connection was by oxen and carts across the plains to and from Winnipeg. Its people were largely half-breeds or ex Hudson Bay Company employees. MacLeod was the headquarters of the Mounted Police for the North West Territories. Its outside connection was by bull team to Benton Montana, and by steamer down the Missouri to St. Louis. It was in closer touch with the modern world and its people had a different outlook from those of Edmonton. The diversity of conditions created estrangement if not antagonism between the two ends of the country, which the rivalry between the Hudson Bay and the traders from St. Louis tended to accentuate. In order to provoke a race Kenouse and Davis in conversation—of which they were liberal—assumed the inherent inferiority of everything at Edmonton, having special reference of course, to its horses.

In the end, by working on local and racial diversities, they were able to inflame and unite enough antagonism to bring on the race that they had been unable to get by ordinary means. The stakes, $50.00 a side, were put up, and the day fixed. The course was marked, a mile on the Big Lake road starting near the Robbers' Roost (long since displaced) in rear of the Groat residence, and ending about the present Misericordia Hospital. Modern streets have destroyed the track, but it was wide and straight and good. The stakes were of course a disappointment to the visitors, and so their effort was concentrated on getting side-bets in order to pay for the trip. By using the same methods as had enabled them to get the race on, and by putting up their cash against local live stock, by the race-day they were in a position to pretty well clean out the country of its movable property. In many cases the local family cow was put up against the visitors' $40.00 cash.

IT WAS the most exciting day Edmonton had seen since the Blackfeet had come in force to attack the fort. As the horses were being led out Kenouse walked up and down before the crowd assembled near the winning-post proclaiming his urgent desire to take any bet from "A thousand dollars to a flock of chickens!" Well, the stress was soon over. It was a mile dash, commonly described as "sudden death!" No second heat or second [Continued on Page 76]



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Following its long-pursued policy of improvement month by month, The Western Home Monthly will give its readers the very best literature in the magazine field during the coming months. Writers of national and international fame will be regular contributors to the columns of the magazine. Articles and stories by eminent Canadians will be featured. These will have a particular bearing on Western Canadian matters. In other words, the Westerner cannot render a better service to himself and his family than to see that not a copy of the magazine fails to reach his home.

"Rowdy

Continued from page 75

chance. Willie Macdonald, who died only a few weeks ago on his farm just north of Edmonton, rode Rowdy, and from starting point to winning post it was Rowdy all the way, without whip or spur, heat or strain.

It would be worse than folly to attempt to picture the effect of Rowdy's victory on the assembled crowd. Many of them had made their bets as a sacrifice to local or family pride. They had expected to lose. But instead they had won!

The losers, as always in such a case, of course attracted no attention. When or how they made their exit and took their way to the southward concerned only themselves. It is the way of the world. The loss of the loser as well as the win of the winner is necessary to the excitement of the race. What alibi Kenouse and Davis offered to their southern friends for not bringing with them the greater part of the live stock of the Edmonton settlements is not on record. Evidently they were satisfied that the best horse had won, for they did not attempt to stage a come-back.

WHILE Kenouse and Davis had gone home perfectly satisfied that Rowdy was a real race-horse, a minority in the Edmonton country remained unconvinced. They had backed the Kenouse horse in the great race and on his failure adjudged him to be a false alarm, whose reputation had been built on his good looks and on ample and judicious backing rather than on real speed.

Amongst those Edmonton backers of the southern horse was Jim Campbell, a professional horse-breaker from Montana (no connection of the deceased Neil Campbell, who was from Ontario). Jim was the owner of a long-bodied iron-grey roan which he had broken and trained as a mile runner. Abram Selvais of Battle River settlement had bought from the Campbell-Nolan band as they passed his place a horse to be used as a buffalo runner. Although this horse had a blemish on one foreleg, from which he was named "Big Knee," he could travel at speed. On the day of the great race Jim Reid, an ex-miner who had homesteaded opposite Fort Saskatchewan, and who was a friend of Campbell, had ridden Big Knee. He waited near the track at the half-mile for the racers and then beat them to the finish. Later on a friendly private match was staged between Big Knee and Campbell's roan, which the roan won. If Big Knee could beat Rowdy and the roan could beat Big Knee, quite clearly a race between the roan and Rowdy was a dead cinch for the roan. Accordingly Campbell challenged Sinclair to a mile race over the course on the Big Lake road. In this case the challenge was promptly accepted, and arrangements made for the race forthwith. The roan was not nearly so large as Rowdy, but with full confidence in his speed Campbell named him "Big Enough." The race took place within a week of the Kenouse race. Excitement was still seething. Rowdy's backers were of course in funds and full of confidence from the Kenouse race; while the backers of Big Enough, having in mind their private test of speed, were not less confident. The race of the previous week had been a clash of North and South. The Rowdy-Big Enough race was strictly local and had more nearly the aspect of civil war, with Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan as chief centres of opposition. The stakes on both sides were chiefly live stock.

The race was run under favorable conditions. Campbell rode Big Enough and James Rowland, a relative of Sinclair, rode Rowdy. The result was the same as that of the week before. It was Rowdy from start to finish, winning the race without urging and with all ease. Jim Reed lost a whole band of steers to Colin Fraser and Washington Brazeau, police interpreter at Fort Saskatchewan, lost a fine pair of black oxen that I had sold him the fall before. As civil war is more bitter than foreign war, so the sting of defeat following the Rowdy-Big Enough race was greater than in the race of the week before.

The second race demonstrated beyond doubt that Edmonton had the best horse in the country. But that fact left Rowdy without occupation. There was no local horse fit to race with him and his owner was not sufficiently race-minded to seek success in other fields.

ALTHOUGH there was no railroad or telegraph or wireless in those days news travelled far, if not fast. The fame of Rowdy reached Kamloops, B.C., across the mountains and over 500 miles from Edmonton. The Kamloops region was essentially a horse country, not as long settled as Walla Walla, in Oregon, but having horses beyond the needs of the local market; and some of these horses having speed of which their owners were inclined to boast. Amongst these swift ones—or probably pre-eminent amongst them—was a beautiful gold-dust stallion named "Van." What his local history was or the name of his original owner the writer never knew, but that he was a horse of note there can be no doubt. At any rate, in the fall of 1879 there arrived in Edmonton from Kamloops, by way of the Jasper Pass, a band of horses under the ownership of Dan Driscoll, which included in its numbers the racing stallion "Van." The band was for sale; but Van had been brought solely to race Rowdy. Unfortunately many of the horses had become affected by hoof disease during their passage through the mountains and Van was one of the sufferers. This, of course, made a race impossible and Rowdy remained unchallenged monarch of the Edmonton turf.

During the winter of 1879-80 however, there was a matched race between a little grey used by Driscoll as a saddle horse and Campbell's Big Enough. The grey was, in fact, a wonder at 600 yards and Driscoll had hoped to make a small killing on the difference between his appearance and performance at that distance. A challenge passed between Driscoll and Campbell. The latter may have had a pointer from Kamloops as to the abilities of the little grey. At any rate, he would not run Big Enough for only 600 yards and Driscoll's grey could not run a mile. They finally compromised on 850 yards. There was a good deal of excitement and heavy betting on the race. For 600 yards the little grey ran away from his rival, but then he was through and Big Enough took the race with all ease.

This race was the climax of the series of misfortunes that had dogged Driscoll throughout his expedition to Edmonton. When spring opened he moved on to Winnipeg, taking the remnant of his band including the racing stallion with him, and henceforth was out of the Edmonton picture. Most of the horses had recovered from the hoof disease, but up to the time of leaving for the east the stallion was not in condition for a race.

With the departure of Van the hope of getting anything to beat Rowdy in the Edmonton region finally faded. By this time it had become plain that far from being an accident Rowdy was in reality a race horse of the first class. The facts pointed to the conclusion that he had been brought to Edmonton for the express purpose of making a clean-up, and that only the double tragedy of the late summer of 1876 had saved the sports of the Edmonton country from financial disaster.

Some weeks after the departure of Driscoll Rowdy was found dead in his stall. Campbell was known to be very bitter over his defeat in the Rowdy-Big Enough race. He had hoped for revenge with the arrival of Van from Kamloops. When that hope had finally faded it was generally believed that he had used poison to remove the rival that he could not defeat. Whether these suspicions were well founded or not, Campbell shortly afterwards left for Montana between daylights. In the year following there was a historic round-up of supposedly "bad men" throughout Montana. Rumors that came north later indicated that Campbell had figured prominently in the list of victims of the vigilantes.

(Continued on Page 84)

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"See Canada First on these All Canadian Tires"

Avoid the penalty of premature tread wear

Our famous Gum Cushion feature could not be improved . . . so we added 47½% more wear resistance to the tread . . . This has been verified by actual scientific test . . . a test equivalent to many thousands of miles of road service . . . The new tough "*Resisto*" tread combined with the Gum Cushion feature gives you far greater value than any other tire of equal price . . . Sold at all "Gum Cushion Tire Stations."

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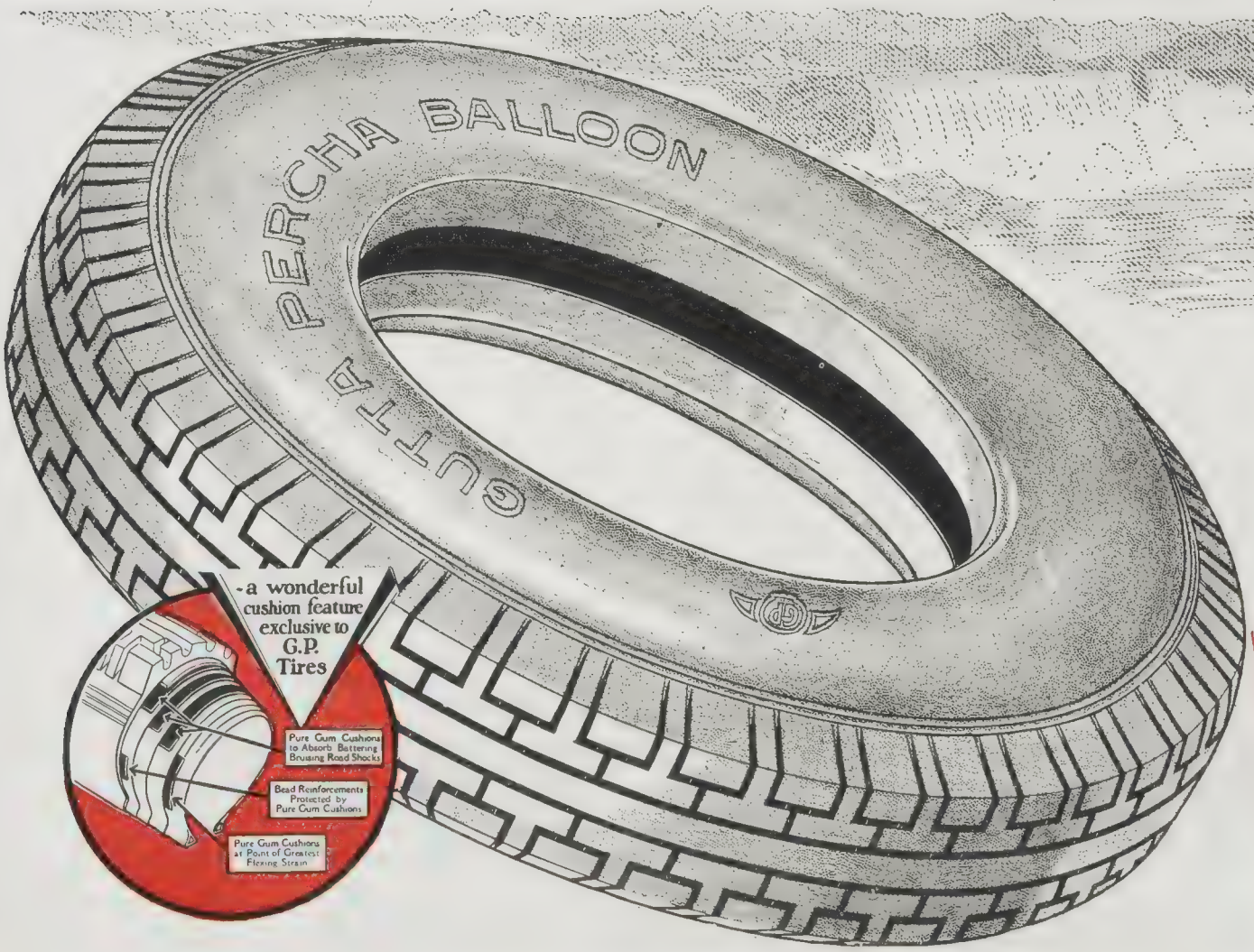

Niagara Falls from the Upper Bridge

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Have you seen our New Road Guide?

You can "trade in" this advertisement at any Gum Cushion Tire Station for a handsomely illustrated Road Guide, which covers the whole of Canada. It contains complete information and maps.

Get One Today!

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Plan now to give her a Kitchen Shower of the ware every bride wants—genuine "Wear-Ever"

NOT a word, not even a hint to her, of course. Then . . . just before *the* day comes . . . a shower of silvery "Wear-Ever". What more charming and practical way to wish her lasting happiness in the workshop of her new home!

Clean, bright "Wear-Ever" is the accepted standard in aluminum-ware. The chefs of world-famous hotels cook everything in "Wear-Ever" . . . for "Wear-Ever" cooks *everything* well. And . . . its silvery beauty harmonizes with any kitchen color scheme.

The "Wear-Ever" mark shown above guarantees that every utensil will be found as perfect as extreme care and superior workmanship can make it.

See the "Wear-Ever" dealer in your community . . . he will gladly help you make your selection.

ALUMINIUM (VI) LIMITED, TORONTO and MONTREAL

"WEAR-EVER"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Gog And Her Friends

I.
Out on the ocean
Goofy went sailing,
Felt rather sickly,
Leaned o'er the railing.

II.
Wind started blowing
Ocean got rougher
Boat started rolling,
Goofy felt tougher.

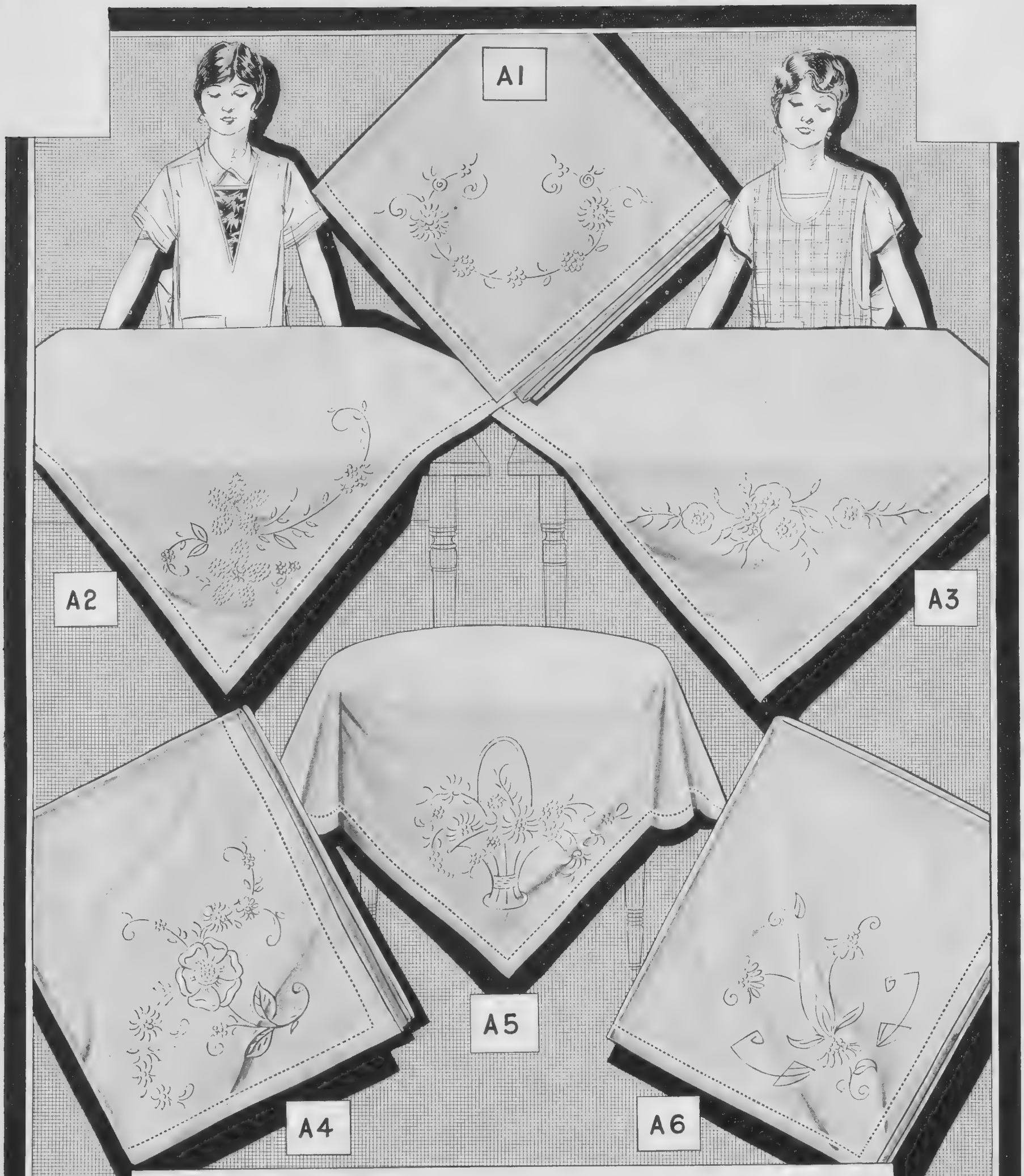
III
Wave hit the schooner
Railing went "Crash!"
Into the water
Goofy went "Splash"

IV
Golly stood wond'ring
Safe on the beach.
Was Goofy drowning
Far beyond reach.

V
Anxiously waiting
Not one bit jocular,
Searching the ocean
Thru his monocular.

VI
Then he felt happy
Do you know why?
He could see
Goofy.
You can
if you try.

HH



A VARIETY OF DESIGNS STAMPED ON PURE IRISH LINEN

The charm of these tablecloths is enhanced by the fine quality White Linen on which they are stamped. The wide hems are neatly hemstitched and simple stitching will effectively develop the stamped designs. Choice of two sizes: 36x36 inches; price delivered, each 85c; and 45x45 inches, price delivered, each $1.35. Be sure to state design and size when ordering from The Western Home Monthly.

Brilliant Artists prefer Chase & Sanborn's Coffee!

MAY WILSON PRESTON'S sparkling illustrations are familiar to millions. She is an indefatigable worker. "I stop every noon for a cup of coffee. I am terribly fussy about it. Chase & Sanborn's is delicious. I always serve it. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

ARTISTS know that the blending of coffee is just as much of an art as the blending of colors.

Take the two artists shown here for example:

No wonder they choose Chase & Sanborn's Coffee . . . for Chase & Sanborn choose their coffee so carefully, and make the blending and roasting of it such an artistic science that it is naturally the choice of those who like the best.

The very cream of the coffee crops is used . . . healthy beans, charged with flavor, grown on high sunny tropic plateaux, full of the ripe richness of the aromatic oils which give body to coffee. Then comes the blending—Chase & Sanborn have long made a special study of the Canadian taste, and produce a standard, scientifically balanced blend, richly potent, but not too heavy . . . just what Canadians like best!

Chase & Sanborn's fresh, invigorating coffee is always a treat . . . Get a tin from your grocer today.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, popular illustrator, says: "I drink Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—have for 25 years. I've tried other coffees, but never found one better."

Every time you see one of these new green delivery trucks speeding through the streets of your City, remember this! . . . Besides delivering Fleischmann's Yeast, it is also bringing Chase & Sanborn's fresh coffee to your grocer. Buy it fresh from him. In out-of-town districts Chase & Sanborn's fresh coffee is shipped by rail, only in small quantities at a time, thus insuring a constantly fresh supply.

Chase & Sanborn's Tea and Coffee

Roasted in Canada

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Interesting Styles in Summer Smartness

6097—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 1¾ yard of material 32 inches wide or wider, if made with puff sleeves. Without the puff sleeves 1½ yard is required. To trim as illustrated will require 4½ yards of insertion or lace banding. Price 15 cents.

6824—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size requires 5¼ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material ⅝ yard 39 inches wide will be required. Trimming band of lace requires 1 yard. Price 25 cents.

6664—Ladies' Morning Frock. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. For collar, belt and pockets of contrasting material ⅝ yard of 36-inch material is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is 2¼ yards. Price 25 cents.

6825—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5⅞ yards of one material 35 inches wide, for jacket and dress. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2⅝ yards. Price 25c.

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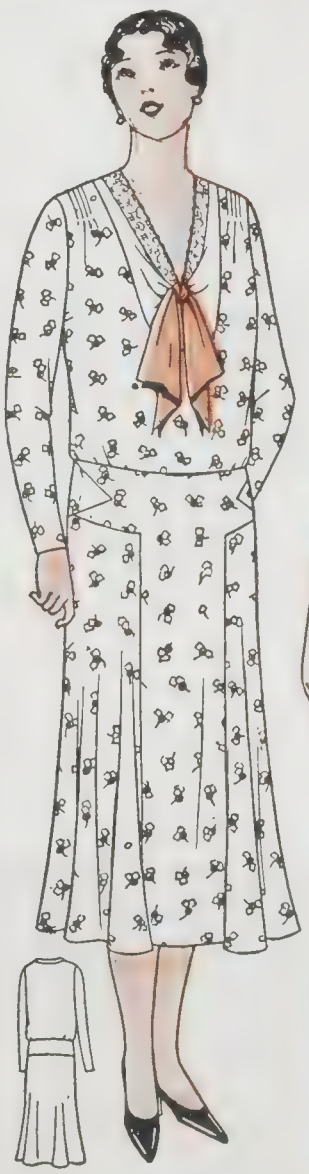
6837—Ladies' Blouse. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size, with collar and sleeves, requires 2¾ yards of 35-inch material. Without sleeves and collar, 1¾ yards will be required. To finish with bias binding requires 5 yards 1½ inch wide. Price 15c.

6845—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 2½ yards of material 35 inches wide. The sash of ribbon requires 2¼ yards. To finish with bias binding requires 5¾ yards 1½ inch wide. Price 15 cents.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man.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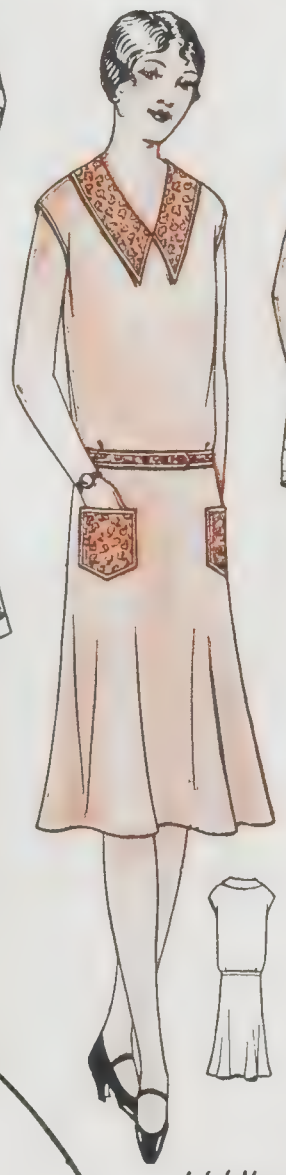
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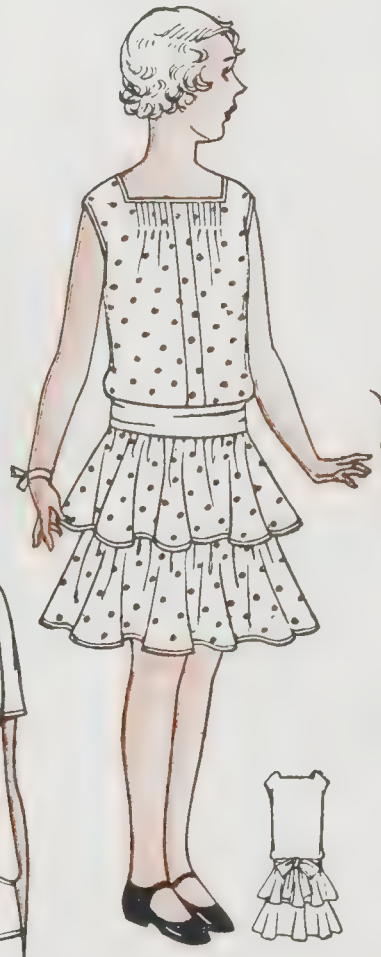
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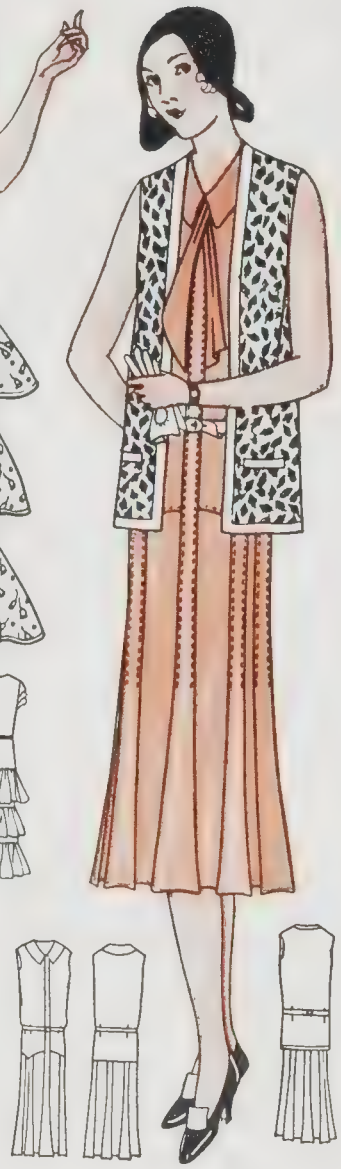
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"For the loveliness that thrills, a girl must have exquisite smooth skin—"

say 39 Hollywood Directors

Photo by D. B. Keyes, Hollywood

CORRINNE GRIFFITH, *First National star, in the strikingly beautiful modernistic bathroom which is one of the most unique among those seen in Hollywood.*

"The thing I like best about Lux Toilet Soap is the wonderful smoothness of my skin after it—the same velvety feeling the finest French soaps give you."

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Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

PETAL-SMOOTH SKIN—how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There's no loveliness like it, Hollywood directors find.

"Smooth skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the motion picture star—or to any woman, than any other physical quality."

A screen star *must* have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

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The next time you see Corinne Griffith notice how exquisitely fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo. Ample, caressing lather even in hard water—for Lux Toilet Soap is made by the famous French method. Do try it—today.

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Unless a screen star's skin shows marvellously smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights, she cannot hope to hold her public.

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Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

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"for a young bride to lose her vitality and pep is disastrous, almost a sacrilege," says Mrs. George E. Pillow, of Franklin, Va. "That, however, is just what I did. I had only been married a few months to an athletic husband, who went everywhere and did everything. I tried to keep up with his pace, and simply collapsed under the strain."

Bride Tells Her Secret

"I never was really ill, just sallow-skinned, depressed, lifeless. Swimming, dancing, golf, I just couldn't face them. When I began to lose my clear complexion, I was desperate."

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W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal

ABSORBINE
Reduces Inflammation

Too Old

Continued from page 9

THE pine knot in the box stove burned through one side and tipped over. A pocket of pitch blazed and roared. The thin, rusted stove pipes reddened quickly, first one, then another to the elbow that turned into the wall. The loose wall paper smouldered a few moments and suddenly burst into a blaze. The thin, unplastered partition quickly fed the eager flame, and more quickly spread it to the ceiling.

Beside the stove old Abe slept. His clothing warmed and scorched. Smoke curled about the pipe and slowly filled the room. The shrivelled form absorbed the excess heat at first without undue effort. Then slowly it penetrated uncomfortably, while the smoke filled his lungs. Old Abe coughed and shifted his position. Then he awoke.

Confused and blinded by the heat and smoke he staggered to the door, instinctively searching for relief by fresh air. Then, with the door thrown wide, the air seemed to revive him and through his befuddled brain ran the thought of his care.

"The youngun! Wah! She's in there! In that fire! And me—old Abe—they left to mind her! To keep her safe! She's burnin' up in there, and me, I can't get to her!"

Old Abe coughed again and turned to draw a deep breath of the frosty air. "Too old, they said! Too old to help! And now what will they say? No good for nothin'! Too old to trust with younguns! Wah!"

Suddenly from somewhere through the crackling of fire he caught a faint child's cry. "Grandy!"

The old frame panted and the wizened face worked with painful spasms. Then quite firmly old Abe strode into the smoke, whiskered face bent forward grimly, long arms extending ahead. "I'm comin', Jean! Grandy's comin'!" he piped.

The fumbling arms found the child at last and rolled her in a thick cluster of bedding. Then they gathered all and turned to fight a way out.

Taunting flames darted at the hairy face and singed the whitened beard to black. "Too old!" they cackled. "Too old!"

Old Abe bent his scorching face closer to the bundle in his arms and snarled: "I'll show you! Abe Hooper never was beat!"

Black smoke whirled and puffed into his nostrils and down his bleaching lungs. "Too old, Abe! Better drop it and quit!"

But old Abe gripped more grimly the precious bundle in his long, bony arms and refused to expand his lungs.

"Never!" Abe's mind was working. "Never! I'm a better man than many! I'm only 102!"

His wobbling legs found the doorway. His feet fumbled for the step. His lungs were bursting. At his head pounded a thousand devils, shrieking in his ears: "Too old! Too old! Let go! We got you!"

But old Abe shook his fleshless frame and defied them.

"Never! I'll save the youngun in spite of you! I'll save her in spite of all your hell!"

He staggered into the cold. On, on. His eyes refused to open. The face that was but a few minutes ago as white as snow was now as black as coal. Gone was all hair. A red hot iron seered his throat and lungs. He gasped and choked for air but his throat was swollen so that it refused to function.

The bony limbs stumbled with the burden, caught in a deep snowbank, stumbled again, and all sank softly to rest, the long arms entwining the precious wrapped form of the child.

"They were right," wheezed old Abe, as he settled with resignation to his snowy bed. "I'm too old. Too old."

THEY found him there in the late afternoon, his frozen limbs stretched protectingly about the bundle of little Jean. With difficulty in their desperate haste they extracted the child from its human cradle. From a tiny slit in the bedding Jean was whimpering—"Grandy's face all black."

"And we said he was too old!" moaned young Ted.

"But don't you see, Ted," sobbed Min, snuggling her unharmed child to her breast, "he died as he would have liked—before he got too old."

So when Spring came again they buried him at the bend in the lane. And they built a little fence about the grave. And on the plain headstone they carved two lines:

"He was not too old at 102
To die the death of a hero true."

"Rowdy"

Continued from page 76

IN THE two years that had elapsed between the occasion of Rowdy's great double triumph and his mysterious death the buffalo had disappeared from the plains of the Saskatchewan. Widespread distress of the native population had taken the place of abounding prosperity. With the passing of the buffalo the old ways of life could no longer be followed. The plow-horse or cart-ox became more important than the buffalo runner. Horse-racing as it had been, went into eclipse, from which it only emerged years later under the changes of system compelled by change of circumstance.

No doubt the horse-racing of today in the Canadian West is on a greater scale and is both swifter and more spectacular than that of half a century ago—but it lacks the living interest that then caused men to travel through difficult and dangerous country for hundreds of miles for the opportunity to risk all they had on the speed of their favorite horse.

To draw a comparison between the present and the past—the new and the old—the professional jockeys, the mechanical totalizators and all the et-ceteras of a modern race-course are as far from being an adequate substitute for the real racing of former days as the hurdy-gurdy and the merry-go-round of the country fair would be a substitute for the modern racing circuit.

Over *one billion* gallons of Ethyl a year

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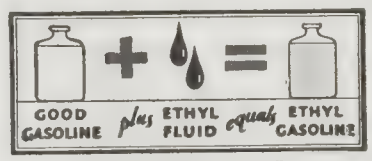
A NIAGARA of Ethyl Gasoline — over *one billion* gallons a year — now flows through the pumps bearing the Ethyl emblem.

That emblem means two things: 1. Each gallon contains enough Ethyl anti-knock fluid to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and develop the additional power of the new high-compression cars. 2. Each gallon must conform to the specifications of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation as to the quality of the base gasoline used — in volatility and minimum gum and sulphur content.

So remember that wherever you see the Ethyl emblem on a pump — no matter what oil company's name or brand is associated with it — it means "good gasoline of high anti-knock quality."

Remember too that while Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification, not all red gasolines are Ethyl. Always look for the Ethyl trademark.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York City



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A Heart Drama in One Act

He in an Automobile, She on the Pavement and Love at First Sight

By A. W. Free

IT WAS the crowded hour of dusk. Portage Avenue had just blossomed forth in a garment of lights and the young evening was arraying herself for the nightly drama of life as it reveals itself along the broad thoroughfare. To some this hour means only packed street-cars, shouting newsies, and a stampede for home and supper. To others it spells Romance.

A girl wandered slowly along with the crowds on the south side, obviously enjoying to the full the contemplation of those streams of humanity which everywhere swirled and eddied about her. Evidently in no particular hurry she idled on, her interested glance straying here and there as though seeking to read in the faces of that hurrying throng an epic of their various lives. Each individual had a story to tell—one of triumph or failure, struggle or frivolity, sweetness and charitableness or evil and treachery, as the case might be. Fortunately few of the latter. One could, indeed, with no special effort of imagination, weave little tapestries in the mind of the settings or backgrounds to which the pictures of these lives belonged—homes of wealth or penury, haunts of intrigue or happy firesides, luxurious clubs or lonely hall-bedrooms, staid Victorian parlors or sordid hovels where poverty reigned and crime was the guiding spirit. It was really quite as engrossing as any pictorial drama which the nearby talkie theatres were unfolding.

Suddenly the girl saw him.

She had been seeking him everywhere, and now at last here he was! She could hardly remember a time when she hadn't been looking for him—even back in short-skirts-and-flying-pigtail days she had anticipated this moment of meeting her Ideal. Was it any wonder, then, that she should stop short in her tracks, that her very breath should cease?

"Oh!" she cried, at length, still gazing at him with dilated eyes and parted lips. The passersby jostled her, but she was oblivious of them and of the curious glances that rested upon her as she stood against the background of a brilliantly - lighted jeweller's window, one hand pressed to her heart. She sighed again, ecstatically.

He didn't see her at first. He was sitting in a handsome car that was drawn up at the curb. He was at the wheel and apparently waiting for someone who had gone into a nearby shop. Although he was looking directly ahead of him he had an air of expectation and his bearing was one of delicate hauteur, almost disdain of the passing multitude which must walk. But it was an eminently fitting attitude, thought the girl, he himself being so obviously a prince among his kind. Should she go up and murmur "Prince" to him? And if she did, would he turn his proud head and vouchsafe her a glance? The longing was too much for her. She advanced to the curb and from the shadow of a friendly pillar regarded him at closer quarters. He had a kingly head and form and the straight, clean lines that meant birth and breeding. As he turned that head ever so slightly to follow some passerby she saw that his eye was a full, deep brown. He had the nose of the true aristocrat and she knew instinctively that to whomsoever he loved he would give a full measure of devotion.

"If only he were mine. If only we belonged to each other!" she thought, a keen stab of envy and jealousy wrenching her heart at the recollection of that someone whom the Prince awaited. Indeed for a brief moment the girl played with the idea of—violence. Or at any rate of sorcery. What was it called when a lady ran off with a gentleman? Was it abduction? She could handle a car. Once get him away with her and she would undertake to see that smiles and caresses and loving words would do the rest. She was not a forward person but this was the love of her lifetime.

A hasty glance round. For she didn't want to appear ridiculous. Oh, she was behaving like a sentimental schoolmiss, but what of it? That person to whom he belonged might pop along at any minute, and then her little taste of heaven would be over. She must at least make a bid for one glance from him. So, guided by an almost irresistible impulse, she stepped forward and reaching forth an eager hand laid it on the Prince's shoulder.

Would he turn upon her in resentment? She lived an age in waiting. But no. He didn't. Slowly he turned his magnificent head and regarded her gravely. He didn't shake off the hand. In his deep eyes there was friendliness and understanding, recognition of that freemasonry of souls which were theirs. He suffered her caress and her endearing words and was even about to make some return in kind when a fluffy-ruffles type of person at that moment flashed across the pavement from one of the shops and pulling open the door sprang into the car beside him. She didn't so much as observe the girl, who now had shrunk a little back. She hugged the Prince briefly and then ordered him to "move over," and took the wheel. The girl on the pavement—we have neglected to say that she was quite an insignificant-looking kind of person, probably of the so-called working class and unlikely to attract any notice in public—watched them out of sight, with a wistful look, then she walked on with a sigh and a smile. After all she had had her moment.

He was the finest collie dog she had ever seen!

Miss "Sew-and-Sew"

By Marion D. Risse

There was a little seamstress, in her glowing prime,
Whom everyone relied upon to take a stitch in time;
And being very pretty, the men folks sought her favor,
While female tongues reproached her for her open misbehavior!

Single men and those long wed, paused before her door,
Hoping for the smile or wink, they'd learned to so adore;
Her shop was always crowded, and when her work was done,
She locked the door and gleefully stepped out to have some fun!

Anywhere on any one, she might employ her charms,
To bring forth admiration, or a pair of eager arms;
Marriage vows were broken, engagement rings returned,
While in the soul of every man, her flaming image burned.

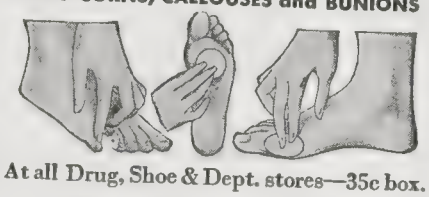
So many men did she ensnare, that in the little town
The women rose united to crush the seamstress down;
And thus it was they drove her out, resuming peaceful days,
For though she used a needle well, she could not mend her ways!

Ends CORNS

THEY NEVER RETURN

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only insure instant relief from pain: they remove the cause — friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns can never come back if Zino-pads are applied at the first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes. No other method does this for you. Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh liquids and plasters expose the toes to acid burn. Zino-pads are thin, cushioning, soothing, healing, safe, sure.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS



At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

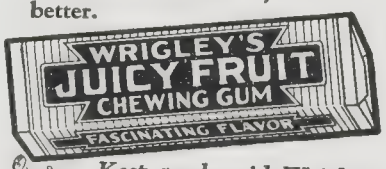
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

WRIGLEY'S

When you need new energy, when you are hot and mouth is dry—pep up with Wrigley's—it moistens mouth and throat.

The increased flow of saliva feeds new strength to the blood, you can do more — you feel better.



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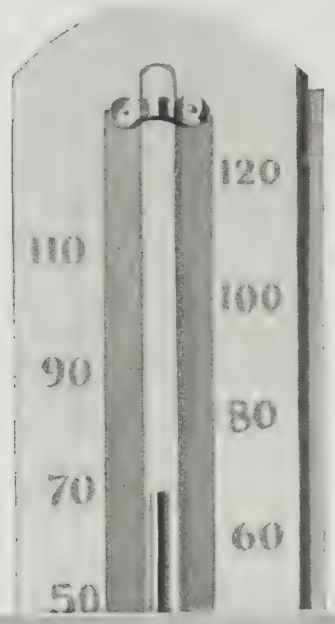

Your thermometer tells the story

Do you live in a "two-temperature" home . . . a home with some rooms warm and cosy, and others that are impossible to heat? Your thermometer tells the story. Your children's health may be the price of living in a "two-temperature" house.

SUMMER and winter alike, every room is cosy and comfortable in a TEN/TEST Insulated home. Stifling attics become cool, airy play-rooms for hot summer days. Chill, draughty sleeping rooms are snug and warm even on the coldest nights.

Better Health—Greater Comfort

TEN/TEST Insulation keeps your home at an even, livable temperature, a temperature that means better health and greater comfort every month of the year. It saves as much as 30% on your fuel bills, because it keeps costly furnace heat inside the house instead of letting it escape through roof and walls It makes every room easy to heat . . . easy to keep at the temperature you want.

Protect your home with TEN/TEST

TEN/TEST is a Canadian product, developed especially for the Canadian climate. It is the only *solid* insulating board which you can buy in any thickness up to two inches. Though it costs a little more than ordinary boards, TEN/TEST possesses an exceptional structural strength and insulating value which more than compensate for the slight difference in price.

Because of the many thicknesses in which it is made, TEN/TEST can be used for every insulating purpose—as sheathing, as roof insulation, or as a base for plaster. The strong, solid sheets will last as long as the house itself.

Before you build or remodel, talk to your architect or contractor about TEN/TEST. If you rent or buy, it will pay you to look for a TEN/TEST Insulated house or apartment. Or write to us for complete information regarding TEN/TEST, and for any assistance we can render in solving your own building problem.

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Ten Minutes at the wheel - *convinces*

TEN minutes at the wheel of the new Chevrolet Six will give you a new idea of motor car performance in the low-price field!

As soon as you start the motor, you feel its smoother, quieter power. For the six-cylinder valve-in-head engine has a big 48-pound crankshaft, automatic valve lubrication and stronger, lighter pistons.

When you step on the accelerator, you discover a quicker, livelier response. For the motor has been increased to 50 horsepower, with an improved high-compression head.

When you travel rough stretches, you find exceptional comfort and balance. For the springs are cushion-controlled by hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear.

When you sink back on the deep cushions and notice the rich upholstery, you revel in the luxury of the Fisher body interiors. And you will be thankful for the piping that seals all seams against drafts.

And when you park—turn sharp corners—apply the brakes—you become even more convinced that here is a remarkable automobile—a wise choice for anybody!

It takes only ten minutes to make this test in a Chevrolet. See your Chevrolet dealer today—and learn what amazing six-cylinder performance can now be secured—at prices so low that you will scarcely believe them possible.

Ask about the GMAC, General Motors' own plan of deferred payments.

Drive the
CHEVROLET
SIX

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

Nature's Friend

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths,
Think my hand one—
To touch their wings—
With wind and sun.

The garden Mouse
Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
I rob no nest;
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The hedge stops cows
Or they would come
After my voice
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, Cow and Mouse,
Bird, Moth and Bee.

William H. Davies.

Our Summer's Competition

SOMETHING to keep you busy, something to keep you alert, bright eyed, quick eared, on the watch all summer. What do you think of this for an idea? Each week in July and August a little story of some animal, insect or bird. A weekly diary in short, with a different subject for each week. Suppose for July you take 1st week, a bird; 2nd week, an insect; 3rd week, large animal; 4th week, a reptile. August, 1st week, a butterfly; 2nd week, small animal; 3rd week, bug; 4th week, frog.

Now we don't want some one else's story, we want your own. Don't tell us for instance, what some one else has seen about a frog, but what you have seen. What kind of a bug interests you most? What kind of reptile lives in your part of the world? We don't have many I am glad to say, it isn't pleasant to think of countries where a mongoose has to be kept to kill the snakes, and a snake lives in the canvas ceiling to kill the rats and scorpions. I'm glad we live where our worst summer enemies are mosquitoes, and now we're learning to get rid of them.

There will be two prizes for this competition, a book on Canadian birds and a Brownie camera, and several gold buttons, depending on how many good stories there are.

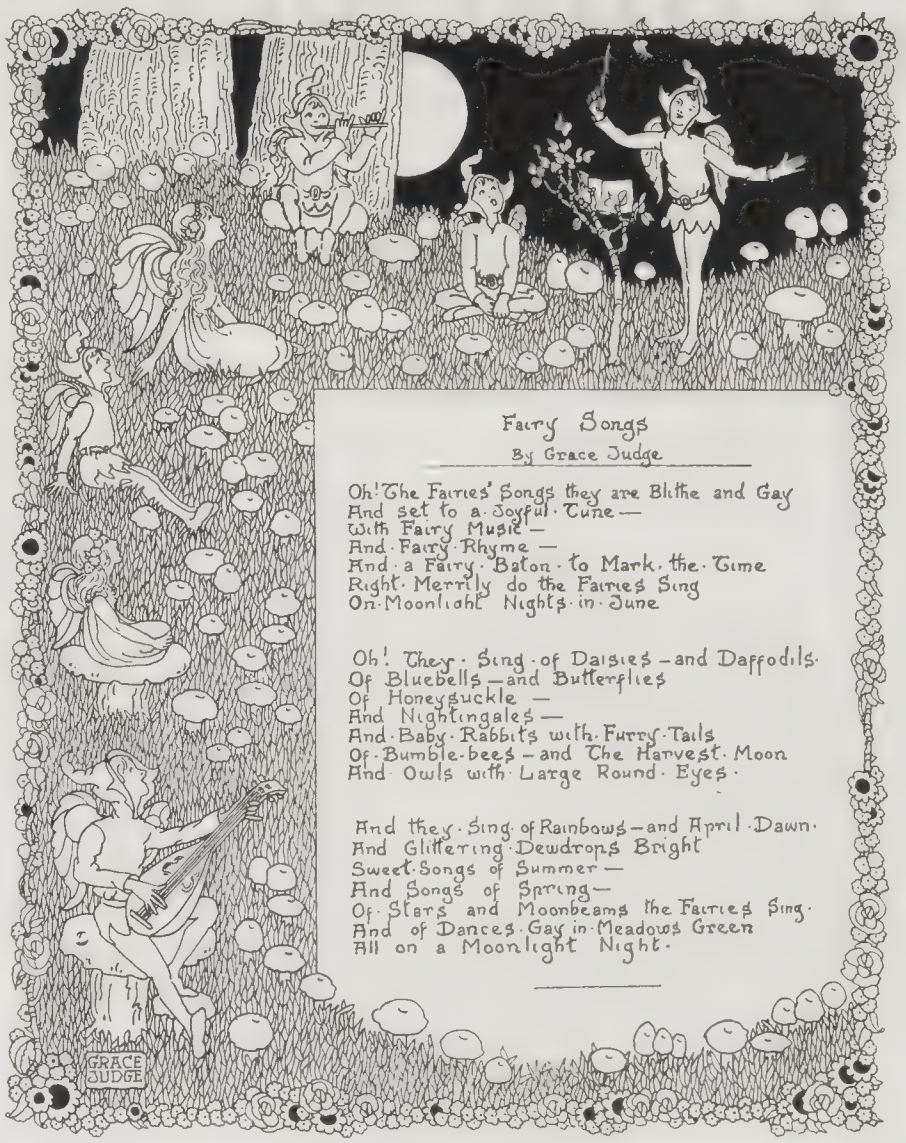
Great Gray Geese

TOWARDS the end of April and the beginning of May strange things were happening in certain parts of Canada, the great gray geese were resting here on their long flight from the far south to the Arctic circle.

When human beings, who think themselves very wise and very clever, start out on a journey, by car, on foot, with a horse, or even in a train, they have certain things to guide them. They have compasses, they have maps, they have roads, sign posts, stations, and all sorts of help. Even then sometimes they are lost and do not arrive at their destination. How often people too lose their way in strange cities, even though there are plainly marked streets and people to direct them. But the geese—from the far south, Florida, the country around the Gulf of Mexico, they come straight through the wide expanse of the United States, across the boundary line, of which they know nothing, through Canada, away up north into the Arctic regions where they may be cool all summer, and where they remain until Autumn drives them south again. On the way they stay and rest and eat at different places, and every year the same places. Back they come, straight as a compass to the very fields where they were the year before. In the morning they rise from the marshy ground, where they have spent the night, and disappear into the sky; at half past four every afternoon the armies begin to return, first comes a long streak against the sunset, and as it comes nearer you find it is a wedge shaped flock, one great goose leading; suddenly they spread out into a line, then form fours, or eights, as if a sergeant-major gave the orders. If they are flying into the wind, after awhile those at the back of the flock come up to take the front line and bear the brunt of the wind, and so all their flying time they move and change, now a long line, now a compact group, now a long wedge shaped formation. They have a horse honk that can be heard for a long distance too. When they have rested in one spot long enough (near Winnipeg they descend in the Rosser district), they start again on their long journey.

Throughout Canada and the United States now, there are bird sanctuaries established, and there these and other migrant birds may rest and feed on their way. Do not such stories as these make you marvel at the wonders of nature?

BY BOBBY BURKE



Picture of a Beefeater. This unique character and his duties were described on last month's Cosy Corner page.

Indian Pipe

HAVE you ever gone out walking in the deep, dark, quiet woods in summer? Have you ever peered and peeped to find strange violets among the dead leaves, honeysuckle twining itself round a tree trunk and hanging down its fairy bells above your head, and shy columbine dancing on its slender stem in open places? Perhaps when you have wandered deep among the trees where little sunlight penetrates you will find at a tree root a strange white ghost flower growing in a clump, and half hidden by last year's leaves. People have asked if these are the souls of flowers, for they have a strange waxen, unreal look, but we matter of factly call them Indian Pipes, because their stems are straight and their heads, shaped like a pipe bowl, droop.

There is a strange story about these flowers and I will try to tell it to you. Most plants work hard. The roots seek food in the soil; it is pumped up through the stem into the leaves, where through the action of sunlight and the green coloring matter called chlorophyll, it is digested. But the Indian Pipe has no color and no leaves. What does that mean? Why it can't digest its own food and so it feeds on the food prepared by its neighbors, and it is called a parasite because it lives on other plants. There is another parasite that we all know, very beautiful too in its strange white way—misletoe. In France, where they plant rows of trees along the roadways, you will sometimes find many of the tall trees quite dead, but high among the branches are great green lacy looking balls. This is misletoe, and it has killed its kindly host the tree, by drawing its food from it. Here we have also bitter sweet, the lovely crimson berried vine that winds itself so tightly around the tree trunks that it kills them, and showers down its lovely berries high above our heads in the dull days of November. Indian Pipes are lovely in a ghostly way, but are not the happy, brilliant prairie flowers that give food to the bees, and shelter to insects and perfume to the world much more beautiful?

Flowers

By Earl Austin

Genetians from a marshy dale,
Delicately hued,
Scarlet lily of the fields,
Unnaturally subdued;
Ravished from their lovely haunts,
Brought to man's domain:
Flowers in a colored vase—
Have they bloomed in vain?

If they make the memory's eyes
Again see Nature's art;
Live anew the enrapt hour
Alone with Nature's heart:
Then the blossoms fulfil life,
Though they die in pain,
And smiling in a painted vase,
Do not smile in vain.

To Broaden M.P.'s Minds

WHEN Charles P. Scott, for fifty-seven years editor of the Manchester Guardian, the most important and influential newspaper in Great Britain outside London, recently was given the freedom of Manchester, he suggested that the Parliament of Great Britain should occasionally sit in that great industrial city. He said that the members would thus have their minds broadened. A crow flying in a straight line from London to Manchester, would travel about 150 miles. If the minds of the lawmakers of Great Britain would be broadened by their occasionally moving their place of meeting so short a distance, what a broadening of the minds of the lawmakers of this country might be effected by their occasionally moving their place of meeting from Ottawa to Winnipeg, to Halifax, to Vancouver, to Edmonton, to Calgary, to Quebec, to Regina? Canada is a vast and various country. From Ottawa to Winnipeg is more than 1,000 miles in a straight line, or some 300 miles more than from Land's End, the southernmost tip of England, to the northernmost tip of Scotland. From Ottawa to Halifax, in a like straight line, is some 600 miles. And from Winnipeg to Vancouver, to continue using the straight-line flying of that imaginary crow, is some 1,200 miles. Is there not an immensely greater scope in this country than in Great Britain for the broadening of legislative minds? Perhaps it would be too much to expect the Senators to take kindly to the suggestion. But is it too much to expect from the House of Commons?

A Double Object Lesson

A READER sends a copy of a recent issue of the Grand Forks (B.C.) Gazette, in which he has marked a news note stating that "a funeral going from here across the international line to Danville on Wednesday was charged duty on the flowers on the casket. (Danville is in the State of Washington.) It is as odd a piece of news as The Philosopher has seen in a good while. Even the least reflective of those who saw that funeral on its transit from Canada into the United States must have been struck by the reminder it furnished of the truth of the proverb that the two most inescapable things in this world are death and taxes.

Stefansson's Experience

THE one world celebrity who was born in Manitoba, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, is a physician as well as an explorer, and, of course, that fact, in addition to his remarkable achievement in adapting himself for long periods to the conditions of living in the Arctic regions, must be taken into account in connection with the ideas about diet which he has been putting forward. In reporting the experiment he made by living for more than a year in New York on a meat diet exclusively, he writes that he came through that experience in the best of health and good spirits and with undiminished capacity for work. But what does that prove? Not that all the rest of us could live on meat alone without injuring our health, but only that Stefansson did so for more than a year.

Symptoms

ONE of the worst of all the bad habits which, unless checked, can become serious misfortunes, is the habit of regarding every slight discomfort, real or imaginary, as a symptom. A headache, for example, is a passing discomfort, due to some passing cause. Everything has its cause in this world of cause and effect, but that is no reason why a passing headache should be regarded as a portent. Everybody experiences slight and common ailments, due usually to some indiscretion in eating, or to some such cause. In an ideal world, peopled by creatures in perfect health, there might be no headaches. We cannot be too sure of that, because in this imperfect world we cannot know either what a perfect world, or perfect health in a perfect world, would be like. It is to this world we must adjust ourselves. And one of the most important things in that adjustment is that we should not let ourselves get the habit of thinking that a small ache or pain is a dangerous symptom, meaning that we are very far from well. Once that habit gets hold of a person, he is started on the way to being really far from well.

As to Diet and Long Life

IN THE course of experiments which have been going on for nearly ten years in the laboratories of Columbia University, in New York, under the charge of Professor Henry G. Sherman, in order to determine, if possible, the relation of diet to length of life, it has been proved, at any rate, according to a brief despatch in the newspapers, that by doubling the amount of powdered milk in the diet of rats a gain of 10 per cent was made in the average length of rat life, and that "it has also been established that there is reason to believe that pure milk promotes length of human life." But The Philosopher is dubious about any good purpose being served by the publication of scraps of information about such things in the newspapers. Too many people, reading such scraps, jump to conclusions that are not justified. There is too much readiness to believe that there are such things possible as life-prolonging diets and miracle-working cure-alls and that some day Science (with a large S) will tell us all about them. In building up health and ensuring its continuance for a length of years, diet is a most important factor, of course, but it is only one of several most important factors. With increase of knowledge there is increase of health and of the average duration of life. But there is no simple recipe for health and length of life, and the Fountain of Youth is still undiscovered.

The Way to Have Friends

"IF ONE would have friends, one must show oneself friendly," said the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in a little talk a few weeks ago to a number of students. It was a wise saying, which Hon. Mr. McGregor might well have dwelt upon at length. It will repay much thought given to it. There is nothing of such value in life as the power of making and holding friends. It can be cultivated. It should be cultivated. Even an established friendship can wither, if it is not given thought and attention to keep it growing. "True friendship" wrote Bacon, having in mind the material advantages of having friends, "is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels." And having proved false in friendship. Bacon, who was well described as "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," lived to realize how true a thing he had put down on paper when he added, in the same essay: "If a man have not a friend, he may quit the stage." The way to have friends is to be a friend. "Hast thou a friend?" says an Oriental proverb. "Neglect not to visit him, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the path which no one treads."

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WINNIPEG *BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR* MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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The things that count in a Motor Car

--as You and Your Neighbor Proved Them

Advantages That Challenge

It is a Big Roomy Essex—Longer wheelbase and wider seats afford additional comfort for passengers.

It is a Modern Essex—designed in the vogue of 1930. Design is modern in fenders, hood, hub caps and body moldings; repeated in interior appointments.

It is a Low, Safe Essex—A double-drop frame lowers body height with headroom maintained and road clearance increased.

It is a Colorful Essex—You may have your choice of colors at no extra cost.

It is a Complete Essex—Included in the list prices are:

4 double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers;

Manually controlled radiator shutters;

Starter, electrolock, motometer, electric oil and fuel gauge on dash.

THE New Essex Challenger's records are great in national and world fame. Yet their real greatness is that they were made right in your community.

Your neighbors—perhaps you yourself participated, either as an onlooker or in the actual tests, when 5000 Essex cars, in every part of the country, set brilliant new marks for speed, fast get-away, hill-climbing, reliability and economy that are the talk of motordom.

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ESSEX

Challenger

So these extraordinary proofs speak for what any New Essex Challenger can do. If you have not already ridden, we invite you to examine and drive the Challenger.

In looks, in action, its appeal is instantaneous. To those who have owned cars around this price it is a revelation. It gives a new sense of stability and power. It holds a charm of appearance, and riding ease with a pride of ownership that comes only with surpassing performance.

That is why owners express elation in the comparison of their cars with the fine, costly cars of noted performance ability. It is why, with almost one voice, they call the New Essex Challenger the greatest dollar-for-dollar value ever offered.

What the World is Saying

Hairpins and Hatpins Next?
It is announced now that corsets are coming in again. —Ottawa Citizen.

It Requires a Good Deal of Pluck
It is now fashionable again for women to have their eyebrows thinned.—Quebec Evenment.

Except Of Course, for Pedestrians
The automobile furnishes about the poorest form of exercise known.—British Medical Journal.

Life's Music Sometimes Changes Them
A good many men who talk bass at home sing small as tenors downtown.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

His Garage and House Should Be Closer
A statistician says that the average business man takes 18,908 steps daily.—Brooklyn Eagle.

They Show the Way the Wind is Blowing
There are many things to be said in favor of short skirts, and from more points of view than one.—Kitchener Record.

Can He Convert Collection Plate Buttons?
A Mexican chemist reports that he has discovered a process for converting lead into silver. This would be important, if true.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

Aren't the Social Scientists Wonderful?
A recent Social Science survey has shown that the average husband prefers a wife who can cook.—Minneapolis Journal.

How About the Loss of It in Cities?
A nation-wide movement is being planned for the protection and increase of wild life in the open spaces.—Detroit News.

Pork From Sow Thistles Next?
A man in Connecticut claims to be able to make butter from milkweed. Science is a wonderful thing.—Halifax Chronicle.

Ye Editor is Tired of Realism.
Sir Harry Lauder says the best novel a man can read is his own bank-book. But we never cared for sad endings.—Nelson News.

Due to Looking for a Place to Park.
It is estimated that about 70 per cent. of the city dwellers of this continent are suffering from eye-strain. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Plot for Dickens, if He Were Alive
A damage suit for $600 has been settled in London after six years of litigation, which has cost more than $20,000.00.—Montreal Gazette.

"Mommer, can I paint that statue in the bathroom?" "Mercy, no, Gerald! That's the plumber!"

Not a Good Time for Stooping.
Another Safety First hint is not to stop to tie your shoe lace when you are going through a revolving door. —Vancouver Province.

Except on a Film Doctor's Prescription?
The new code laid down by Will Hays, the official guardian of the morals of the films produced in Hollywood, includes a prohibition of scenes showing indulgence in alcoholic beverages and chatter about drinking in the talkies. So that presumably there will be no more drinking seen or heard on or from the films.—Hamilton Spectator.

Another is a Headline Like This.
A professor in Rochester, N.Y., says that there are 507 known annoyances in the world, one of which is a statement like that.—Niagara Falls Review.

It is Also True the Other Way Round
"Better boys, better men," is a fine and true slogan for the meaning value of the Boy Scouts.—Brandon Sun.

And, It May be Added, Vice Versa
Many a woman who is familiar with the mechanism of a high-powered car knows absolutely nothing about operating a vacuum sweeper.—Toronto Star.

Ye Editor Faces the Truth.
After reading the fashion advertisements and looking ourself over, we have come to the conclusion that we have lost our Chic somewhere.—Chilliwack Progress.

Nocturnal Note
While the radio occupies the corner once taken up by the cradle in the homes of a previous era, the result is much the same, in so far as keeping the family awake is concerned. —Springfield Republican.

But There Isn't Really Any Such Thing.
What some people really want is a religion that will enable them to feel respectable, without requiring them to be respectable. — New York Tribune-Herald.

In Some Cases the Nose Is Used
"The voices of the actors come through a marvelous device," says an article describing the apparatus by which the talkies are produced.—Victoria Colonist.

Except Some of the Youngest of Us.
Not even those of us who have attained length of years have gained perfect wisdom. None of us are infallible. None of us know it all.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Where Bakeries are Now Talkie Schools.
There hasn't been a pie thrown in Hollywood for months. Bakeries that used to flourish have now been converted into voice-training studios.—Chicago Tribune.

A Decreasing Visible Supply
This is census year in the United States. When the census is taken in this country next year, one thing that can be predicted is that there will not be as many knees in evidence as there were a few years ago—probably no more than there were when the last Dominion census was taken in 1911, that is to say, practically none.—Brantford Expositor.

Pinnacles Cannot Accommodate Crowds.
"There's plenty of room at the top," is one of those brief, pointed sayings which are essentially true, though what they actually say is untrue.—Toronto Globe.

And a Man Can Make a Bluff on Even Less.
"Women make mountains out of molehills," says Rudy Vallee, whose crooning in the talkies has such a fascination for women that it has made him wealthy.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

And Maybe, Some of the Salad Oil.
German development of a toacco plant from which, it is reported, both cigars and salad oil can be made, explains perhaps some of the cigars we have known.—Montreal Herald.

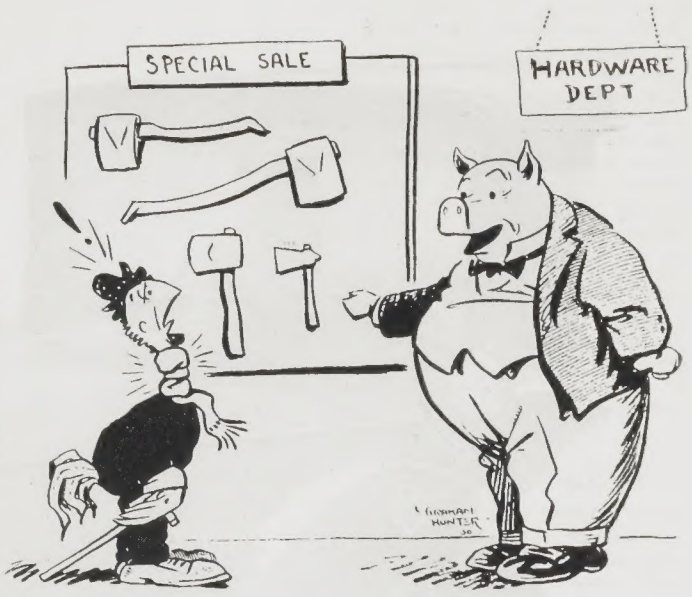
Some Friends are Smart Like That
The other day we saw a friend pumping a tire and we asked him if he had had a puncture and he said no, he was just giving the tire a change of air.—Grande Prairie Herald.

One More of the Things You Should Know
If all the automobiles on this continent were parked end to end, the chances are that some driver up in front wouldn't be able to get his engine started.—Toronto Telegram.

No Spirits in the Water.
Mysterious tappings heard in a house in Glasgow and attributed to spirits were found to be caused by a drop of water falling at irregular intervals from a minute leak in a pipe. The work of plumbing such mysteries is not always so easy a matter.—London Daily Mail.

Perhaps We Should Say "Anglosaxophone."
The saxophone is the musical instrument heard most frequently nowadays, and mostly at night, throughout the English-speaking world.—London Daily Express.

A Bit of Waggishness from London.
A paragraphist mentions Judges who frequently go by bus to the Law Courts. The explanation is, of course, that they have business there.—Punch.



Salesman: "How about something nice for a sore throat?"

And in Winter They Take Them All Off.
Did you ever stop to think about the curious way in which trees behave? When spring comes, they begin by putting on their light clothes, and by the time the heat of summer has come they have their heaviest clothes on. —Nanaimo Herald.

Quite So, Indeed.
Business conditions are improving much more rapidly than would have been the case if business were showing less improvment than has been noted, if you get what we mean.—Duluth Herald.

When Backed by Grim Determination.
Mary Pickford's testimony, in the legal proceedings in connection with her income tax, that she saved $420,000 out of a salary of $560,000, shows what can be done by rigid economy. Neepawa Press. —

Except at Bull Fight Festivals.
Trotzky has been refused permission to enter Spain. Evidently the powers that be in that country are determined that there shall be no red flag waving within its boundaries.—Ottawa Journal.

He Knows How the Sucker Species Feel
The smallest fish in the world, three sixteenths of an inch long, has been discovered in the Philippines. But what about the poor fish who, against his wife's advice, bought stocks that slumped?—Vancouver Sun.

One Way of Avoiding Week-end Accidents.
Another respect in which Russia now differs from the rest of the world is due to the calendar which the Soviet regime has introduced, abolishing Saturday and Sunday. —Quebec Soleil.

Aren't Statistics Wonderful?
We do not see why anyone should be surprised to learn that men spend 10 per cent. more on clothing than women, when we remember that they wear from 500 to 2,000 per cent. more clothing than women—Washington Star.

How About Crossing the Street?
"The man who lives longest is the man who never does anything in a hurry," writes Dr. Royal S. Copeland, who manages both to be one of the two senators from New York in the Senate of the United States and to carry on a column of health talks which is printed in a good many newspapers both in this country and Canada.—St. John Times-Globe.

A Plunge Into Matrimony.
At a recent wedding in Southern California the bride and groom and the minister donned bathing suits and divers' helmets and waded out from the beach into the sparkling waters of the Pacific Ocean until they were submerged, and the ceremony was performed under the surface. And when it came to kissing the bride it was a case of wet smacks, of course.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

THIS SEASON

BANFF

summer social centre of the Canadian Rockies

HERE, in a bowl carved by the mountain torrents which bound the course, flags fly on eighteen bent-grass greens designed by Stanley Thompson.

Here, summer is the gala season.

Here, the nights are just cool enough to make dancing in the great ball-room a sheer delight.

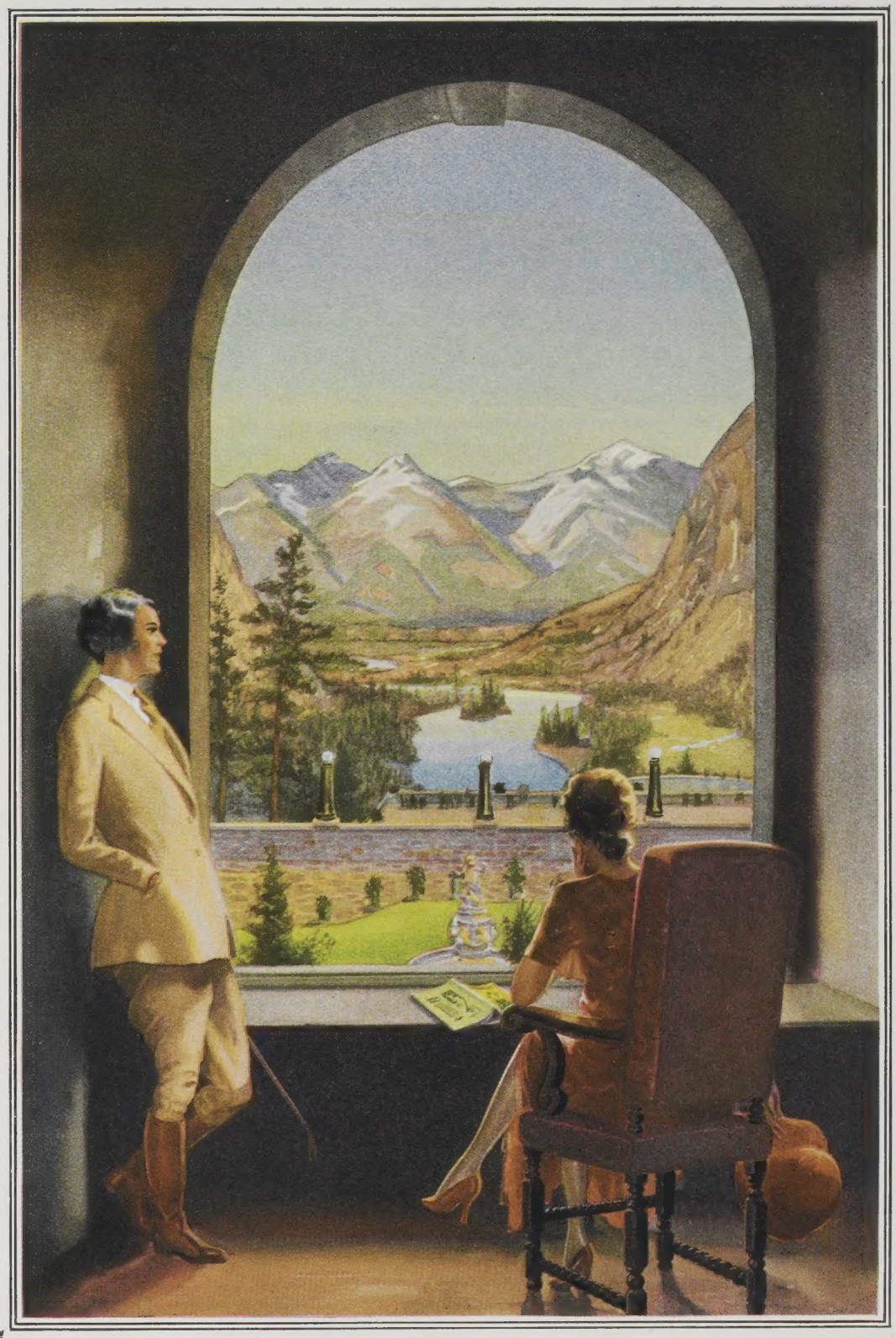
Here the long sunny days are still too short for all that must be seen and done. Start the day with a plunge in the warm sulphur pool, then a dip in the fresh pool beside . . . . Golf, ride, hike or climb. There are saddle-horses, ponies and guides, good trails and motor roads.

Play tennis on the en tout cas courts. Tea on the terrace with its million-dollar view. Enjoy this summer at Banff Springs Hotel. Lake Louise is only forty miles away.

INDIAN DAYS—JULY 22-24

OFFICIAL TRAIL RIDES—
JULY - AUGUST

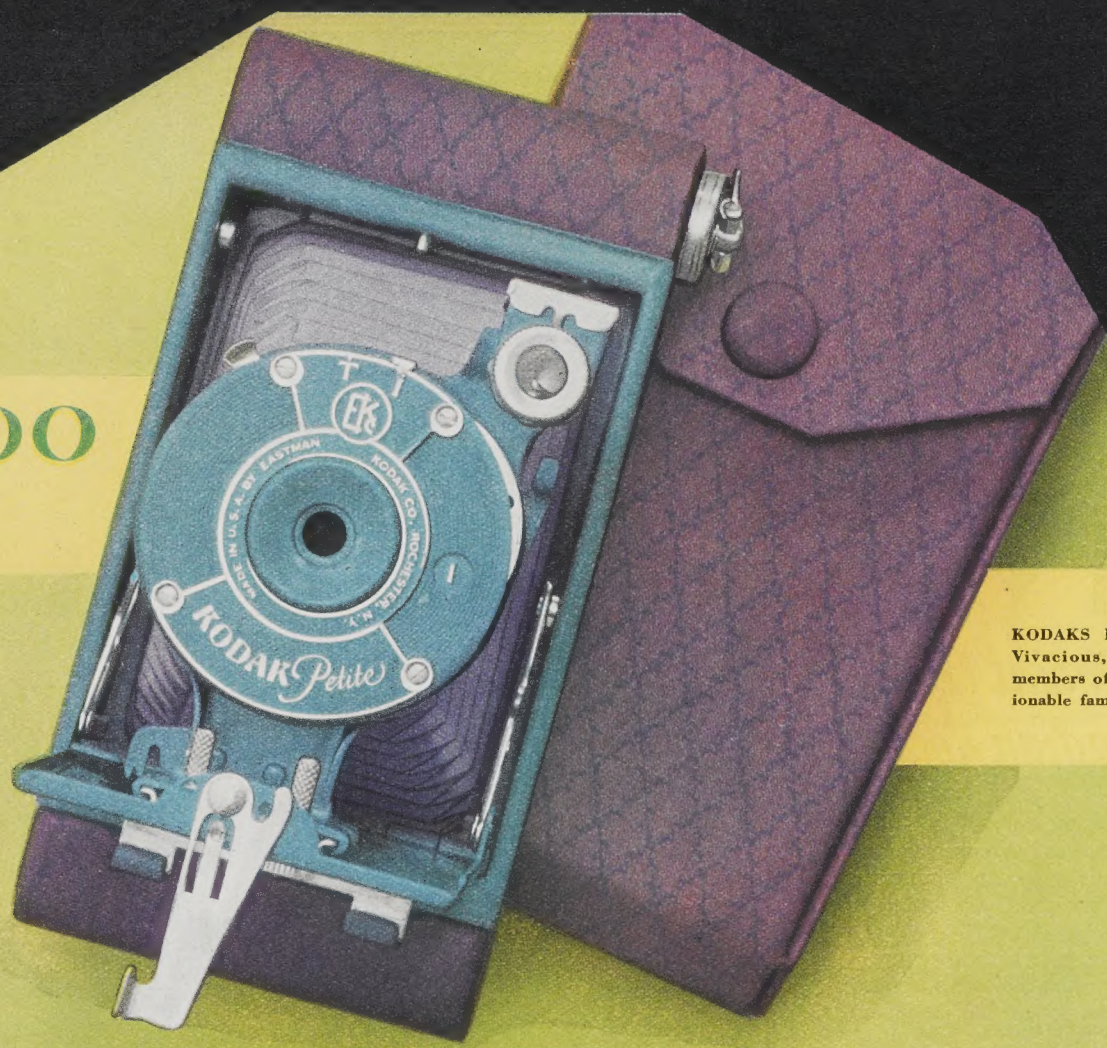
HIGHLAND GATHERING
AUGUST 29 - SEPTEMBER 1



CANADIAN PACIFIC
BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL
BANFF

Opening May 15, Banff Springs Hotel offers special monthly rates for longer term or resident guests. Daily rates, May, June and September, European plan, single with bath $8.00 up; double $14.00 up. In July and August, single with bath $10.00 up; double $16.00 up. For reservations, rates, information, write Banff Springs Hotel, Alta., Canada, or any Canadian Pacific Office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC



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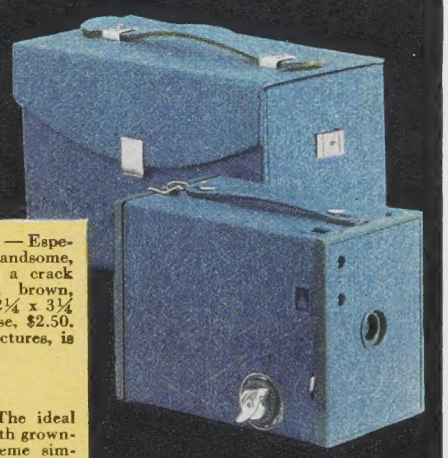
KODAKS PETITE
Vivacious, dainty members of a fashionable family.

A Lovely New Kodak for Women

Who like to add a note of smartness to their picture taking



POCKET KODAKS JUNIOR — Especially favored by men is this handsome, colorful cavalier that's such a crack picture-taker. Colors: blue, brown, green, black. No. 1, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $9.25; carrying case, $2.50. No. 1A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $10.25; carrying case, $3.00.

COLORED BROWNIES — The ideal camera for a child. Popular with grown-ups, too, because of its extreme simplicity. Colors: red, green, grey, brown, blue. No. 2, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $3.25; carrying case, $2.25. No. 2A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $4.25; carrying case, $2.50.

GAY as Seventeen . . . feminine as Eve . . . smart as a new hat . . . is this exquisite Kodak creation. Hardly need we mention that Paris inspired it. Aptly named, Kodak Petite is a lovely little camera no larger than your hand.

Like all members of the famed Kodak family, it takes wonderful pictures . . . clean-cut, sparkling. And, so easily . . . you simply press a lever.

What a gift for a girl on her graduation . . . to have when she's saying the last goodbyes to her classmates, taking farewell glances at scenes that she'd like to remember always . . . leaving forever, that wonderful part of her life that should be recorded in pictures. What a gift for mother, daughter or sweetheart as they set forth on their vacation travels.

Kodaks Petite, with neatly patterned cases to match, come in five alluring colors—a sparkling green, a warm grey, a delicate lavender, a robin's egg blue, and a rich old rose.

Picture size is 1⅝ x 2½. Price: with case to match, $8.00. See the Kodaks Petite at any Kodak dealer's.

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